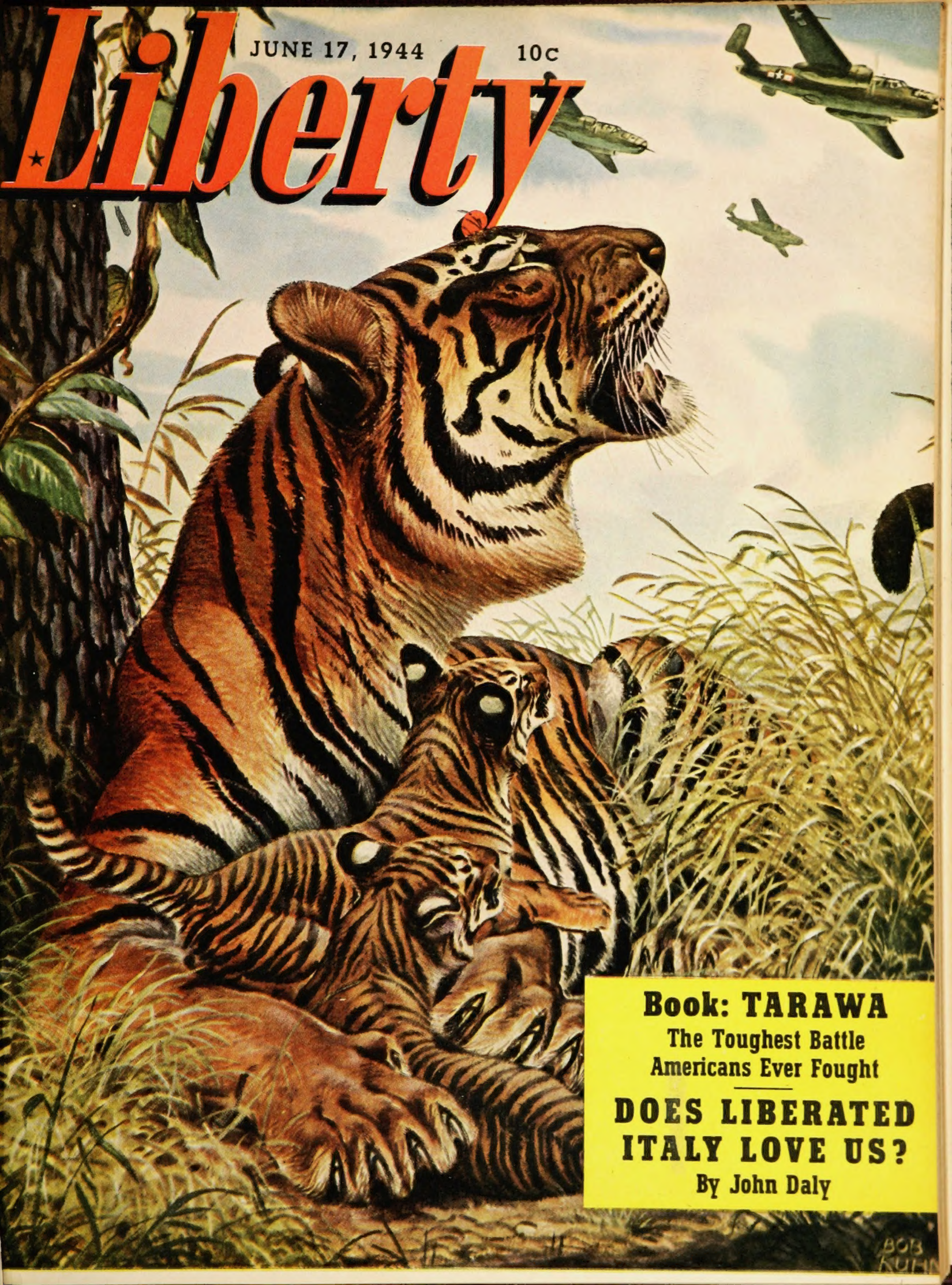
Liberty

JUNE 17, 1944 10c



Book: TARAWA
The Toughest Battle Americans Ever Fought

DOES LIBERATED ITALY LOVE US?
By John Daly

BOB KUH

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
RESERVE
Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve

FEATHER YOUR NEST... HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

"American movies have had a terrible influence on Japanese thought!"

That unhappy noise you just heard was Hiromu Izawa, spokesman for Japan's warlords, as quoted in a recent issue of the Tokyo magazine, *Public Opinion.* Hiromu is alarmed by "democratic tendencies" in Japan, and puts much of the blame on "un-Japanese thoughts" imported through American motion pictures!

It's a noise that pleases us mightily – for no motion picture company has tried so hard as Warner Bros. to make pictures that will, as they cheer and entertain millions, help to further those freedoms which are the everlasting essence of Americanism.

We at Warner Bros. enjoy imagining how Hiromu would react to our newest picture . . . . *THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN.**

For here is all the grandeur and gusto, the whispered romance and loud laughter, the rich, raw flavor of a free nation – uproariously reflected in the adventures and escapades of this amazing man -- who taught the world to laugh American-style!

And in the story of this great American's fantastic career as steamboat pilot, frontiersman, prospector, author, globegirdler and humorist, you'll find royal entertainment, and a vital contribution to the art of motion pictures.

And you'll find, in addition, that same quality which disturbs Mr. Izawa, and which led the New York Times to refer to this company's *"enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making".*

WARNER BROS.

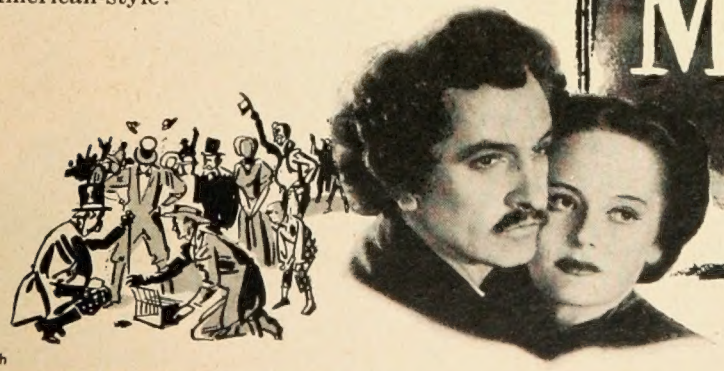
JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

STARRING

FREDRIC MARCH

ALEXIS SMITH



**Warner Bros. have already sent prints of this picture gratis to our troops overseas.*

with

DONALD CRISP · ALAN HALE

C. AUBREY SMITH · JOHN CARRADINE · BILL HENRY · ROBERT BARRAT · WALTER HAMPDEN · JOYCE REYNOLDS

Screen Play by Alan LeMay • Adaptation by Alan LeMay and Harold M. Sherman • Additional Dialogue by Harry Chandlee • All biographical material based on works owned or controlled by the Mark Twain Company, and the play "Mark Twain" by Harold M. Sherman • Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

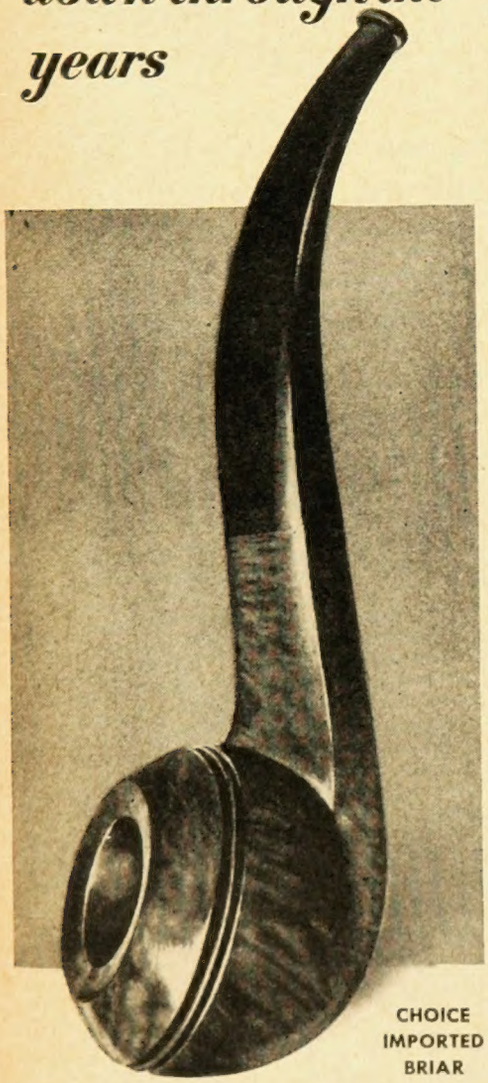
Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Produced by JESSE L. LASKY

Other Current Warner Bros. Productions:

UNCERTAIN GLORY · SHINE ON HARVEST MOON · PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE · IN OUR TIME · DESTINATION TOKYO · THE DESERT SONG · WATCH ON THE RHINE · THIS IS THE ARMY

EMPEROR
CHOICE IMPORTED BRIAR

Emperor will grow in value down through the years



CHOICE IMPORTED BRIAR

Years before the present turmoil, skilled men gathered from the four corners of the earth choicest briars nature took centuries to perfect.

From this priceless briar, devoted craftsmen created these masterpieces in the custom tradition.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for rare beauty of costly briar---here is true perfection.

Your Emperor will grow in value as the years pass by. America knows no finer pipe.

$3.50 . . . $5.00 . . . $7.50

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Cover: Strange Jungle Birds
Painted by Bob Kuhn

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

WHO EVER DREAMED THE SCREEN COULD ENCOMPASS SUCH BIGNESS . . .
ATTAIN SUCH GRANDEUR...DEPICT SUCH DRAMA...TOUCH SUCH GREATNESS!

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The most important event in the 50 years of motion picture entertainment!

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Directed by HENRY KING Written for the Screen by LAMAR TROTTI

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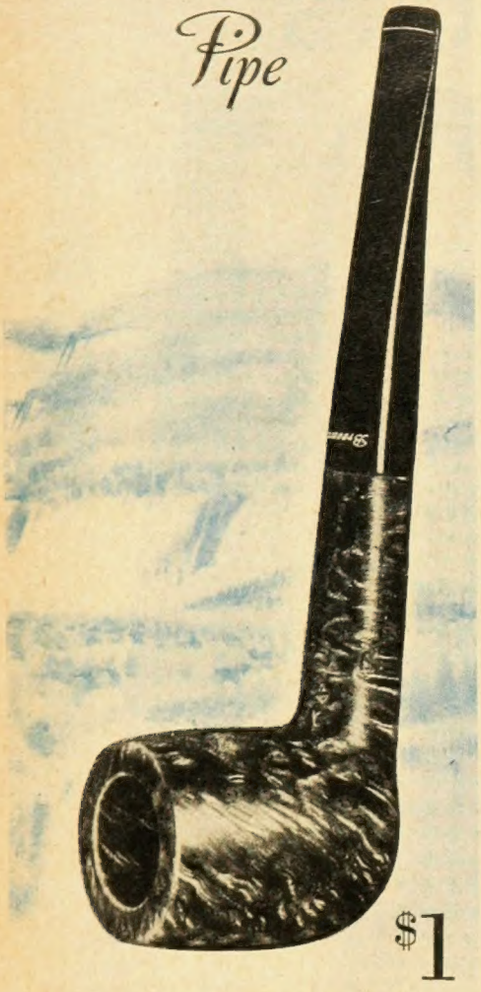


$1

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks
The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

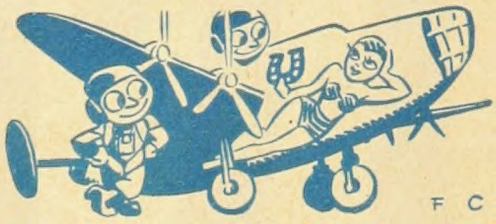
★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

A "PEACH" ALL RIGHT

OTTUMWA, IA.—In March 4 Liberty, on page 25, there is a picture of a beautiful girl resting on a beach—the picture being an illustration for the story on the opposite page, Lie Detector.

My husband and his crew picked this particular picture to be painted on their



B-24 Liberator, and named her "Lil' Peach." The crew is now stationed at an English bomber base and I like to think Lil' Peach is bringing them luck. I thought you might be interested to know this.—*(Mrs.) Doris Rabenold.*

BULL SESSIONS

RITZVILLE, WASH.—I like Liberty and hope Carl B. Wall, author of Six Airmen Look at Their Future (May 6 Liberty), gets in on a lot of bull sessions of our men in all branches of the service. I think it will keep us stay-at-homes jumping to keep up with their broader viewpoints and greater understanding. Such articles help us to do just that. I also hope a great many ex-servicemen *do* get into politics. They will have much to give the people they serve. More power to them!—*A. H.*

WE THANK YOU

DENVER, COLO.—Liberty keeps getting better and better. I especially enjoy the instructive articles and condensations. Many of them have been very good, but The Great Answer (May 6 issue) tops them all. It is so very thrilling—and the

wonderful part of it is that it's all true. Also No Money for Medals was a good story with a satisfactory ending. Incidentally, my Libertys eventually go to the servicemen.—*(Miss)* Anna Tchilian.

VOICE OF THE YOUNG FRY

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I have just read the letters from John Laurie and Mrs. H. Shayer (May 6 Vox Pop).

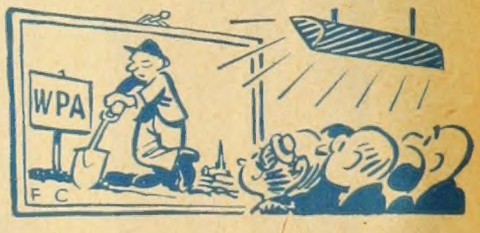
Mr. Laurie, do you consider it Christian to kill, to murder innocent children for the crimes the war lords of Japan commit? Would you blame a child for believing that which he has been taught from the day of his birth? If a child is taught evil and wrong, he will believe in them and grow up to practice them.

We must not destroy the children of Japan. Instead we must destroy the evil taught in the schools of Japan. When we have won the war, we must win the peace. We must educate the children to live in a democracy.

Incidentally I am fourteen years of age. Whether you know it or not, *some* young people are thinking about the future.—*Lavelle Hughes.*

ONE MAN'S VIEW

SOUTH PASADENA, CALIF.—May I add a short P.S. to Mr. I. L. Caron's two paragraphs in April 29 Vox Pop in which he compared conditions we existed under in



the late 1920s and where we have arrived since 1932?

While he covered a lot of ground, I wonder if he does not also recall that with the approach of a severe winter in 1930 or 1931, Senator Couzens stood up in Congress and warned that the federal government would have to help feed, clothe, and house a lot of people before spring approached.

And that in 1933, under the New Deal, to avoid an out-and-out bread line, thousands of men were put to work on minor projects, storm drains, etc., etc. The sight of these gangs caused untold criticism and ridicule, and when a man was seen leaning on the hoe handle, some people felt that a dime was escaping from their pockets.

Those men were paid in vegetables, food orders, etc. It was just a beginning, but I will ask every one: Don't you think our living conditions have improved?—*J. M. Johnson.*

CALLING ALL OSTRICHES

DELTA, COLO.—After reading pro and con on isolationism, I have decided some one should speak for ninety-five per cent of the people. The fine words "Our Country first and always" are used by politicians because it helps collect votes. A true statesman looks ahead and is called an internationalist.

Our country, its people and institutions are much safer in the hands of wise men like Roosevelt and Willkie than in the hands of a few men who want to act like the proverbial ostrich who hides his head in the sand and says, "All is well."

"Now who was the gentleman wanted the Manhattan made with Calvert Reserve?"

REASON for the Big Push here is simply this: no Manhattan is quite so mouth-wateringly desirable as one made with Calvert Reserve. Because this rare whiskey has a knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other of your mixed-drink ingredients. Too, Calvert Reserve's magnificent "soft" flavor adds a touch of heaven to a drink! Yes, now that fine whiskey comes from limited stocks, here, more than ever, is..."*the choicest whiskey you can drink or serve*".

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N.Y. C., Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

Ocean Depth coolness
in a Frappe
made with HERBSAINT
HERBSAINT
And here's the famous New Orleans recipe! Fill a large glass with cracked ice, add a half teaspoon of simple syrup or sugar, two ounces of Herbsaint, two ounces of carbonated or plain water, stir vigorously with a spoon until glass is well frosted. Now remove most of the ice and enjoy Herbsaint's delectable smoothness.
TRADE MARK REG
A Specialty Liqueur
100 PROOF
Legendre & Co.
IMPORTERS AND RECTIFIERS
New Orleans
12. LA.

After the lesson we learned at Pearl Harbor, how can these shortsighted people have the nerve to lift their voices again? —*R. A. Underwood, M. D.*

LOVE THY GOOD NEIGHBOR

CAMP MURPHY, FLA.—Recently the real "South American boom" has become a more and more remote subject. But the article South America—Land of Opportunity, by Sylvia Porter (May 6 Liberty) should lend its bit toward a revival of the prewar interest in those countries "down below."

Naturally, certain elements of industrial growth have taken place in South America since the war—but very little has been made public pertaining to postwar planning—which has taken North America by storm.

If American interests were to start now, years could be gained in the world-wide trade which will follow this war. A nation-wide P. W. P. committee, now properly publicized, could align whole new industries of all the countries involved.

American youth, both in the United States and in South American countries, has enough potential industrial strength and genius to offer a bond well worth the investigation of American capital and finance.

Under these conditions, youth can be depended upon to carry on and build to greater heights of civilization and industrialization than can ever be imagined.—*Sgt. Howard Nelson Wray.*

LIVE AND LET LIVE

SANDWICH, MASS.—Reading Vox Pop from week to week, one cannot ignore the deplorable fact that intolerance is spreading in our country.

Let any one write a letter to Vox Pop, for example, expressing an opinion on any subject whatever, and as soon as it appears in print along come a flock of letters from irate citizens from all parts of the country abusing the aforementioned writer because he or she has had the audacity to express an opinion that differs from theirs.

That is a most vicious form of intolerance, and gets nobody anywhere. A little more of the "live and let live" and "give the other fellow a break" spirit would go a long way toward speeding postwar recovery.—*I. L. Caron.*

WANTS SOLUTIONS, NOT QUESTIONS

GLENDALE, CALIF.—In answer to Martha Bartleson (April 29, Vox Pop), I would like to say there have been quite a few mushy letters printed by some people who have opposed Roosevelt. They have asked a lot of questions, too, and added a lot of criticisms, but not once do they give a worth-while solution to the things they criticize.

I say yes, let's praise the Roosevelts because they have put some original and excellent things in our *Democratic* government (not communistic, like you said). I am not old enough to vote yet (I'm sixteen years old), but because Roosevelt has been doing such a fine job I think he should be President until a better man comes along.

I don't think there is a better man. At present the Republicans are trying to get in office by stirring the emotions of the people because of the sacrifices we have made in wartime. I thank Liberty for printing both sides of the issue.—*Richard Taylor.*

FOR MEN WHO Really KNOW PIPES
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FILTERWELL
CONDENSING WELL traps and retains moisture . . .
FILTER sucks in tars and bitter juices . . .
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From tip of its transparent stem to toe of its selected briar bowl, FilterWell has exclusive pipe safeguards . . . Replaceable filter absorbs "Nico-Tars" (tobacco sediment). The condensing well prevents back-flow of moisture into mouth. Result: an ever-dry pipe for cleaner, cooler smoking.
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Note how Pal Blade edge is Flexible in Razor. Not clamped down, rigidly, as with ordinary blades.
ORDINARY BLADE AFTER 3 SHAVES
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ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED MICROPHOTOGRAPHS—ENLARGED 20 DIAMETERS
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PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
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Fit all regular razors perfectly

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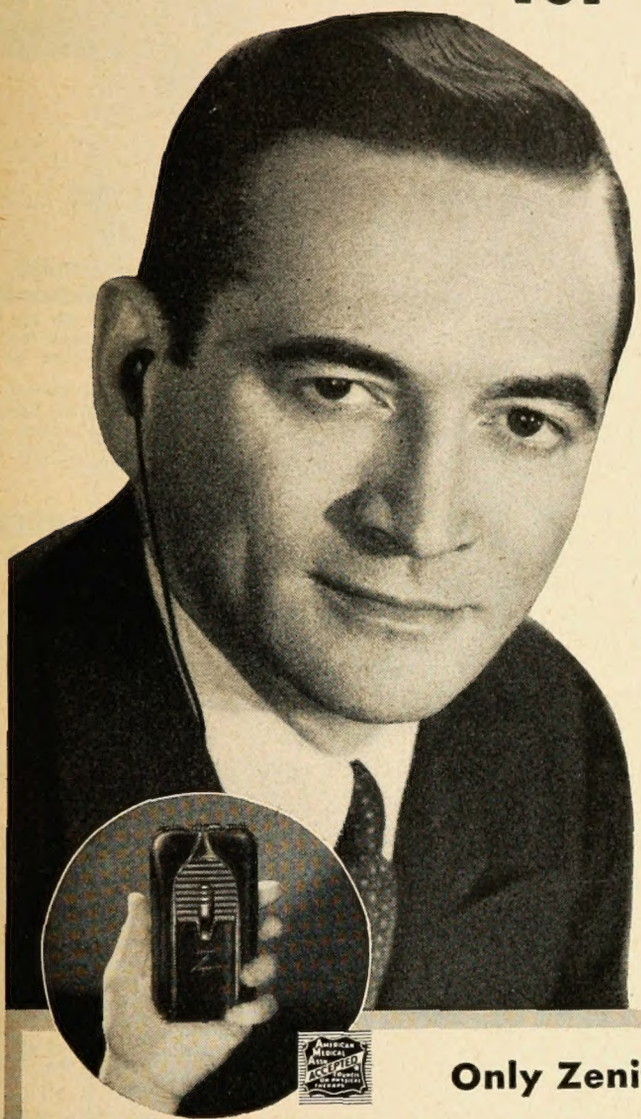

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SUCCESS speaks for itself! America's hard of hearing—eager to enjoy a fuller life, to take a more active part in working for Victory—are buying the Zenith at a rate undreamed of before in the hearing aid industry! Here, indeed, is conclusive evidence that no one need pay more than $40 for a quality hearing aid!

How can Zenith bring its finest quality thus within reach of all? One reason, of course, is Zenith world leadership in the exclusive manufacture of radionic products. Another is this: The Zenith is built not to a price, but to an improved, modern *principle* of hearing aid design: INSTANT PERSONAL ADJUSTMENT. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs—for different voices and surroundings—as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

That's why the Zenith requires no elaborate testing and frequent adjustments by high-paid, high-pressure salesmen... no special offices, home calls or other expensive "trimmings." *Zenith Quality Is in the Instrument Itself!*

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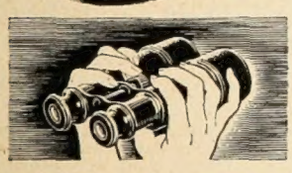

1 New "Self-Focus" Hearing Control

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There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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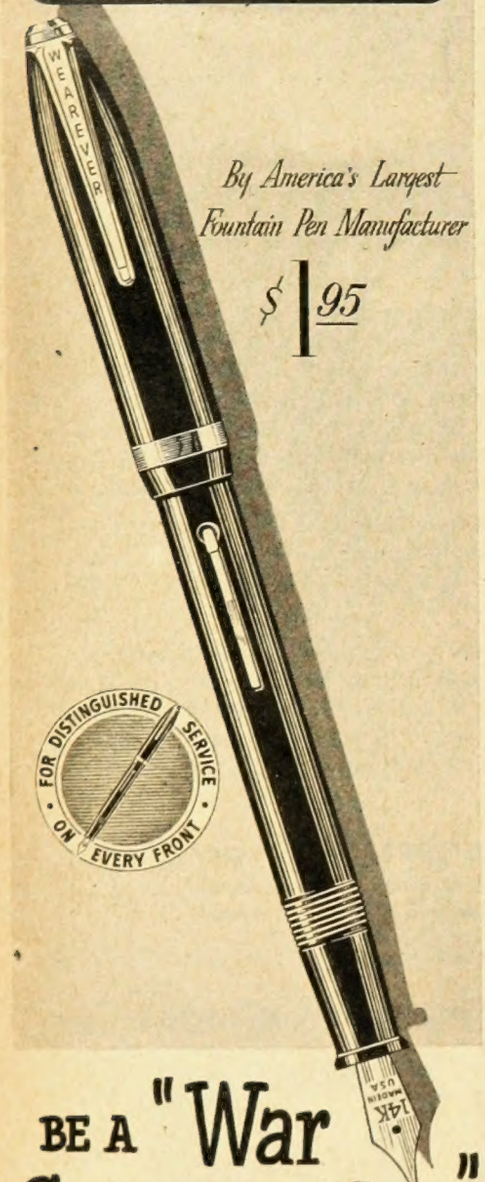

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Back the attack with letters, too. Write him the news daily—keep him in touch with home. Let the ruby-topped Wearever Zenith pen help you. It's a sleek, smooth writing beauty. If your dealer is out of stock, please bear with him—remember, service men come first these days. DAVID KAHN, Inc. (established 1896)

Wearever Zenith Pen and Pencil Set in attractive gift box $2.75

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

AT THE MOMENT

David Dodge is a lieutenant in the Navy Supply Corps, stationed in San Francisco, but at one time or another he's been a public accountant, tax consultant, ham actor, stevedore, merchant seaman, bank clerk, and a pick-and-shovel man. Such a wide variety of occupation should give him a lot of inside stuff for his stories, and we are inclined to think you will find his Bullets for the Bridegroom, which begins in this issue, rich in his knowledge of life. He is thirty-three years old, has a wife and a little girl of three, both of whom, he says, dominate him, but he says it as if he enjoyed it. Penny ante, philology, and playwriting are his favorite "sports."

MOST DECIDEDLY

to the point is Does Liberated Italy Love Us? by John Daly, who reports what he heard and saw there without fear or favor. He's CBS correspondent in London, and has a keen ear to the ground. Daly was born in Johannesburg, South Africa, thirty years ago, where his father was a mining engineer and geologist. As an expert war games reporter, he has described military maneuvers since 1939, taking the mike into bombers, pursuit planes, and tanks, and aboard destroyers. He holds the rank of lieutenant (junior grade) in the U. S. Naval Reserve.

"I LIVE IN BROOKLYN,"

says Paul Gardner, "where it is every man for himself and the Dodgers." Also, he was born there. As a writer of sports, he covered about every one in the book, and in that department on the New York Journal-American he made an enviable place for himself. He is the fond father of a two-and-a-half-year-old son, and he hugs the hope (not too hard) that the kid may turn out to be the first four-minute miler. Speed the day!

THE EDITORS.

THIS LITTLE PIG STAYED HOME

By Willie Snow Ethridge
Liberty's Book Condensation

She stayed at home to dig the Victory garden, to keep a roof over the family head, and to shove the car on wintry mornings.

It wasn't funny to her. But this is the woman's side of keeping the home front and fires burning. And it's funny enough to keep you chuckling and to remind you that home was just like this.

TANTALUM—WONDER METAL OF THE WAR

By Mabel Raef Putnam

Tantalum got its name because it tantalized the man who found it. Now it's doing startling things and proving to be a rare metal in more ways than one.

CAN THE DEMOCRATS WIN WITHOUT ROOSEVELT?

By Blair Bolles

If Roosevelt doesn't run, who'll get the nod from the Democrats, and what are his chances? A top political writer looks up Hannegan's sleeve.

LET LEO DO IT

By Alfred Toombs

Leo Crowley, one of Washington's more potent figures, is also one of its most obscure. A profile of the man who meant and tried to say "no" to the President.

THE GUERRILLAS OF HAUTE-SAVOIE

By Philip Harkins

An Army of Frenchmen awaits the coming of the Allied forces. Meanwhile they have not been idle. From their Alpine bases these men provide the Nazis with a major headache!

NO FALLOW GROUND

By Mona Williams

Lute clung to the ways of the past until a desperate emergency forced him to get in tune with the times.

THE CRUISE OF BARRACKS NO. 2611

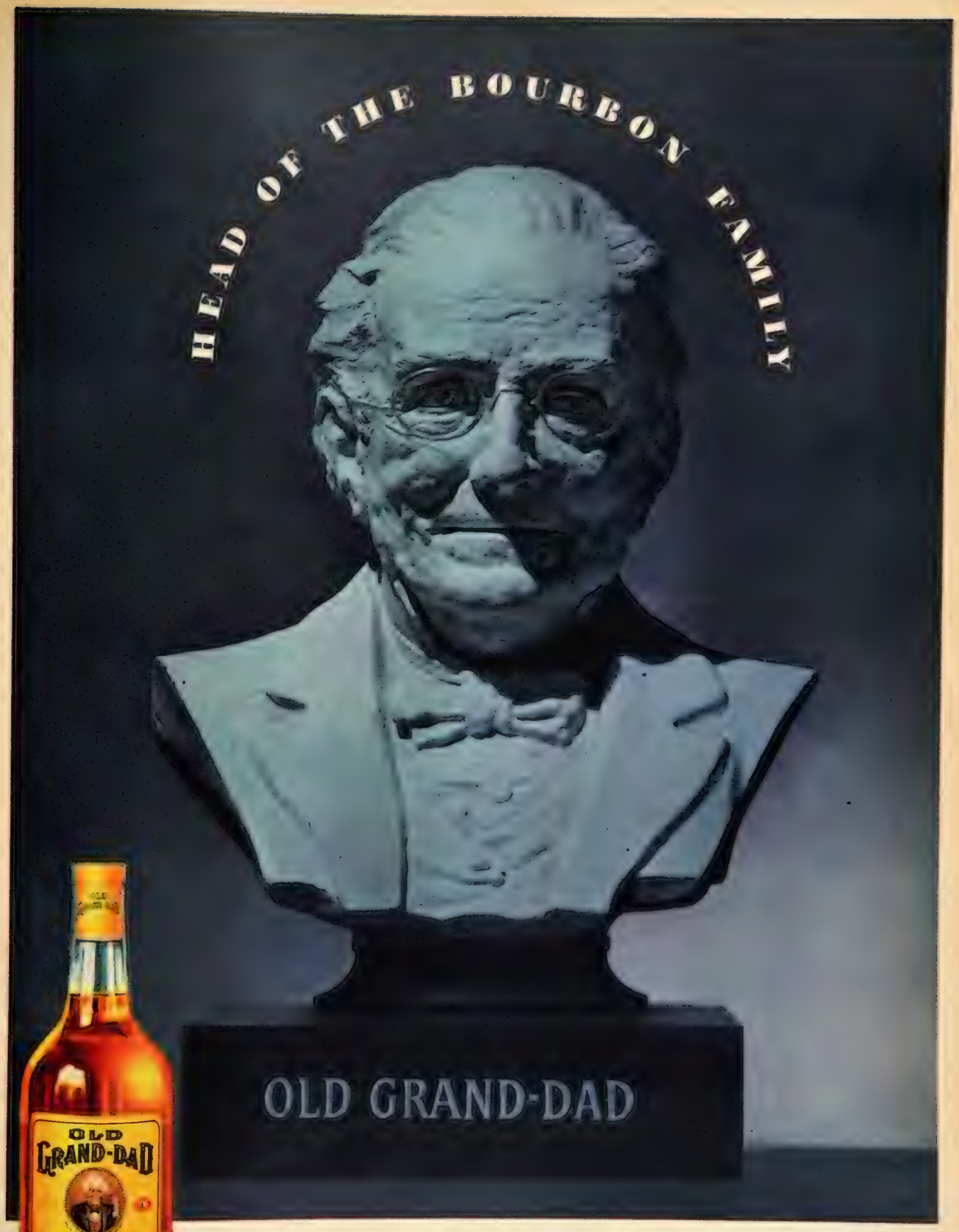
By Samuel W. Taylor

In barracks that behaved like a boat, soldiers go down to the sea, and their fantastic adventures result in another letter to the President.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM—(Part II)

By David Dodge

As two old friends turn up in Reno, Whit's suspicions are aroused; and when murder enters the picture, he realizes his life is in danger.



Each brilliant drop of Old Grand-Dad—mellow, smooth, gloriously good—is a toast to bourbon at its best. One taste will tell you why!

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A power turret, housing two .50-caliber machine guns, is the latest addition to the fire power of the versatile deadly Douglas A-20 Havoc.

Vital Statistics

The Army Air Forces has gathered together all of the combat figures for 1943 from every war theater in the world—and the results look very good indeed. After careful study and compiling, and eliminating all doubtful figures, even to giving the enemy the benefit of all doubts, the statistical picture is one of growing U. S. aerial strength and crushing enemy losses.

During 1943 our Army Air Forces destroyed 9,463 enemy aircraft in aerial combat and 1,579 on the ground—a total of 11,042 enemy airplanes. Our own losses were 2,809 destroyed in aerial combat and 76 on the ground. This is an over-all 1943 A. A. F. victory of 3.8 to 1 over the Axis in all theaters. This is an exceptionally good average. If the Axis is still able to put up airplanes in opposition to ours, don't be too disturbed—with a ratio like 3.8 to 1, it is just a matter of time. The Axis can't keep replacing their losses sufficiently to keep pace.

Highest ratio in our favor is in the Pacific, as it has been all along; and now in the China-Burma-India theater. But the most effective use of airpower is in the European theater.

Questions are always raised concerning the accuracy of our A. A. F. reports. Here is what the A. A. F. said officially in its latest tabulation:

"The A. A. F. exercises extreme caution in preparing its claims against enemy aircraft. In case of doubt it favors the enemy by including among United States planes destroyed in aerial combat any planes missing on combat missions on which enemy aircraft were present even though positive proof does not exist that the enemy planes, not enemy antiaircraft fire, shot them down."

Plastic Plane Parts

Plastic airplanes may be in the dream stage, but plastic parts for airplanes are certainly here today. At the Glenn L. Martin Company in Baltimore, it is estimated that 2,500 different plastic parts are now being used in its four current airplane models.

These parts vary all the way from an assortment of cable guides, fair leads, filler blocks, knobs, and name plates on all models to bulkhead doors and aileron quadrants and antenna masts and de-icer tanks on one or two models. There is even a light phenolic flooring on the huge Mars flying boat.

Some plastics are used because of shortage of metals. Others are used because they are definitely superior, are lighter in weight, or cost less. Some uses of plastics didn't turn out so well, so the metal which was replaced by plastic for a time is now back in favor. The Martin plastic program has been the most elaborate in the industry.

The 100-Day Miracle

The North American P-51 Mustang fighter is now operating against the Japs in the China-Burma-India theater, it has been revealed. Having proved itself against the German Me-109 and the FW-190, the all-purpose Mustang is expected to be much more than a match for the best the Japs can throw against it.

The P-51 now has a four-blade electrically controlled propeller, a twelve-cylinder, 1,520 horsepower liquid-cooled supercharged Rolls-Royce engine, and a top speed of more than 425 miles an hour. It is capable of combat up to 40,000 feet and has a tactical radius of 400 miles. It has four .50-caliber guns in its wings.

An interesting slant on the origin of the Mustang which we've never told you about on this page is that the first P-51 was produced in 100 days. In the spring of 1940 the British wanted an all-purpose combat airplane. North American agreed to a 120-day dead line to produce the first model. From initial thought to the finished product in 120 days was considered an almost impossible feat. But the dead line was beaten by twenty days and that's why the powerful little four-ton Mustang is known at North American Aviation as "the 100-Day Miracle."

Quick Change

The width of a propeller blade has a great deal to do with an airplane's performance. Within the past few months the Republic P-47 Thunderbolt has been enabled to climb at a 30-per-cent faster rate because of a change-over to propellers with greater blade width and greater diameter.

Teamwork between the Matériel Command of the Army Air Forces, the European combat crews, and the Propeller Division of Curtiss-Wright Corporation brought about the recommendation that wide-bladed propellers be used. In a few months the company's plant was retooled and a new hollow-steel blade was being produced.

Not Too Far in the Future

There are now forty to fifty companies engaged in the manufacture or development of the helicopter. Almost all the individual projects are secret, because rivalry in this particular field will be great in the decade following the war. Only a few helicopters have been demonstrated in public.

All of this bodes well for the public. Problems which remain to be solved before the helicopter is available for the average person are very great but not insurmountable. The millions of dollars and the engineering genius of a half hundred or more companies ensure the ultimate development of a practical, easily operated aerial vehicle.

Many of the projects are still on paper, since engineering problems are usually worked out in advance on paper before actual construction begins. Usually the first model is so experimental as to be a hodgepodge representing various engineering ideas. In the meantime the public will be hearing a great deal about helicopters and the claims of the various designers and manufacturers. But be patient. It will take time to develop.

Meantime all encouragement should be given to the designers, for the helicopter promises much for mankind in the future.

The Deadly Thunderbolt

Several months ago on this page we said the new Lockheed P-38 Lightning "will carry two 1,000-pound bombs, double that of any single-engine fighter."

We now express our apologies to Republic Aviation Corporation, whose powerful single-engined P-47 Thunderbolt fighter is also capable of carrying two 1,000-pound bombs on dive-bombing operations.

When the Fifty-seventh Fighter Group of the Twelfth Air Force in Italy obtained some brand-new Thunderbolts last December, Major Gilbert O. Wymond of Louisville, Kentucky, squadron commanding officer, began a series of experiments. First he tried two 500-pound bombs on the Thunderbolt, then two 1,000-pounders, and dropped them neatly on an enemy target in Yugoslavia. So now, the company reports, it isn't at all unusual for the P-47 fighter to go out on dive-bombing missions heavily loaded.

The Icing Problem Solved

Few technical aviation matters are getting as much concentrated attention from the engineers as those pertaining to polar flying.

Icing of wings, propellers, and carburetors has always been a major problem in aviation, and not all of the problems have yet been solved. Icing either adds so much weight to the plane that it can't maintain altitude, or icing conditions interfere with carburetion or propellers to such an extent that accidents will occur.

As far as winter flying in the United States and over most areas of the world is concerned, most of the problems have been conquered. But aviation experts point to the saving in distances between continents by flying over the polar regions —not directly over the pole, but over cold-weather routes in the northern areas. The conquest of cold-weather flying will mean the opening of new and shorter trade routes.

Chungking, China, is only 7,700 miles by a polar route, but 11,700 miles via San Francisco and Honolulu. Moscow is only 4,700 miles via Iceland instead of 5,800 miles via Cherbourg and Berlin.

Many hazards of ice formation on planes flying the North Atlantic have been removed by the application of pneumatic de-icers which clear the wings at the will of the pilot. Slinger rings and anti-freeze fluid-feed shoes supply alcohol to melt ice from the propeller. Completely new in the de-icing techniques is an electronically controlled system for inflating de-icer boots, which enables the pilot to control inflation by location, length of dwell, and frequency.

One of these days all polar problems will have been licked. The war, with its frequent flights across the Atlantic via northern routes and the great volume of flying and testing in Alaska, has hastened the day.

Today's Transports

The average American has read and heard plenty about the shortage of transport airplanes on our domestic air lines, but he has probably never realized how much flying one of those badly needed airplanes can accomplish in a twenty-four-hour period.

Delta Air Lines recently had one of its planes returned by the Army. Here is its case history:

This airplane now leaves Atlanta at 3.15 A. M., flies 800 miles to Fort Worth, Texas, with many stops en route; waits thirty minutes, then flies 500 miles to New Orleans, with several stops, arriving at noon; then waits thirty minutes, returns to Fort Worth, and then flies to Atlanta, arriving at 12.56 A. M. That's 2,600 miles. The same plane does not start out for Fort Worth at 3.15 again, but waits over for maintenance to fly to Cincinnati later in the day, while another plane already serviced takes the Fort Worth run for the new day.

Today's transport planes are true work horses. The Delta plane mentioned above may carry in the course of one day an Army man from Atlanta to Jackson, Mississippi, a business man from New Orleans to Shreveport, a war plant executive from Fort Worth to Birmingham, and a government official from Monroe, Louisiana, to Atlanta, the total day's run for the plane being equivalent to a flight from New York to Los Angeles.

Without lowering safety standards the air lines have been able to jump their average utilization of airplanes from eight or nine hours a day to eleven or twelve hours.

Future Transport

Having told you about the huge new Douglas DC-7 transport now being built for the Army and for postwar commercial operation, here is some news on another transport plane which should make a bid for aerial travel when the war ends. It's the C-39, based on the Consolidated-Vultee B-24 Liberator bomber.

With a range of 2,500 miles, fully loaded, a cruising speed estimated at 240 miles an hour, it will carry from forty-eight to fifty-two passengers, depending upon interior seating arrangements. The first test flight was to have been completed by the end of April.

Unlike most transport planes, the C-39 has a high wing which provides for all-round passenger vision. Its fuselage length is ninety feet as compared with the sixty-six-foot length of the C-87, the military transport version of the B-24 bomber. There are four engines.

Basic gross weight is 56,000 pounds with provisional gross at 62,000 to 64,000 pounds, which puts the C-39 in the general weight class of the famous Douglas C-54. Cargo pay load is estimated at six tons.

This will be Convair's first entrant into the commercial field, and industrial circles expect announcement in due course of several other transports with much greater gross weight and also greater passenger capacity.

Odds and Ends

E. O. Johnston, assistant line-maintenance foreman for Pennsylvania-Central Airlines at Washington, D. C., has invented an electrical system testing apparatus which cuts down the time of this operation in servicing airplanes from two hours to a bare three minutes.

Your face looks swell, feels better yet
When you shave with a Thin Gillette.
This blade saves time and dough what's more—
For one dime buys a pack of four!
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Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

...YOU'D HAVE TO SLOW DOWN IN ALBANY IF YOU WANTED TO BUY A CIGAR IN ROCHESTER!

YOUR imagination would have to soar to picture an automobile capable of such speed. Yet . . . if and when such a car is developed . . . there will be a Texaco gasoline ready for it.

In the laboratory, Texaco scientists have developed amazing new super-fuel concentrates with power ratings up to *four times* the 100-octane of modern aviation gasoline.

These concentrates are far too powerful to be used effectively in any existing engine. Nevertheless, *you* will benefit . . . because out of this research has come a new wealth of gasoline "know how" . . . and from this "know how" is coming a finer gasoline than you have ever known.

You'll enjoy more power . . . velvety smoothness . . . quicker pick-up. And you'll have the added satisfaction of knowing that your post-war Sky Chief gasoline will be more than a match for even the fine motors to come. Coming . . . at Texaco Dealers!

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COMING! A BETTER Sky Chief GASOLINE

. . . more than a match for your motor!

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Whit knew all of a sudden he was into something deep and dangerous. Weasel-face had a gun in his coat pocket.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

Beginning an exciting new serial of a Reno honeymoon that became a rendezvous with death. A fast-paced novel of high suspense and breathless intrigue

THERE were four men in a dark little room. One of them had been shot several times in the chest and was about to die.

The room was bare except for a number of heavy packing cases. The dying man lay sprawled on his back across a couple of the boxes, and blood bubbled in the back of his throat as he breathed. The other men stood by silently, waiting.

The smallest of the three men who watched the unconscious body on the packing cases had a face like a weasel. One of his companions was stocky, heavy-set, and middle-aged, with graying hair and very pale blue eyes, and the other was younger, of average height, average weight, average coloring, average looks. He and the heavy-set man could have been a pair of mechanics from the nearest garage. Both wore coveralls, and their hands were grimy with grease and dirt.

The dying man, except for the blood that soaked his shirt and colored the saliva at the corner of his mouth, was just another chubby man with a bald spot, although he had more stamina than most chubby men with bald spots. He was dying hard.

Weasel-face said, "He's sure taking his time."

"He's going." The heavy-set man did not shift his eyes from the face of the man on the packing cases. "If you hadn't been so free with that gun of yours, we could have made him talk."

"Well, what was I going to do—let him get away?"

"Never mind explaining again. Next time you get ready to shoot somebody, remember what I told you."

"His eyes are open," the third man said suddenly.

The man on the packing cases had come to the end of the road. For a short moment before he died, the fog lifted and he saw the three faces above him. He looked directly at the heavy-set man, and one corner of his mouth twitched up in what might have been a spasm of pain and might have been an attempt at a derisive grin. Then the bubbling stopped in his throat, his eyes closed, and he was dead.

"Well, that's that," the third man said. "We don't know any more about him than we did an hour ago."

"*He* knows a lot less." Weasel-face nodded at the body. "If he'd got away, we'd have had something to worry about."

"We've got plenty to worry about," the heavy-set man said. "Why do you always try to think with your gun? You could have brought him in without killing him, and I'd have made him talk. Then we would have known whether he was somebody looking for us or whether he just stumbled in here by accident."

"You don't know that he would have talked," Weasel-face muttered

"Don't I?"

Weasel-face looked away.

The heavy-set man bent over the body on the packing cases and began to strip off its clothes. As he removed each garment, he went systematically through the pockets, felt of the lining, and examined seams for signs of resewing. He found nothing that interested him. When the body was naked, the heavy-set man went

Miss Warren was a taffy blonde with an amazingly beautiful figure.

to a corner of the room and came back with a gunny sack, which he threw over his shoulder before he bent to haul the dead man to a sitting position. With the help of the other men he got the limp body up and across his back, and lumbered toward the door with his burden. Blood soaked the gunny sack on his shoulder.

"Come along," he said. "It's dark enough to get rid of this."

THE chubby man with the bald spot had been dead five days.

At four o'clock on the morning of the sixth day, James Whitney drove his car around the last of the winding curves that led down from Donner Pass and stepped on the gas as the road straightened out in front of him. He was traveling faster than he should, in view of the condition of his recaps, but it was late and he wanted to get to Reno and marry the girl who sat beside him before she had too much time to think seriously about what she was getting for a husband.

The bride-to-be put her nose over the collar of her fur coat and looked around.

"What time is it?"

"Four o'clock."

The girl yawned. After a moment she said curiously, "How did you talk me into this, Whit?"

"Into what?"

"Driving to Reno in the middle of the night on five minutes' notice, with a borrowed gas-ration book and a trousseau in one suitcase."

Whit did not answer immediately. At last he said abruptly, "It was now or never, Kitty. I'm going to be drafted."

Kitty sat up straight, and anger made her voice shake.

"Draft-dodging is certainly a romantic reason for marriage. You can turn around and drive right back to San Francisco."

"Take it easy, honey. Whether I'm married or not doesn't mean anything to the draft board. You've got too much money to be a dependent, and getting drafted is my own idea anyway. You're just too good-looking to leave lying around loose while I'm in an Army camp."

"I thought you were deferred."

"I'm going to be undeferred."

Kitty stared at him. He explained gloomily:

"There isn't anything less essential to the war effort than an income-tax consultant. I should have known there was something funny about my deferment when I hadn't asked for it, but I was making a lot of money and I wanted to keep the business going. Then yesterday—no, the day before yesterday—I was talking with a client and he spilled the beans. He's Mr. Big on the draft board, and I've been handling a fifty-thousand-dollar tax case for him that's going to drag on for another year or so. The crook had me deferred."

"I suppose you felt you had to say something nasty to him."

"No. I just kicked his pants and threw him out. Then I wrote the draft board a letter, told them I'd be available in a week, and here we are. If you still feel like it."

He sounded unhappy.

Kitty slid across the seat, lifted his arm from the wheel, and draped it around her neck. They did not talk any more for some time.

The next signpost they passed marked a wide place in the road called Verdi, which Whit knew to be only ten or eleven miles from Reno. He said, "You'll be a bride in half an hour. How do you feel?"

"Thrilled." Kitty yawned. "You don't expect to find any one to marry us at this time of night, do you?"

"Sure. I've got a pal in town named Pop Foster. He's a justice of the peace, and a good guy."

"He must be, if you expect to wake him

at this ungodly hour of the morning."

"People are used to it in Reno. It's illegal to sleep."

It was nearer an hour than a half hour before they finally found Pop Foster. He had moved since Whit's last visit, and now lived at Verdi, the village they had passed on the road. Whit got the information, along with driving directions written on a piece of scratch-paper, at a drugstore where he bought a bottle of whisky for Pop at an exorbitant price. All that really hurt him was the waste of good gasoline.

Back at Verdi, Whit's scratch-paper map took them away from the highway and left them high and dry on a back road. They finally found the right house by examining mailboxes along the road with a flashlight until they came to one with Foster's name on it. The house belonging to the mailbox was set back some distance from the road in a neat yard surrounded by white pickets. They found a gate and started down the graveled path.

AT the first sound of their feet on the gravel, a dog began to bark from the rear of the house. It was an unusually dirty bark. They heard a chain rattle as the dog lunged at it, howling.

Kitty clutched at Whit's arm. "He sounds mean. I hope he's tied up tightly."

"So do I. With the meat shortage what it is, I wouldn't want—"

Whit stopped, blinking.

A flood of light had come on, surrounding the house. Not only was the wide porch ahead of them lighted, but the entire yard inside the picket fence was illuminated brightly by unshaded light globes hanging from wires which radiated from the house to the surrounding trees. The house itself remained dark.

Whit and Kitty hesitated for a moment, then continued down the path. The unseen dog barked furiously.

The door of the house was open about six inches when they reached the porch. They could see a man's face looking at them, but the light did not shine through the doorway and Whit could only tell that it was not Pop Foster. The man inside the house said flatly, "What do you want?"

"We're looking for Pop Foster," Whit said. "We saw his name on the mailbox out in front."

"What do you want with him?"

Whit didn't like the guy's attitude. Before he could make up his mind whether his answer should be polite or forceful, there was a movement in the dark and a second voice said something in a low tone. Another face appeared in the doorway. After a moment the door opened and a light came on inside.

Two men faced them as they entered. The man who had opened the door was stocky, heavily built through the chest and shoulders, gray-haired, and pleasant-looking except for his eyes, which were a peculiar pale blue. He had a dressing gown over his wrinkled pajamas, and wore bedroom slippers.

The second man was smaller, thinner, and younger. He had a weasel's face—long nose, small eyes, and not much chin—and his rumpled hair was greasy. He wore pajamas also, but they weren't his own; the legs had been turned up at the bottom so they wouldn't drag on the floor. Instead of a dressing gown and slippers, he had on a black overcoat, buttoned across his waist, and unlaced shoes on his bare feet.

The heavy-set man smiled with the bottom part of his face. His eyes didn't change. Whit said, "Evening. Is Pop Foster here?"

"What do you want to see him about?"

Whit answered pleasantly, "It's personal."

The man looked at him, then briefly at Kitty, and turned toward the stairs leading from the hallway to the second story.

"Pop!" he called. "Come down here. You've got visitors." He motioned to the weasel-face. "Go shut up that hound and turn off the lights."

The weasel-face scowled at Whit as he went out, but Whit didn't notice it. He was listening to the slapping noise of slippers coming down the stairs. Whoever wore the slippers had been waiting in the dark at the head of the stairway, listening to the conversation below. And if it were Pop Foster, he was taking orders from the heavy-set man. The call up the stairway had been a demand.

Pop came down into the light, tugging at the cord of a faded bathrobe. He feigned a look of amazement as he saw Whit.

"Well, Whit! This is a surprise, boy. What are you doing here?"

"Hello, Pop."

Whit's own surprise was genuine. He had not seen the old man for two or three years, but he remembered him as a little round jolly sinner who liked to drink and tell tall tales of the bad old days. Pop's hair was whiter now, and there was not so much of it. He had lost weight, too, and the lines in his face had not been there before, but the most noticeable change was that his hearty welcome did not seem genuine.

Pop pumped Whit's hand. The heavy-set man waited in the background. Pop said uneasily, "What are you doing here at this time of night? You didn't come all the way to Nevada just to call on old Pop Foster, did you?"

"I sure did." Whit took Kitty's arm and urged her forward. "This is Kitty MacLeod, Pop. We want you to marry us."

"WELL, well." Some of Pop's nervousness went away. He patted Kitty's hand in his own. "I'm happy to meet you, young lady. Always knew Whit would get himself a winner."

Kitty said, "I'm happy to meet you too, Pop. I hope you don't mind callers at five o'clock in the morning."

"I like callers any time." Pop patted Kitty's hand again. "I told Whit years ago that when some one landed him I wanted to perform the ceremony. You're a lucky girl to get him."

"I think so too."

Kitty knew that her conversation was not brilliant, but she couldn't help it. There was something in the air that made her uneasy. The heavy-set man in the background was watching Whit like a hawk.

Pop saw Kitty look at the heavy-set man. He said, "This is Walter Gates. He's an old friend of mine."

The heavy-set man smiled and nodded his head to acknowledge the introduction. His pale blue eyes did not change expression.

Kitty said, "How do you do?"

Whit said "Hello." He didn't care how Walter Gates did. He didn't like Walter Gates for sour apples.

The conversation sagged there. Before the silence began to grow uncomfortable, Pop said loudly, "Well, we might as well go inside where it's warm."

He led the way through a doorway and switched on the light.

The room was a big Victorian parlor, full of shabby red plush furniture. An enormous airtight stove and a wood box took up one end of the room, and at the opposite end there was an uncomfortable old-fashioned red plush settee. A couple of blankets and a pillow were rumpled on the settee, and a man's clothes were tossed over the nearest chair. Whit could see that one of Pop's guests had been sleeping under a handicap.

The weasel-face came in while Pop was stirring up coals in the big stove. Pop introduced him as Sammy Kohler, without explaining his status. Whit didn't like Sammy any more than he liked Walter Gates, on general principles, and the whole strange atmosphere of the house bothered him, but it was too late to back out now. Pop had already taken their coats and was bustling around with glasses and the bottle of whisky Whit had brought. Whit sat down next to Kitty and held her hand. He could tell that she was nervous.

Walter Gates said to Whit, "Just arrive tonight?"

"Yes."

"Where from?"

"We drove in from San Francisco."

"Pretty hard to get enough gas to drive that far, isn't it?"

"It sure is."

"Just come up to get married?"

The cross-examination was beginning to irritate Whit, but he didn't want to start anything by being nasty. He said, "That was the main reason. We thought we'd try some of the gambling joints in Reno for a few days, do a little horseback riding and look over the country. Combination vacation and honeymoon, more or less."

Gates had more questions to ask, but Pop had finished pouring the drinks at last. He proposed a laboriously gallant toast to the bride, and they all drank.

Gates' hands, as Whit saw when the man lifted his glass, were those of some one who had worked with tools. The nails were broken and discolored, and the skin around the nails was darkly ingrained. The hands were not dirty from lack of soap and water, but the grease had worked in too far to come out with a scrubbing. Whit wondered why Gates, who clearly gave orders, was a worker, while Pop and Sammy Kohler, who just as clearly took the orders, had such nice clean cuticle. He proposed a second round of drinks, hoping that some one would loosen up and talk before the bottle was gone; but Pop, for the first time to Whit's knowledge, was not interested. He said earnestly, "Not now. Not now. Let's get on with the wedding."

Gates and Sammy Kohler were to be the witnesses. Pop placed Whit and Kitty together in front of the stove and Gates and Kohler on either side. When they were all set, he produced a Bible.

"THERE we are," he said. "Now let me have the license, Whit. You've got the ring?"

Whit said blankly, "I've got a ring. I didn't know we needed a license in Nevada. That's why we came here."

He was looking at Pop as he spoke, and he saw fright spring into the old man's face. Pop's eyes skittered sideways toward Gates, and Whit turned his head.

Gates said slowly, "I'm afraid that's a pretty serious mistake." The menace in his voice could not be mistaken.

Whit's normal disposition was inclined to curdle at five in the morning. He took three quick steps and came face to face with Gates.

"All right," he said. His voice was ugly. "I've had enough of this. What are you driving at?"

Gates did not give an inch. His pale eyes looked searchingly into Whit's face. "So you came here to be married?"

"Yes. What business is it of yours?"

Sammy Kohler said, "Don't try to—"

(*Continued on page 62*)

DOES LIBERATED ITALY LOVE US?

For over twenty years Italians had no freedom. Then our armies brought it to them. Do they like it or resent it? And how have we worked out as liberators?

BY JOHN DALY

A generous G. I. shares his rations with Italian waifs.

THE prewar travel folders used to say of Naples, "The gay town full of careless animation and bright with southern sun . . . beautiful bay . . . center of southern Italy." They usually wound up with a rather breathless "See Naples—and die."

With the Allied invasion of the Italian mainland, Naples became a rich prize of war which the British and American troops captured on October 1 of last year. For eight months Allied bombers had blasted the rail and harbor areas. And in the closing days of the battle for the city Allied artillery poured tons of explosive into the German positions. Torn and shattered by bombs and shells, Naples received the *coup de grâce* from the Germans as they left. German demolition jammed the harbor with sunken hulks. Power plants, the water system, the gas works were blown up. Almost all of Naples' finest buildings were blasted into mountains of rubble which choked off the main streets.

American G. I.s and British Tommies, hard on the heels of the retreating Germans, paused for a moment to see Naples. It was a dead city.

As the tide of battle swept northward to the Volturno River, Naples, the largest enemy city to come under Allied occupation, took on a new importance. It became the show window, for all the world to see, of Allied occupation, of Allied Military Government. What we did in Naples would be almost immediately known in Rome, in Florence, in Leghorn, in Genoa. Italians along the whole length of the boot would know our successes and failures and would compare our record with that of the Germans under whom the majority of Italians still live. It could not be a laboratory experiment, as it had been in Sicily.

ALLIED Military Government in Sicily left something to be desired. But it was not all bad, and it must be remembered that the American personnel lacked experience. All they knew had to be learned in the classroom. AMG officers, following hard on the heels of the victorious Allied armies, quickly restored order among the frightened and confused population. As the fighting raged around the outskirts of cities and towns, AMG officers were busy restoring civilian life. Public utilities were patched up to provide water and, if possible, electricity and gas. The dead were dug out of the ruins and buried. Rubble was cleared from the streets so that traffic could pass. And after weeding out some of the most notorious Fascists, the AMG officials set up local administrations—police and fire services, etc.—to get local government in running order.

But the Allied Military Government failed to meet the most urgent and what should have been the most obvious problem in Sicily—food. In a matter of weeks they found themselves in the grip of a black market in bread, and bread, to Sicilians, is life itself.

The black market, as always, was the result of scarcity. But that scarcity was artificial. It resulted from the operations of wealthy Sicilians who hoarded their wheat on great country estates and sold it to the black market for fabulous prices instead of turning it in to the local distribution centers to be sold under rationing at regulated prices. A few shiploads of wheat brought in by the Allied authorities at the end of the Sicilian campaign—when some shipping might have been diverted—would have saved the day. But AMG authorities not only failed to bring in wheat until it was almost too late, but they also failed to take any decisive steps to break up the black-market operations of the landed aristocracy.

The situation finally became so serious that the average Sicilian could buy only two loaves of bread with his week's wages. There were serious food riots in Palermo and Catania, important cities at opposite ends of Sicily. A plot to create an underground army to operate against the Allies was nipped in the bud in Palermo by the United States Army Counter-Intelligence Corps. One of the responsible officers of that Corps told me that the plot was the direct result of our failure to solve the food problem. In a matter of weeks the liberators had become the oppressors to too many Sicilians.

A junior American officer connected with the Allied American government whom I met at an Allied rest camp in November—ironically, on Thanksgiving Day—was there because he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. A sensitive, intelligent man, he had broken under the desperate strain of trying to repair, by himself and with the little authority of his rank, the terrible blunders of the higher-ups. He said bitterly: "The Sicilian people accepted us with open arms. We had promised them everything and, like children, they trusted us. Now they hate us so much that American officers in Sicily have been ordered to wear side arms for protection."

Almost too late, thousands of tons of shipping had to be diverted to take wheat to Sicily at a time when the Army needed every ton of shipping in the Mediterranean for the Italian mainland campaign. AMG has now been succeeded by the Allied Control Commission, under the supervision of which the Italian government of King Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio has brought a semblance of order and well-being unknown under AMG.

AMG's excuse for what happened in Sicily is that the whole set-up was experimental; and, in all fairness, this is true to some extent. They had to feel their way as they went along, and because of this they had never had adequate information to prepare for the problems which had to be met. The trouble is that very much the same excuse is being offered for what happened in Naples and other parts of southern Italy, with assurances that AMG is learning lessons from these mistakes and will profit by them when we get to Germany. This may be too late. We can't afford to continue as we are in Italy, because it means more than the mere alienation of Italian affections. Our whole record of administration in Italy must assuredly affect the reception we get from all the enslaved people of Europe.

THE Allies entered Naples on October 1, 1943. It was a happy occasion, as it had been in Sicily. The American troops, in particular, satisfied every childish cry for *caramella*. Mothers beamed on these fine Americans who so freely gave up their candy to the bambinos, and there is the story of the Negro quartermaster private who was riding a truckload of C rations up to an American unit fighting north of the city. Carried away by the sincerity of the cheering Neapolitans lining the streets, he opened up the cases of C rations and showered their contents on a grateful people.

Italian labor, recruited by AMG, and Army engineers went to work with a will to restore order in the city. Water was rationed from trucks until the water system was put back into operation in record time. Even as delayed German demolition charges blasted the big new post office and dug new scars in the face of Naples, Italians stood in admiring awe of American efficiency when Italian submarines in the harbor were hooked into the city power system to satisfy the most urgent needs for power. The most essential street railway lines, which climb the residential hills encircling the Bay and business section of Naples, were put back into operation. Bomb rubble, sometimes piled fifteen or twenty feet high in the downtown streets,

was cleared up. The main railroad station, which had become a miniature lake, was drained and a few trains started running. The food situation, to be sure, was not as good as it might be. But the Allies, it was noted by most Italians, had set up a strict ration system that promised equal distribution of the food available. Naples was back on her feet again—not able to run full steam and perhaps walking a little unsteadily, but definitely back on her feet.

But again AMG failed in Naples and elsewhere in southern Italy—for the same old reason. It failed to lick the food problem, and a raging black market grew up almost overnight.

The Public Relations units of the Army in Naples, to which I was attached, ate on the third floor of a building which is entered through a court. In the court two metal ash cans were set up over a fire and kept filled with water, and there the enlisted men washed their mess kits. Three days after the mess was organized, a lone Italian woman, dressed in filthy rags and with a month-old baby on her shoulder, began to stand in the court entrance with an empty tin can in her hands. As each enlisted man came down after eating to wash his mess kit, she begged for the scraps, even draining off the vegetable juices. Then she would disappear, to come back for the next meal.

Before the end of a week there were seven mothers standing in the court entrance at mealtime, all of them indescribably filthy and all of them with babies over their shoulders. As might have been expected, they soon started fighting among themselves over who was to get the scraps of the next G. I. who came down to wash his mess kit. The mess officer finally had to get the Naples police to chase them away and keep them away, because the G. I.s weren't eating their meals. They were just picking at their food and bringing most of it down to give to the women.

THIS story describes the situation in Naples today. American generosity hasn't changed. Each one of those Italian mothers could have begged money on Via Roma, Naples' main stem, and in a few hours would have had an amount equal to an average Italian's daily wage. But several days of begging on Via Roma wouldn't have brought enough money to buy as much nutritional food in the black market as they got in slops from one day's begging at the entrance to our mess. And the food they could buy under the rationing system, at fixed, reasonable prices, would just barely maintain life.

An average daily wage is 90 lire, or 90 cents. With that wage the Italian can buy, under the ration system, 200 grams of bread daily—just about two healthy slices of the average American loaf—and two pounds of green vegetables, half an ounce of olive oil adulterated with cheap oils and horse fat, two ounces of pasta, enough for one normal serving of spaghetti for one person, and four oranges.

Bitter Italians will tell you that under the Germans they got bread, meat, potatoes, vegetables, and pasta. Those who claim to have access to sources of information behind the enemy lines add that although the Germans have cut the bread ration in Rome to 100 grams a day, Italians in Rome are getting enough other foods to maintain a fairly good nutritional standard without going to the black market. Their charge is that under the Germans a family of five draws enough food to keep five people healthy, but that under the Allies a family of five gets enough food for three and the other two starve. That's a little stark. What really happens is that all five members of the family end up suffering from serious malnutrition.

Many Italians are forced to supplement a meager diet by begging scraps at Army kitchens.

Bread that didn't get to the black market is rationed to the people on an Anzio farm.

We try to feed and clothe the Italians, not always with success. Shoe handout in Naples.

Italians admit that the prices in the legitimate ration food market in Rome are double those in Naples. But, they add, the money is unimportant in the legitimate market. Italians will gladly pay six instead of three lire for a couple of pounds of bread in the legitimate market, but they can't afford 135 lire for the same amount of bread in the black market.

Food is the open-sesame to life in Naples. A little candy for the children will open the door of almost any Naples family to an American soldier. A full social life can be built on cans of corned beef and CORations. In one of Naples' most luxurious jewelry stores I was told that I could take my pick of any stone in the shop in return for two 100-pound sacks of flour and two or three ten-pound sacks of sugar.

AMG blundering and inefficiency must take the responsibility for a major part of the acute food situation in Naples and in other parts of southern Italy. The Germans did a thorough job of removing or destroying a good deal of the normal food supply of the area. They drove off or slaughtered herds as they retreated, and they stole as much food as they could carry. But one of the first AMG orders issued stopped transportation from one region of occupied Italy to another—for instance, from Naples Province to Avellino Province—making it impossible to spread the available supplies equitably. Urban centers such as Naples suffered acutely while some rural areas had an abundance.

Then, even in the areas of abundance, we met the same problem that had given us so much trouble in Sicily. Wealthy Italian landowners saved their output for the black market and its tremendous profits. In one of these areas one AMG official established, from records of previous crops, a quota which each farmer must turn in for the legitimate market. If he failed to meet his quota, he was fined. But it was two months before the AMG official realized that farmers were deliberately holding back a large percentage of their crops, selling what was held out in the black market for a small fortune and paying only a fraction of the illicit gains in fines. When the light dawned, the AMG official started passing out stiff jail sentences for failure to meet the quota. Then, with few exceptions, the quota was met promptly.

IN Naples itself AMG must accept responsibility for the "hot" bread racket which, along with other administrational failures, has made AMG the unwilling but nevertheless biggest contributor to the food black market. It worked this way. AMG certified certain bakeries to which it distributed the flour shipped into Italy by the Allies to be baked into bread for the ration market. Let us say that AMG delivered two pounds of flour to the Spelvin Bakery. The Spelvins took one pound of the flour, mixed it into heavy, soggy dough, baked it in an overheated oven, and produced a loaf of bread which met the weight requirements but was half water. The overheated oven browned the outside and left the center a soggy mass. The other pound of flour the Spelvins promptly sold to the black market.

This racket could have been broken up by the most rudimentary kind of check system, but although AMG was warned time and again that the racket flourished, it failed to do anything about it. Meanwhile, Italians who were getting their meager 200 grams of bread daily from these adulterated loaves were losing the last vestiges of their faith in and respect for the Allies.

Although food is the most important contributor to the change in the average

(Continued on page 62)

A BREAK for the KID

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY ERNEST LEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE restaurant was crowded and noisy and the tables were too close. Bert looked up from his steak whenever the revolving door turned, to see who was making an entrance. The man sitting with him was letting his pale tea and scrambled eggs get cold. He hadn't stopped talking since the waiter had brought their orders.

"At first we were gona call it Dreaming of You, but that sounded a bit from corn," the man was saying. "And then the kid suggests A Sigh and a Cry Over You. It ain't good, it ain't bad, but I let it stand that way. After all, I figured, a song is a song. I got over two dozen hits to my credit. To the kid, it's a big thing he should feel the title was his. You get what I mean?"

Bert drew the sleeve of his brown suit above his wrist and looked at his watch. "Sure," he said. Then he looked again for the waiter.

"I mean, if I wanted to, I could of come up with something slick, but I figure, let the kid have a break."

"Sure, Al," said Bert.

Al was a small, sharp-featured man with graying black hair, and he continually drew a white handkerchief from the breast pocket of his tweed jacket to blot the perspiration on his forehead.

"It ain't the title that put it on the hit parade, and it ain't the title that's keeping it there ten weeks now," said Al. "I could name you fifty numbers had the trickiest damn titles you ever hear—not one of them ever got anywhere. But give 'em something with a tricky melody like I work into this thing, and *socko*—into the big time. I keep telling it to the kid, but no, he don't know from melody. With him, it was the tricks with the words and no music. Ah-ha, what can you expect from a college kid?"

Bert was trying to catch the waiter's attention with his eyes.

"The kid was working his way through college waiting on tables, and he supports his mother," said Al. "So when a friend of Myra's sends him to me with this piece, I can't just give the kid the brush. After all, Bert, you and I don't have to have good memories to remember when I was from hunger myself. C'm'on, Al, I say to myself, give the kid a break. So I tell him to leave it with me and come back in a couple of days."

Bert waved his hand until the waiter came hurrying over. "Can I have some Worcestershire sauce, please?" he said.

Al took a quick mouthful of scrambled eggs. "I give it a couple of riffs on the keyboard, and it's just what you'd expect from a college kid trying to write popular music. A bar of Gershwin, a dash of Kern here, a little Berlin there—it's like a medley. And those words, Bert, those words—you know, just like Larry Hart used to make with tricky rhymes, only Hart was clever. This kid does it so you can feel the labor pains on each word. He just don't know from originality."

The waiter set a bottle and a large menu before Bert.

"Well, geez, when the kid comes back a few days later, I don't wanna hurt him. You know how it is, Bert. He's a good kid and he looks like he bruises easy, and there's his old lady and all that, so I tell him I'll try and make something outta his piece— Bert!"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm listening." Bert put down the menu.

"Well, the kid almost busts out in tears, he's so grateful, and he keeps coming around after his classes uptown, and I let him hang around and listen to how the real thing is done. It's a break, in a way. I know if I would of had the chance to sit in with guys like Donaldson and Youmans and Romberg when I was just a kid, maybe I wouldn't of had to go through hell before I got where I am. Just to make him feel good, I keep in a bar here and a bar there the way he wrote it—and, Bert, I wanna tell you you should see how much a little thing like that means to the kid. It made me feel good all over to see the look on his face when he heard some of his own stuff comin' out of my baby grand."

"I'll have chocolate parfait," Bert told the waiter. "How about you, Al?"

"I ain't got no stomach for food today . . . . Well, the kid gets such a kick outa little things like that, I plan a real surprise for him. One day he drops in, and what does he hear? Me singing his own lyrics. Get it? I turn out a tune with enough of his notes in it and a measure enough like his so that his own lousy words fit, and I keep 'em in, with a change here and there. After all, Bert—and remember this—it's the Al Bowker touch in the melody that counts. When Dorsey or James does Sigh and a Cry, the words could just as well be 'Mary had a little lamb.' But, anyway, the kid's in seventh heaven because he knows the words are his. Lyrics don't mean from nothing these days."

Bert was looking around.

"Lyrics don't mean a damn," said Al. "You know that."

"Anything you say, Al," said Bert.

The waiter brought the parfait.

"Believe me, less than nothing. But I figured there's nothing like giving a beginner a boost, a little confidence. I know I could of used a break like that when I was

In Al's world of Tin-Pan Alley there was only a thin line of credit between philanthropy and piracy, and sometimes his good deeds backfired

"I told him he was a good kid and I liked him and that's why I didn't mind having them kick my name around."

starting out. And don't you think the kid right away wanted his name on the song, just like you and I would of? Of course he did. First he wanted 'Music and Lyrics by Mel Grainger.' Then he backed down to 'Music by Al Bowker, Lyrics by Mel Grainger.' What does a kid know? Did we have any one around to wise us up that it don't pay to start out by having your name hooked up with crumby lyrics? In the pig's eye we did!

"Well, I told him plenty. Not enough to hurt his feelings, mind you, but I showed him how only an Al Bowker can afford to put his name on that mediocre stuff, after he has gotten to be big enough so that a thing like that can't do too much damage. It took plenty of spiel, because sometimes those college kids are a little thick between the eardrums. 'After all, Mel, old boy,' I said to him, 'I don't wanna see you mess up a possible career by getting off on the wrong foot and being introduced to the public in connection with those lyrics.' You know what I mean, Bert?"

"Yes, Al," Bert replied. "You were trying to give the kid a break."

"Certainly," continued Al. "I told him what happened to Manny Krone's reputation after that Chin-Chin-Chili flop. I told him how Jerry Laverne hadda go back to selling blouses after Niagara Falls, a Barrel, and You. I dragged out every heartbreak in the Tin-Pan Alley books. I told him he was a good kid and I liked him and that's why I didn't mind having them kick my name around when they heard those words. When I finished I was fagged out and my mouth was dry, and the kid was sad and silent.

"So I ran down to Mike's to bring back a couple of bottles of beer, and when I got back the kid was gone. The kid was gone, and so was the music. But there was a note for me on the piano, where I wouldn't miss it."

"What'd it say?" Bert looked up from his parfait.

AL took a last sip of the cold tea and dabbed at his thin lips with the napkin. He slid out from under the table, picked up his check, and put on his hat.

"C'mon along with me now and you can read it," he said. "I'm going over to my lawyer's office now. He'll show it to you."

"I haven't time, Al," said Bert. "What'd it say?"

"Geeze, when I think of all the time I spent trying to give that kid a break!" Al said. He stood there, mopping his face. "For ten weeks now, all I hear on the radio is Sigh and a Cry, and every time I hear it I think of all I tried to do for that kid, and then I think of the note he left me.

"'Dear Mr. Bowker,' it said. Mister Bowker, after I am practically a father to him. 'Dear Mr. Bowker, I want to express my appreciation for all the kindness you have shown me. You have been so fine to me that I cannot let you do this last thing for me. You have convinced me that it is truly unwise to have one's name associated with anything bad in this song-writing business. Though I appreciate your generosity in making the offer, I cannot allow you to associate your good name with Sigh and a Cry Over You just for my sake. Again, many thanks. Sincerely—'

"Howdaya like that for double talk? Did I tell you he was always making with words? And howdyathink he signed the note? Just like you'd expect. Just like it says on the song sheets, like it says on the platters, like it says in Variety—like they say it on the hit parade over the radio every week—'By Mel Grainger.'

"And after fifteen years in the game and two dozen hits to his credit, Al Bowker's gotta hire a lawyer and sue a kid for swiping a tune. I ask you!"

THE END

THE WILL and the WAY

The Japs despoiled China of almost all means for making essential products. Yet she survived, thanks to a zealous New Zealander who spark-plugged her recovery

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Their slogan is "Gung-Ho" (Work Together) and the members of this cloth-weaving unit, one of China's many co-operatives, hew to that line for their country's good.

THE attack was well planned. Japanese bombers circled overhead, then swooped down on unprotected targets. Shanghai and other principal coastal cities of China waited and stoically accepted their fate—death, fire, and devastation. During that first year of war 90 per cent of China's industry was crippled, destroyed, or seized.

But it wasn't only that China's industry was paralyzed. With the fall of the cities along the eastern coast, China's hopes for outside assistance dwindled. The only life line left was the Burma Road, and that too was to be severed. China became a giant in captivity, crippled and blinded, stripped of the last possibility of rallying her resources into a plan of organized defense.

Millions of refugees fled inland, over the "scorched earth," but the little agricultural people of the interior had barely enough to feed themselves, and this horde came empty-handed, starving. Among them were the men and women who represented modern China, those with technical training in many industrial fields. They were scattered and disorganized, unable to put their training and knowledge at the disposal of their country.

So, almost overnight, China fell back two thousand years. Hopeless shortages appeared in iron, steel, paper, wool and cotton materials, and hundreds of other essential articles. The Chinese resorted to the ancient arts of weaving by hand, making paper by spreading out pulp over bamboo trays, and generally resurrecting the old and slow methods to the point that it seemed the days of Marco Polo and Kublai Khan had returned to Cathay.

But in all the confusion and upheaval of those early days a handful of people had gathered in Shanghai to plan for the future. They knew that if China was to have even a fighting chance against her modernly equipped adversary, some substitute must be found for her lost industry. Through genius and toil and sheer courage, they were, eventually, to help save China from what seemed inevitable defeat.

Rewi Alley, a New Zealander who had devoted his life to China's industrial problems and national progress; Dr. H. H. Kung, China's Minister of Finance; Frank Lem, an American-educated engineer; Edgar Snow, an American journalist, and his wife, Nym Wales; Hsu Sing-Loh, a banker and one of China's great men of vision; and Lu Kuang-Mien, a co-operative expert educated in Scotland—those are the names that will go down in China's history. They formed the original committee, but since the early days of their first efforts many other names have been added to the list. Ida Pruitt, who for years had worked in China's leading hospitals and who later came to America to organize this country's assistance to China, was among the first.

Co-operative industry was their solution to China's problem. The group of leaders in Shanghai visualized thousands of small producers' co-operatives, shops and factories, spread through the interior of China, camouflaged from Japan's destructive air force. They were to be set up wherever possible—in caves, farmhouses, temples; spread out to reach those regions behind China's front lines where they could supply guerrillas and other troops. This vast project entailed endless work and presented seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

But today nearly two thousand small factories and workshops are not only supplying China's needs but furnishing essential equipment to many other Allied troops in the Far East.

Rewi Alley, with a loan of $500,000 from the Chinese government, set out to get the work started in 1938. He divided Free China into five parts and sent engineers and co-operators into each. He himself made long tours of investigation, on foot, by bicycle, horse, truck, train, and airplane, to every province of Free China. Men and women driven from their homes by the Japanese listened to Rewi Alley and knew that now they had an opportunity to build a new life for themselves and for their country.

What Rewi Alley planned was simply this: Workers of the same trades were to pool their strength and whatever equipment they had, set up small workshops

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New Zealander Rewi Alley has been the guiding spirit for the co-operative movement in China.

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTOS

VICTORY TOP

BY EDMUND S. WHITMAN

TODAY more than a million gyroscopes direct the course of war—guiding men, planes, subs, bombs, and torpedoes. The present uses of this uncanny device, which does almost everything but talk, stem directly from the tug of a child's hand and her insistence that "daddy" buy her a "spinning top."

Daddy was a brilliant inventor, famous already for his work in the fields of arc lights and electric propulsion. Elmer Sperry was his name. The place was an amusement park in Cleveland and the time was midsummer, 1904.

He and his four children were held spellbound at the spinning-top booth where little metal wheels, set twirling inside frameworks of wire, perched at eerie angles on the backs of chairs without falling off. The inventor reached for one.

"What makes it try to sit up in your hand like that, daddy? Is it magic?"

"Magic?" The inventor's head bent over the top for a moment. "Hum!" he said as he groped for a quarter. "Maybe it is. We'll see."

BEGINNING that evening, and thereafter until his death, Sperry was enthralled by that little top. Mentally and physically, he took it apart and put it together again.

"Look at that, will you!" he would exclaim admiringly as the top resisted his pushing finger and refused to move out of its plane of rotation. "See how stubborn this little fella is! By Jove, I'm going to put him to work!"

Gyroscopes and the peculiar phenomena they exhibit have been known at least since the eighteenth century. Simply, a gyroscope may be described as a weighted metal wheel spinning on an axle both ends of which are supported in a suitable framework. Its chief characteristic of behavior is to maintain its position in space even against considerable resistance. In other words, once set spinning with its axle pointed in a certain direction, a gyroscope tries to keep the axle pointed there. It was Sperry's dream to put this trait of the spinning top to practical use.

After seven years of experimenting, Sperry had a gadget that would work. He adapted it to the stabilization of ships at sea to prevent rolling and pitching. He built several gyro-stabilizers, one for the U. S. Navy.

Eventually he harnessed the gyroscope to solve the old problem of the varying magnetic compass, a problem complicated by the introduction of steel ships.

The Navy—and the Merchant Marine—needed a compass that could be counted on to turn in an accurate performance. Subs, particularly, needed an instrument that wouldn't play hop, skip, and jump with the ship's course every time a steel hull passed above or a quartermaster opened his jackknife to pare off a segment of Piper-Heidsieck.

Sperry tackled the development of a workable gyrocompass. Through years of trial and error he was helped by several people who shared his vision and enthusiasm. There was Hannibal Ford, now president of the Ford Instrument Company, who wrought electrical refinements in the cumbersome models to overcome seemingly insuperable mechanical obstacles. There were an ensign and a chief electrician who served on the U.S.S. Delaware. Today they stand as the two dominant personalities in the field of military instrumentation—Thomas Morgan as president of the Sperry Corporation, and Reginald E. Gillmor as president of the Sperry Gyroscope Company.

All four men collaborated in the laborious installation of the gyrocompass on the newly commissioned Delaware. All were aboard that bleak day in the fall of 1911 as the dreadnought plowed ponderously through the North Atlantic bound for the firing range. There the newfangled invention that derived its directive force from the earth's rotation and pull of gravity and was impervious to magnetic influence would be put to the supreme test.

"Even if it works," the executive officer said, "what makes it any better than our own compass?"

Sperry bristled. "Some of you magnetic compass men," he said, "are hard to shake loose from your bearings—lots harder than the compass itself! Why, man, every time a hatch cover is moved or a boom is swung out and replaced, your needle assumes a new heading. It follows those gun turrets around like a beagle hound. You stoke up a boiler, and you've got a big, juicy error—"

"And we know just what the error is

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SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY PHOTO

A gyroscope is the heart of the Sperry marine gun sight which keeps the weapon on the target regardless of the vessel's roll and pitch.

A gyroscope has the Nazis and Japs spinning crazily on their Axis. It's a child's toy that has grown up to do big things.

JOHNNY GETS A FURLOUGH

BY PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

THE cruiser passed through the Golden Gate and stood up the bay to Mare Island yard. She was no longer young and spotless—tired now, battle-worn and battered, her beauty marred where the enemy's twelves had screamed aboard as she punched at the Japs. The yard tugs warped her into a berth. Lines were winched taut. She was home at last.

No less a guy than the skipper himself addressed the crew after they had been mustered topside, under the turret guns.

"You've seen some stirring action," he said. "You've every right to be proud of yourselves. But you are not to talk about it. Naval security requires just now that you tell no one—and I mean no one, not even your mother, your girl, or your wife—any details as to where we've been, what battles we've fought, and, in the case of strangers, even the name and type of our ship."

Johnny Durkin kept watching the Old Man's face. Once he had sort of feared the skipper, but you can't be afraid of a person you love. Ernie had called him *muy hombre*, which is Mexican talk for a guy with guts. He was strict all right, but he was a fighter. And there was another side to him too—a warm, friendly side which would go with his smile when he gripped a young sailor's hand and told him, "I'm proud of you, Durkin. Congratulations."

That had been after a three-star admiral was piped aboard the triumphant cruiser to pin some medals on nine of the crew.

If the Old Man told him he wasn't to talk, Johnny guessed now he would rather die than even so much as make a whisper. He hurried below to get his gear. But then he saw Ernie's empty locker. It was right there, in front of that locker, his buddy had stood when he said to Johnny:

"When we get our furlough, here's what we'll do." This was the night the scuttlebutt had it that soon the cruiser would head for home and go in dry dock for major repairs. "We'll buy us a round-trip railroad ticket an' ride rooty-toot for New York City. I always wanted to see New York. We'll look up that ornery hombre Clip an' settle our little score with him. We'll shoot up the town. An' then we'll ride west an' visit my folks in Arizona."

Johnny blinked fast and bent over a shoe, making as though the lace was busted. Memory struck at his heart like a blitz. The cruiser rolling along through darkness sweet with the fragrance of tropical blossoms blown from some unseen island shore, the turbines humming a high-pitched song as they thrust the propellers against the sea, while Ernie's drawly voice came out with this marvelous plan for their three weeks' furlough.

It had been like him to say "our" score. Johnny's quarrels were Ernie's too. For a dockside kid from lower New York to have found such a friend as Ernie Carr—a cowboy, no less, a *muy hombre*—had been the most wonderful thing in this war.

Almost breathlessly Johnny asked him, "When we get to Arizona, Ernie, will you [illegible] ride a horse?"

"Sailor, you're goin' to learn what it's like to set your saddle an' cruise the mesa."

Two dawns later general quarters sent them scrambling to battle stations. Before the sun was half an hour high Johnny had won his Navy Cross, and Ernie—! He'd give his decoration, give everything he had in the world, if giving would bring back Ernie now.

Johnny glanced again at the locker. An ensign named Griggs had opened it up and listed the things while a kid from Georgia packed them to send to Ernie's folks. Last to come down had been Ernie's girl from her place on the back of the locker door. In the picture Betty Lou was smiling, her eyes sort of dreamy-like and trusting—as if, Johnny sometimes thought, what she saw was that day—which now could never be—when Ernie came home and they were married.

For they were engaged like. They were sweeties. It wasn't the same as with him and Ginger, being in love but not loved back, never yet having had the chance to ask if she could love him too.

A NUMB feeling gripped Johnny's throat as he lugged his zipper bag topside to leave. The officer standing the watch on deck returned his salute, then spun on his heels to shoot a puzzled glance at Johnny.

He called out, "Durkin."

"Yes, sir?" said Johnny.

The young lieutenant hesitated. You don't—unless you're the chaplain perhaps—ask an enlisted man why his eyes have such a troubled look in their depths. But Durkin was different. He recalled when this kid had reported aboard from boot-camp training, his good-natured grin, the eagerness of him, so ready to like his ship and be liked.

A kid, and yet a seasoned veteran! On his service colors were four bronze stars, and beside them there was that other ribbon with the blue and the white for the Navy Cross.

"Where you going on furlough, Durkin?"

"New York, sir. That's my home."

"Guess you'll be glad to see your family."

"Yes, sir."

"And show them your decoration."

"That's right, sir. It'll give 'em a kick."

The o. o. d. was getting nowhere, not even an inkling of what was wrong. Five questions later he gave up trying and, smiling at Johnny, dismissed the matter.

"Give my best to old Broadway. I hope you'll have an enjoyable trip."

Johnny smiled too, but inside him he winced. How was a guy to enjoy his trip when now he would have to take it alone? When all along he would keep remembering how it might have been if Ernie had lived.

Besides, this was not just a pleasure jaunt. At the end of the journey there would be Clip. More than two crowded years had passed since Johnny lay sprawled at the curb and heard his conqueror's ultimatum, and yet the memory of that day was so vivid that it still hurt.

He could even recall the sharp blasts from a Jersey ferryboat crossing the river. They had mingled with Clip's harsh voice as Clip stood over him and laid down a victor's terms. What Clip had to say was profanely direct. Hereafter Ginger belonged to him. Just leave him catch Johnny buzzing around her, even so much as looking her way, and he would bust Johnny open wide and throw what was left of him to the gulls.

On this note of warning Clip had left, swaggering off to Clancy's Tavern with the guys of the neighborhood gang around him. At that moment Johnny's world had looked darker than in all his sensitive seventeen years. He couldn't go home. It was Sunday, and Johnny's old man would be surly after his Saturday night at Clancy's. He'd jump on Johnny for being a sissy, ask him what else could a fellow expect when he spent all his time reading library books and wanting to be a Western cowboy.

It was no use attempting to tell him that there were places besides New York; that a guy liked to dream of the open prairies, where people could breathe the air of romance; that there was England, Ivanhoe's home . . . and the Spanish Main . . . and the Foreign Legion fighting and loving on Africa's sands.

Johnny quit Little West Twelfth for Fourteenth Street, empty of weekday beeves and mutton riding on trolleys from storage vaults to wholesale trucks backed over the curb. Loitering aimlessly, wretchedly eastward, he reached Eighth Avenue just as the news was starting to travel from tongue to tongue. Strangers talking to utter strangers. Taxicab drivers calling it out like Paul Revere as the lights turned green and they stepped on the gas to race uptown.

INDIGNATION had blazed in Johnny. For the moment Ginger and even Clip were gone from his mind. Then they had returned. Each had a place in this new emotion, joined with it, showing Johnny the way. He would enlist! He'd do it at once. He wouldn't stay here to see Clip Seiffert stepping around with the girl he loved. No! He'd fight and become a hero; and one fine day, with all his medals, he would come back and take her away.

A block farther on, past Seventh Avenue, there was a gaudy photographer's shop with tinted pictures of wedding parties and girls wearing confirmation gowns. Johnny had stopped to gaze in its window again and again these last few weeks. Sometimes Ginger looked like Rebecca, the beauty whom Ivanhoe didn't marry but ought to have, in Johnny's opinion. Oftener she was the Yuma Rose—the same dark hair and gray-green eyes, nose like an angel's, lips which were hot, a smile that made you catch your breath—that mythical Rose for whom two cowboys fought to the death with their guns blazing lead.

Johnny had gulped as he stared at the picture. The Spaniard who owned the place looked hostile, seeing a kid walk into his place with a puffed-out lip and one cheek bloodied—a redheaded kid with eager blue eyes under sparse blond brows

He wore medals he'd won in the Pacific; but it was the score he settled with Clip back home that really made a man of Johnny

so light they could scarcely be seen.

"I'm on my way to enlist," said Johnny, "and I want my girl's picture to take to the war."

"Ah, you are on the way to enleest!" It was as though the Spaniard took fire. His soft face gleamed, his mustache ends bristled, while the air grew redolent of garlic as Johnny was given a hero's embrace. The peecture would be a gift for him, free; it would inspire him to do brave theengs; and when he returned from defeating the Japs and married his sweet'eart, the wedding photo would then be taken for him right here.

Yeah, thought Johnny, that's how it would be. Ginger and him standing arm in arm, the same as those brides and grooms in the window!

The Spaniard made clicking sounds. "Tsk, tsk. When in Washington their diplomatics were talking the peace like the snakes of the grass! But tell me, young friend; I am very confuse'. Where ees thees place Pearl 'Arbor, eh?"

Johnny had not known either, then. But he knew now. He had seen the base. He had seen Midway and Guadalcanal, seen them through battle smoke which eddied from muzzles hot with the salvos of shells. He had seen Savo and Pago-Pago. Seen Zeros burst into flame and plummet to bury themselves in the Coral Sea.

Seen Seaman Ernie Carr slump down on the blistering deck and lie there, still.

Because of his friend he was going home to "settle our little score" with Clip. That was what Ernie would want him to do, expect him to do. It was to be a memorial like to the best damned buddy a guy ever had.

But what had seemed easy, a high adventure, when they were ten thousand miles from New York, stalking the Slot for enemy weapons or convoying ships which were loaded with troops, loomed as grimly imposing now.

On the train, climbing mountains, crossing the desert, rolling over the open prairies, Johnny tried to convince himself that fighting Clip was no worse than the Japs. But Johnny had never seen a Jap! When you slugged at the Japs they were always out there, a wagon or maybe another cruiser or a flight of Aichis dropping their bombs; you saw guys die when your ship got hit; but you had your job to do and you did it, and you weren't all on your own while you fought.

Clip would be different. Clip was murder. When Clip got sore, his eyes went black and his fists were big and hard and brutal, and he liked nothing better than to get some smaller guy and give him the works.

Even the thought of seeing Ginger was clouded by Clip. For first there was Clip. Johnny would have to look up Clip before he saw any one—her or his folks.

The train dived under the Hudson River. It slid to a stop, and Johnny got off and

(*Continued on page 52*)

"Them ribbons," jeered Clip—"you can buy them ribbons a dime a throw!"

The Story of "The Hump"—the world's most dangerous overland air route

1. Today, American airmen are ferrying a greater tonnage of military supplies to hard-pressed China than was ever carried over the tortuous Burma Road. They're flying it over "The Hump"—the towering Himalayas between India and China. It's the most treacherous 500-mile air route in the world. *But the freight goes through!*

2. The first leg of the journey is over the steaming, foggy Assam jungles. Because there are no emergency landing fields, some of the planes have crashed. But most of the men who bail out eventually plod their way to safety, aided by rescue pilots, who drop written instructions, food, and medical supplies by parachute.

3. Day and night, the heavily loaded Liberator Express transport planes streak toward "The Hump." Shuttling across a tumbled mass of uncharted mountains, they dodge peaks that rise 20,000 feet. Icing is an ever-present hazard. Flying unarmed, the cargo planes are often attacked by Jap fighter planes. *Still the freight goes through!*

4. This slender aerial life line over "The Hump" is now the *only* channel by which Allied war equipment gets into China. Around the clock, in monsoon season and out, our flyers carry a constant stream of gasoline, bombs, jeeps, ammunition, artillery, small arms, clothing, aircraft engines and spare parts.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE

5. Many of our India-China flyers have been awarded decorations—and they've earned them! No one pretends that the supplies being flown in are sufficient to fully equip the Chinese. But the same ingenuity and courage that can conquer the lofty Himalayas will eventually open up new channels of transportation so that today's trickle of supplies will swell to an avalanche.

6. After the war, when all forms of transportation must work together to rebuild the peacetime world, the plane will continue to play its part, along with the truck, the train, and the ship. But the plane will have a second, and even greater, responsibility to fulfill: *that of helping to enforce the peace in this 60-hour-wide world.*

In short, a permanent postwar Air Force can be one of America's soundest investments in the interests of a lasting peace.

Quick Facts for Air-Minded Readers

Preview of the future—Last year, 6% of the dollar volume of all imports to the U. S. came by air—a total of 4,000,000 pounds.

Many of the air cargoes included mica, quartz crystals, industrial diamonds, and rare drugs, without which the production of vital war materials could not have continued.

Saving American lives—Litters for 8 wounded men can be fitted into the bomb bay of a Liberator bomber. The Army has already flown out several hundred thousand casualties from combat areas to hospitals.

9 tons per month—The Air Service Command reports that for every Air Force pilot based overseas, it sends out an average of 9 tons of aviation supplies monthly.

This does not include food and other items which are handled by the Quartermaster Corps.

An airline is born—In order to expedite the flow of military personnel and equipment to the South Pacific, Consolidated Vultee operates a daily air-transport service known as Consairway.

A Liberator Express recently chalked up Consairway's 1000th transpacific flight.

Consolidated Vultee is the largest builder of airplanes in the world.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*

LIBERATOR... 4-engine bomber

LIBERATOR EXPRESS... transport

CORONADO... patrol bomber

CATALINA... patrol bomber

VENGEANCE... dive bomber

VALIANT... basic trainer

RELIANT... navigational trainer

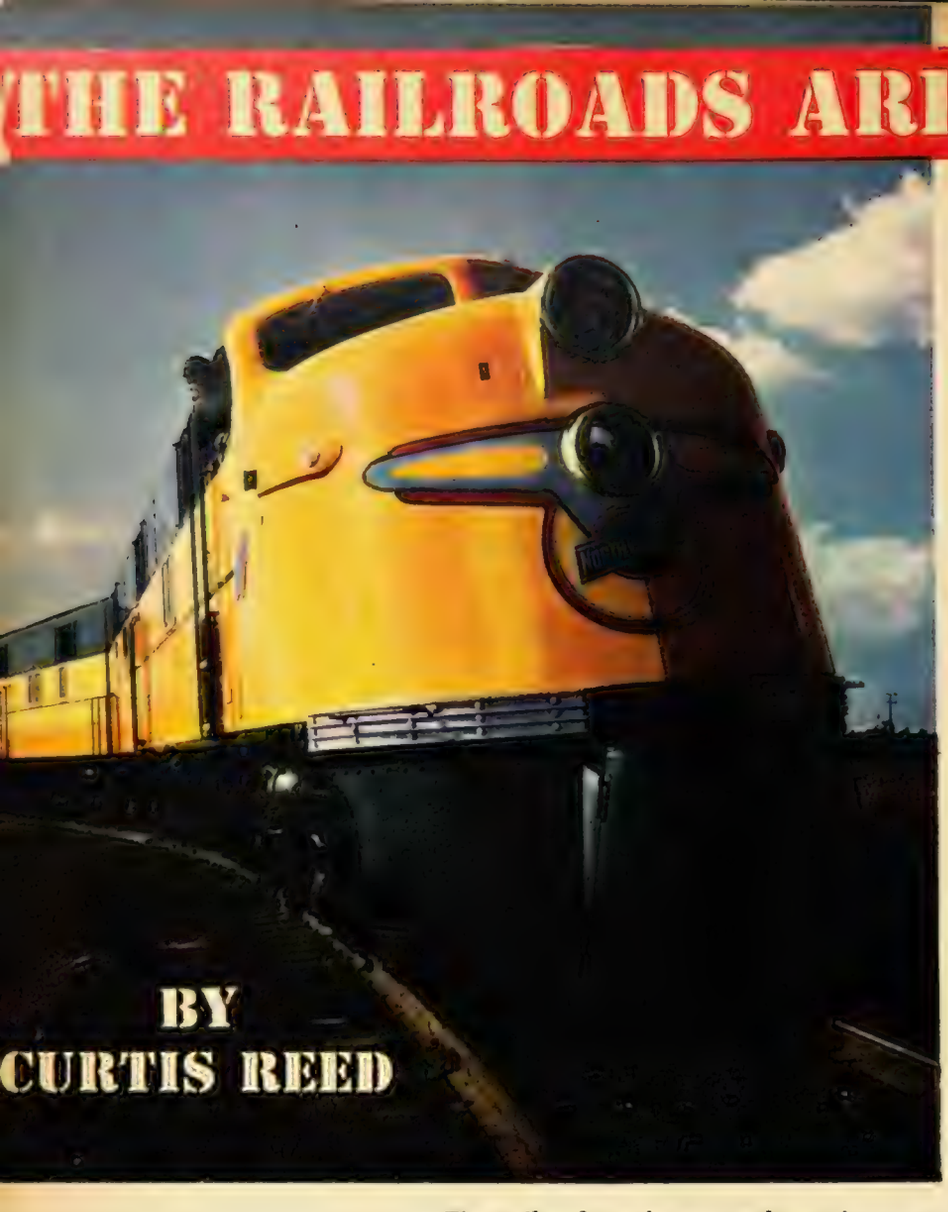
SENTINEL... "Flying Jeep"

AIRCRAFT

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

THE RAILROADS AREN'T SNOOZING



The railroads have a few surprises up their sleeves in the way of postwar train travel. Here's what your ticket will get you

BY CURTIS REED

The railroads seek constantly to improve travel. This sleek, new Diesel locomotive makes fast hauls.

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS

RAILROAD men have no fear that their business will be obsolete after the war. While airplanes are expected to take those passengers who must travel at the greatest speed regardless of cost, they believe large numbers of Americans will continue to ride by rail. In the words of one leader, "The railroads have enormous appeal to the great masses of American people," and it is from them that the roads intend to seek their business. To that end, comfort, safety, and speed are being emphasized in postwar planning.

Railroad men concede that much of the first-class mail, a good deal of express, and some freight (except on short suburban runs) will be carried by plane. But they believe the bulk of all heavy goods still will go by rail.

As for bus competition, they feel it had pretty nearly reached its peak before the war. From now on, they expect to get back, through reduced fares and superior advantages, some of the passenger traffic formerly lost to buses.

The new trains that will tempt the postwar traveler are exciting indeed. The trend toward the use of light metals in car-building will continue. Enormous supplies of cheap aluminum and magnesium will be available after the war.

There will be new kinds of Pullman cars. Those who now can afford to buy a lower berth will get in the future a small private room, perhaps with a folding bed, with complete lavatory equipment, for about the price of a standard berth today. One new design for cars of this type—the duplex roomette-sleeper—makes ingenious use of its space by having rooms on two levels which fit into each other compactly, though each is entirely separate. By the use of this design, the number of salable berths in a car is greatly increased. In the present open-section Pullman there are twenty-eight berths. Only half are bought in normal times because of the lack of appeal of the upper berth. In the new duplex roomette car, with its interlocking plan, there are twenty-four desirable rooms.

In addition, there will be Pullman cars of an entirely new type which will offer full berth service at a price about equal to the coach fares of today. In these cars, designed to dip into the low-budget travel market, berths are arranged in tiers of three, one above the other, each section of three berths having its own toilet facilities. In the daytime each of these sections makes up into a long seat with divisions for three passengers. The passageway is on one side, as in European trains, or in single-room cars of the present time. This triple-berth car, or "coach-sleeper," is just as comfortable in every way as the standard Pullman of the present time.

Even before the war new-type coaches were in use on many roads. These were a vast improvement over those of an earlier day. They were even superior in some ways to the older chair cars on standard Pullmans. Tomorrow's coaches will be even better, with indirect lighting, individual reclining seats, air-conditioning, and ample lounging and washroom equipment. We shall probably see more of the special fast all-coach trains like those which now run between New York and Chicago, and New York and Miami, giving excellent service at minimum rates.

In these coach trains, with their light-metal cars, weight will be further reduced by making car fittings and accessories from light metals and plastics. Lighter, smaller, and more efficient generators and air-conditioning equipment will be used. For each hundred pounds lopped off a car's weight the engine can pull an additional hundred pounds of freight or passenger weight. All of these improvements will tend to reduce operating costs. And as operating costs fall, rates will be lowered, too.

Travel in the future will be more comfortable because of several other technological improvements. New types of hydraulic springs make possible a far smoother ride than has ever been known before. It is now possible also to lay welded rails, one continuous strip of metal, instead of short lengths bolted together which produce the clickety-clack so familiar to every passenger. Perhaps, like me, you *like* the clickety-clack; perhaps it's always put you to sleep, too. Nevertheless, once asleep, you'll probably sleep more soundly when you ride on these new welded rails. In any event, you're probably going to ride on them.

New plans are also in the making in the field of freight operation. The railroads are planning to extend greatly the service under which freight is collected at your door and delivered to your customer's door, all with a single bill of lading and under unified control.

Diesel engines are coming into extensive use on the railroads because of their high efficiency and economy. Whereas a few years ago they represented only about 1 per cent of the motive power, today they represent 10 per cent, and the figure will rise. The Diesel locomotive is the principal instrument by which both passenger and freight schedules can be increased and costs lowered. The railroads now have various types of engines to do various jobs. Some railroad men insist that for the long heavy pulls across the continent steam is still the thing. They act, on this point, a little like the old-fashioned sailors who never quite became reconciled to steamships. As a matter of fact, Diesels have been turning in some spectacular performances in hauling heavy transcontinental freight during war emergencies. On several occasions 2,000 tons of freight, hauled by one 5,400-horsepower Diesel engine, have been hurtled from Chicago ware-

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WHAT MAKES HIM RUN SO FAST?

His form is bad, he has no "kick," he does things wrong, but—he smashes records. How? The story of a man who runs on a prayer

BY PAUL GARDNER

Strong legs carry him, but faith and prayer, too, win for Gil Dodds.

THE sight of a man lurching crazily across the Madison Square Garden track on the evening of February 4, 1939, was one of the weirdest ever observed in that famous sports arena.

A runner who had raced with superhuman intensity had pounded himself into a state of autointoxication. With only two laps to go, he was hitting the side wall and then the pole. He had lost all sense of direction.

Meanwhile, Don Lash, the Olympian, charged behind him—although actually he was a lap ahead of the reeling youth. He tried to pass him as he raced in frantic pursuit of Greg Rice. But wherever Lash went, the groggy, bespectacled lad was sure to wobble in front of him. The spectators at the Millrose games were in an uproar.

"Let him pass!" they shouted. "The guy must be drunk!"

Americans are gluttons for records and they were afraid the giddy athlete was preventing one.

The boy would not quit. Finally Lash nudged him and rushed by. The nudge pitched the runner flat on his face. He got up. Punch-drunk from the impact of heel against floor and the smoky atmosphere of the Garden, he nevertheless wanted to flounder on. This was his first appearance in New York. But officials grabbed him and helped him off, beaten and apparently out of the picture for good. The crowd hawed.

Who was this geezer from Ashland College anyway? Ashland College? There ain't no such thing—it's only an unconfirmed rumor from Ohio! Yokels like that had no right on the same track with men like Rice and Lash!

Five years later—on March 11, 1944—Gilbert Dodds, the erstwhile wobbler from Ashland, smashed the world indoor record for the mile run at Madison Square Garden.

A week later, at Chicago, Gil lowered his own new mark from 4:07.3 to 4:06.4.

Mind you, all of this with the worst form ever demonstrated by a superlative miler—no jack-rabbit "kick," no devastating stretch spurt such as had distinguished sensational milers of the past.

Yet Dan Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the Amateur Athletic Union, was already saying that Dodds was the supreme American miler of all time.

If his style is so far off key, what makes Gil Dodds run so fast?

Faith can act as a lever to move mountains. Gil Dodds is a divinity student in Boston. He will be ordained a minister in 1945. He is the son of a minister. His is the ardor which overcomes the anchors of the flesh.

In Dodds fact meets fiction; he becomes the real-life Sam Small of Eric Knight's story—the Yorkshireman who could fly because he had faith. Dodds prays before a race, during a race, and after a race, and he achieves miracles of racing.

Take that mile he won in the national indoor championships this past winter. There is no logical explanation of how he finished the last quarter of a mile. It is doubtful whether any other runner would have survived the final 440 yards, because nobody else ever runs a race that way!

Dodds ran so fast for the first three quarters that he was actually 1.6 seconds under the record for that distance set by the late John Borican. You have seen fellows collapse at the tape after approaching world record time. By all rights, Dodds should have spilled over on his face right there, exhausted but happy.

Instead, at a much slower pace, of course, he went another quarter of a mile to victory. For this was an invincible Dodds, a Dodds creating track history in America.

It was a runner who in three years had run more miles under 4:10 than the more highly publicized Glenn Cunningham had turned out in eight campaigns.

It was a Dodds who had twice taken the national A. A. U. outdoor 1,500-meter championship, twice won the indoor mile, run the second fastest outdoor mile by an American—and still did things wrong. Experts like Abel Kiviat and timer Tommy Lennon, for example, said that Dodds raced wide of the pole in his indoor races and was traveling at least eleven yards extra to the mile.

So—what makes Gil Dodds run so fast?

It is not only the flame of his spirit but the discipline and zeal to work toward a particular goal.

"Prayer will help an athlete. By all means, yes. But too many feel that all they have to do is pray and God will do the rest. This is false." Such is Dodds' own text.

Gilbert Dodds was born in Norcatur, Kansas. When Gil was six, his family moved to Falls City, Nebraska. Trapping became one of his favorite pastimes when he was twelve. He would rise at dawn and gallop around for a couple of miles to check on his traps. Those jaunts helped develop the powerhouse leg muscles he displays today.

One day, in Falls City, the twelve-year-old Gil playfully tossed a stone. That stone was memorable, in a sense. It clunked against an automobile. Young Gil darted away on the double. But the driver chased him on the triple and caught him in a few bounds.

Thus began a beautiful friendship between Dodds and Lloyd Hahn, American track headliner of 1926, 1927, and 1928. Hahn had been affiliated with the Boston A. A. and had been trained by Jack Ryder, one of the most astute coaches in the United States.

(*Continued on page 58*)

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTOS

Sermons by Dodds carry conviction, for religion with him is a driving force.

Eb heard Missy's voice from far away: "Can't somebody throw some water on him?"

PROFESSOR PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

PART SEVEN

Missy scores a triumph and Eb gives the greatest demonstration of his career in the smashing conclusion to this colorful novel of men and women who strike for oil

ROSIE lit a cigarette. "Eb, what about it? What's the trouble?"

"No trouble," Eb said. "Rosie, I made up my mind to sell and clear out. I'm a wildcatter. Once I bring in a well, I lose interest."

Rosie snorted. "What did she do to you?"

"She's going to marry that little pipsqueak banker."

"Nonsense! That girl is yours. I know she is. I'll give her a talking-to. She ought to know better than to—"

A voice called, "Eb! Eb Peters!" Footsteps thumped on the stairs, and J. G. Watson opened the door. "Hello, you two. Eb, I've been looking everywhere for you. Missy blew into town a couple of minutes ago, jumpy as a filly. Says she has something to show us."

Eb frowned. "You don't mean that well she's drilling?"

"I believe that's it. She won't say, but she told me to find you. She wants you to come out there, she said."

Eb hesitated, and Rosie nudged him. "Go on, Eb."

He put on his hat. "All right, let's go."

Missy was waiting in Albert's runabout. She smiled at Eb and said, "You laughed at me. Now it's my turn."

"You trying to say you struck oil?"

Missy got out of the runabout, which had room only for two. "Tell you what. Pop and I will get the Chalmers and Eb can follow in the Brush."

"Follow where?"

"Out to my lease, of course."

Eb glanced at J. G. "Suppose she really *has* struck oil?"

"Shhh," said Missy. "You want the whole town to hear you? Let's go!"

The Chalmers left the Brush far behind and Eb followed its dust to the Curran farm. Eb stopped the Brush in the shade beside the Chalmers. J. G. and Missy were already at the well.

The grass was soaked with oil, and there was crude in the slush pit, overflowing at the opposite bank. The derrick floor was slippery with crude. J. G. stared at it with his mouth open. "Eb, would you believe it?"

Eb squinted at the bulge of the hill, shook his head. "She must have stumbled on another structure. It just can't be the same structure. How deep is it?"

"Eleven hundred and fifty-two feet."

"A hundred feet high to our wells." Eb whistled, then looked sharply at Missy. "Anybody been out here?"

"That Mr. Howard came out every day or so."

Eb frowned. "Where's your drilling crew?"

"I don't know. I left them here."

"They're out getting leases," Eb said.

Missy sat smiling on a tree stump. "It

(*Continued on page 48*)

TARAWA

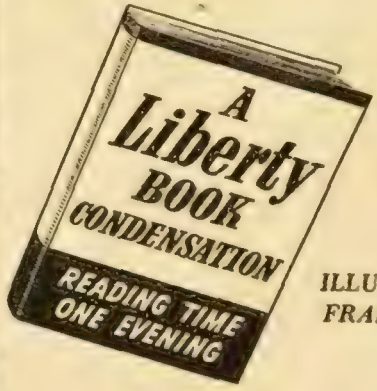
The Story of a Battle

A Condensation of the Book by

ROBERT SHERROD

This book breathes with the breath of battle; it thunders with the boom of the big guns and the bombs; it is alive with the fury and the danger and exhilaration of battle, and graphic in the bitter picture of its horrors.

But it is more than a record of battle, a superlative record of courage, devotion to duty, and deeds done far beyond the call of duty, by brave Americans. It is also a shining tribute to all the men – those who lived through and those who died in the toughest fighting that Americans have yet faced in this toughest of all our wars.



ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

PRELUDE TO BATTLE: In the summer of 1943 the men who make the decisions about the strategy of the war decided to open a new theater of war: the Central Pacific. When the decision was made I was in the Aleutians. The Central Pacific sounded more exciting than anything I had seen in the war against Japan. In the first place, it would give us a chance to exercise the naval might which I could see building up all around me. Also, there was no malaria in the Central Pacific islands. Malaria had been a worse blight in the South Pacific jungles than Japanese bullets. And, while the average civilian would say that he prefers malaria to bullets, many soldiers would rather take their chances on the bullets. Militarywise, a man knocked out by malaria is a casualty just as surely as one wounded by shrapnel.

And there would be no snow or fog in the Central Pacific. I was sick of Aleutians weather. I was tired of flying in airplanes which took off in a little hole in the fog, hoping to find another hole in the fog at the end of the journey, tired of groping my way over tundra-covered mountains without being able to see more than thirty feet in any direction.

The assignment to Tarawa involved a long trip with a task force from one point in the Pacific to Base X, where the naval forces—or part of them—would meet the Marines who were to do the invading. One night soon after I had reached Honolulu I was called and told to be packed and ready to depart at nine o'clock next morning. We drove out to the harbor, and then to the vessel that would transport us: one of the old battleships that had been repaired, rearmed, and virtually made over after its humiliation on December 7, 1941.

The U. S. S. Blisterbutt (as the crew called her) was our home for the long days before we reached the rendezvous point in the South Pacific. She was crowded like

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most old ships which have been rearmed with many additional guns and gadgets. She carried more than 2,000 officers and men—many hundreds more than she was built to carry. Her complement of officers was even more overcrowded than her complement of men, because old ships must train the officers who will run the ships a-building.

Aboard the Blisterbutt there were, as passengers, four British shipmasters who had for many years sailed the waters around the Gilbert Islands. Now their duty would be to navigate those waters for the invasion, to board the leading ships and take our force into the virtually uncharted waters.

Two of them, Lieutenants Page and Webster, were transferred—via breeches buoy—to destroyers early in the voyage, and I never got to know them well. But I listened long and fascinated to grizzled old Karl Tschaun and bright-eyed ruddy James Forbes.

Of the Gilbert Islands I knew only that they lay across the equator, extending some four hundred miles from

southeast to northwest, and that we were about to attack Tarawa and Makin, where the Japs had their only sizable concentrations. Messrs. Tschaun and Forbes set out to teach me something about the Gilberts.

There are sixteen islands in the Gilbert group, from Arorae in the southeast to Little Makin. Most important of the Gilbert Islands was Tarawa—accented on the first syllable, *Tar*—which was the islands' port of entry. The Tarawa Atoll is made up of twenty-five small islands and the coral reef passageway between them is dry at low tide, so that it is possible to walk from one to another. An underwater coral reef, characteristic of all atolls, completes the triangle and encloses a large lagoon which is navigable by vessels of any size.

Most important of the twenty-five islands of Tarawa was Betio—called Bititu on some maps—at the southwest corner of the atoll. On the maps Betio has the shape of a bird lying on its back, tail tapering off to the east. This appearance is heightened by the pier which juts out like a leg five hundred yards from the bird's belly. Betio is only two and one quarter miles long and its widest point is only half a mile wide. The total area of the island is something less than one square mile. Betio was our target. Plainly, we were unlikely to find much of our target undefended.

The old Blisterbutt splashed through the deadening heat of the South Pacific with great monotony until late one afternoon in November we reached the spot where we would rendezvous with the Second Marine Division, which was coming up from New Zealand. The rendezvous point was Base X in the South Pacific.

THE MARINES: Here, at Base X, we had to wait several days for the Marines in the transports. During the wait we met the men who would run the Tarawa show: Rear Admiral Harry Hill, the lean, handsome commander of the Southern (Tarawa) Amphibious Force; Major General Julian C. Smith, sensitive, kindly Marylander who commanded the Second Marine Division; and Colonel Merritt A. Edson, chief of staff of the division.

Of these Edson was best known. With his famed First Raider Battalion, he was generally credited with saving Guadalcanal during the fierce fighting of September 13 and 14, 1942—an action which won him the Congressional Medal of Honor and the British Distinguished Service Order. He hated the Japs as only men who have met them in combat hate them.

"We cannot count on heavy naval and air bombardment to kill all the Japs on Tarawa, or even a large proportion of them," said Colonel Edson, to the more than mild surprise of some of us who had been listening to the claims of some battleship gunnery officers—one claimed there would not even be a land mass for the Marines to land on after the big guns had finished with Tarawa.

"Neither can we count on taking Tarawa, small as it is, in a few hours. You must remember the inevitable slowness of ground action," added Edson. The colonel talked for an hour. He went into the details of the Tarawa operation. He gave us the timing schedules of the naval guns and planes which would shower Tarawa in less than four hours with the most concentrated mass of high explosives in all history—the ships would fire 2,000 tons of shells ranging from 16-inch battleship shells weighing more than a ton apiece to 5-inch destroyer bullets weighing a little over fifty pounds; the planes would drop 1,500 tons of bombs (actually, this figure was cut down somewhat—we were told after the battle that, not counting the four days' previous bombardment, 900 tons of bombs actually fell on Tarawa in the pre-landing action).

I ASKED General Smith about his division. He was very proud of it. "I think they will do well. They are a fine bunch of fighting men. And guess how many are absent without leave? Just sixteen out of seventeen thousand. You'll have to look a long way to find a better record than that; you can usually figure on 1 per cent missing the boat when it is about to sail into combat.

"There's one thing about an operation of this kind that most people don't realize," Julian Smith continued, "and that is the vast amount of preparation involved. We started planning this Tarawa operation last August. Look at the special training the men had to get—beachhead landings, night fighting, various kinds of new equipment. Then, the equipment had to come thousands of miles. Some of the ships we are going to use weren't even built when we started preparing. I'm afraid the people back home do not know what careful planning and precise timing are required to fight even one battle in a war."

Before we left Admiral Hill's battleship Merritt Edson spoke up: "One more thing I forgot to tell you. The troops on Tarawa are a special Navy landing force—what the newspapers call Jap Marines or Imperial Japanese Marines. That means they are the best Tojo's got."

Before sailing out of the South Pacific there was one more full-scale dress rehearsal for these Marines, who were to have the toughest job in the military book: landing on an enemy beach in the face of hostile fire.

We made this practice landing before dawn, from the decks of a Navy transport which I shall call the Blue Fox. The troops deployed into the jungle, some as deep as 800 yards—the maximum width of Tarawa. Overhead some planes, but not nearly as many as we would actually have on Tarawa, made practice dives and strafing runs.

Ashore I met the man who commanded the combat team, the three assault battalions, Colonel David Shoup. His headquarters had been set up just as they would be set up on Tarawa, in the same relative spot, using the same telephones and radio and staff that would perform the same functions under enemy fire.

Finally the transport was on its way to Tarawa, surrounded by many other transports and by scores of warships: battleships, aircraft carriers, heavy cruisers, light cruisers, countless destroyers, mine sweepers, and the various auxiliary craft necessary for landing operations. Whether this naval might induced a general feeling of security, or whether the 55 per cent of the Marines who were already veterans bred confidence in the others, I do not know. Maybe the heat simply made them lethargic. But there was no more excitement aboard the Blue

Fox than if so many men were on their way to the factory on a Tuesday morning.

About halfway between Base X and Tarawa, I attended one of the battalion staff meetings in the wardroom. Presiding officer was the battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert R. Amey, Jr., who began outlining the plan of battle.

"I'd call these various islands of the Tarawa Atoll by their real names," he said, "but I can't pronounce them. So I'll call them by their code names, which you all know better, anyway. Colonel Shoup's combat team will consist of the three assault battalions, plus detachments of artillery and engineers. Ours is the center battalion.

"The entire operation depends on our combat team, and we are the center of it. The whole thing hinges on our three battalions. We've got to get that island and the airfield on it. We'll bring in the Seabees and they'll straighten out the air strip and we'll have planes operating off it pretty damn quick. The Navy has always promised us close support and here's where we get it. The land-based bombers start hitting the place D minus four [four days before D-Day]. The PBYs will hit Jaluit and Mili to knock out the Jap airfields there. On D minus three a carrier force will hit Tarawa from sun-up to sun-down. D minus two a cruiser force will shell it from sun-up to sun-down. D minus one the carriers hit it again from sun-up to sun-down.

"That's just the beginning. On D-Day about dawn the Jap airfields at Nauru, Jaluit, and Mili will be heavily bombed, so there won't be any Jap planes to bother us on Tarawa. On Tarawa itself the air and naval bombardment will be alternated steadily for four hours [here Colonel Amey recited the exact schedule] and they will put a total of about 3,000 tons of high explosives on that little square mile in that time. There's never been anything like it. As we hit the beach the planes will strafe close in front of you to keep the Nips down until you can get in there and knock off what's left of them. I think we ought to have every Jap off the island—the live ones—by the night of D-Day.

"We are very fortunate. This is the first time a landing has been made by American troops against a well defended beach, the first time over a coral reef, the first time against any force to speak of. And the first time the Japs have had the hell kicked out of them in a hurry.

"Maybe we'll walk ashore. I don't know. It depends on the effect of gunfire and air bombardment."

I was curious to know what various officers thought the effect of the naval gunfire and aerial bombardment would be. Obviously, the ease or difficulty of our task depended on the number of Japs killed or stunned by the preliminary bombing and shelling. When I asked General Julian Smith at Base X, he wouldn't even attempt a guess at first. He finally said he wouldn't count on more than one third of them being killed before the Marines hit the beach. Colonel Edson was bearish on the effect of the high explosives: "Where the Navy gunnery officers make their mistake is in assuming that land targets are like ships. When you hit a ship, it sinks and all is lost, but on land you've got to get direct hits on many installations, and that's impossible even with 3,000 tons of shells and bombs."

ONE day on the Blue Fox I went up to see Colonel Shoup and tried to pin him down for an estimate. "Well," said Dave Shoup, "if there are 3,000 Nips on the island, I'd say not more than 700 will be dead when we get ashore. But the degree of their ability to function will be something else. The bombing and shelling will tear up their communications, for one thing, and they can't fight effectively without communications."

What actually threw me off and made me unprepared for what we were going to find on Tarawa was a report from the B-24s which had bombed Betio the day before: no signs of life on the island and very weak antiaircraft fire. Perhaps the Japs were pulling out, just as they had pulled out of Kiska. That phrase, "Very weak antiaircraft fire," had such a familiar ring!

The night in August before our convoy sailed from Adak for Kiska I had talked with the B-25 pilots who had bombed Kiska twice that day. Said one of the senior pilots, Major Richard Salter, "I don't believe there are any Japs on Kiska. I haven't seen a sign of movement in two weeks of bombing the island. The new pilots come back and report, 'Very weak antiaircraft fire.' But new pilots are always seeing things. There isn't any antiaircraft fire at all."

The feeling among the officers increased as we neared Tarawa. "The chances are fifty-fifty this is another Kiska," one artillery officer said. A transport surgeon who had also gone through the Kiska dry run was caustic: "There won't be a damned Jap on Tarawa, and I'll bet we haven't got an alternate target. Why don't we just take this force and keep going to Tokyo and get the damn war over with?" he said, knowing nothing about the difficulty of supply and organization and the millions of gallons of oil such a force needed for only one day's steaming. Try as I might, I never got over the feeling that the Japs had pulled out of Tarawa—not until the first bullet whizzed by my ear.

There were three chaplains on board the Blue Fox: the Protestant, M. J. MacQueen, and the Catholic, F. W. Kelly, who were attached to the Marines, and the ship's chaplain, Peter R. McPhee, Jr. As the ship neared the target their duties increased progressively. If there was any sign of nervousness or fear or intimation of approaching fate, the Marines showed it in their increasing attention to religion. This is, of course, as it should be. In battle death is as normal as life, and any man is a fool who goes into battle without adjusting himself to admit, "I may be killed," and steeling himself to say, "I am not afraid to die." The man who is prepared to die, should that be his lot, approaches battle calmer and with a clearer head. He is a better soldier.

OF ALL the Marines on the Blue Fox, there were none more professional than the thirty-four men of the regimental Scout and Sniper Platoon. This platoon had been formed of picked men after the Second Regiment had found the need for some such group of experts on Guadalcanal. Qualifications for the S. & S. platoon included not only the dead-eye of an expert rifleman and the patience of an Indian—the heart of absolute fearlessness was just as important.

Except that they were all picked troops and they knew they were elite of the elite Marines, the Scout-Sniper men had not very much in common. The thirty-four men came from eighteen different states—five from Wisconsin, five from California. Their racial background was a ladleful from the American melting pot: Gunnery Sergeant Hooper, the second in command, was from Milford, New Jersey; there were Davis from Tennessee, Gillis from Ipswich, Massachusetts, Deka and Krzys from Cleveland, Leseman and Kloskowski from Wisconsin, Selavka from Connecticut and Allred from Sophia, North Carolina, Putz from Forest Hills, New York, and Collins from Chatham, New York. Besides Hooper, there were three other sergeants, nine corporals, and the rest were privates first class.

The rest, that is, except the platoon's leader: First Lieutenant William D. Hawkins of El Paso. I saw "Hawk" several times on the Blue Fox.

The first time I had met Hawkins he had said, quite calmly, as though he were telling me what time it was, "I think the thirty-four men in my platoon can lick any 200-man company in the world."

After his death, and after Julian Smith had named the airfield on Betio after him, I learned more about this twenty-nine-year-old Texan, who was, I thought, the bravest man I have ever known.

William Deane Hawkins was born April 19, 1914, in Fort Scott, Kansas. His father was from Louisiana and his mother was the daughter of a Missouri doctor. When he was three years old, and his family was living in Los Angeles, the most important event of his life occurred. A neighbor, using the Hawkins kitchen to do her washing, walked out a door holding a pan of scalding water. Little Deane Hawkins ran into her and upset the pan. He suffered severe burns on a third of the surface of his body—his arms, his back, a shoulder, a leg. One leg was drawn and an arm was crooked so that he could not straighten it. The doctors wanted to cut the muscles, but Deane

Hawkins' mother was not sure. For a year she massaged her little boy's arm and leg daily for two or three hours. Finally, to the amazement of the doctors, the muscles lived again. At the end of a year Deane Hawkins, cured, was learning again to walk.

When Deane Hawkins was eight his father died. His mother went to work, first as secretary to the high-school principal, then as a teacher of commercial subjects in El Paso Technical Institute.

Hawkins' scars were always with him. By the time he was ten he was a fine swimmer, but one day he came home from the Y. M. C. A. unhappy and brooding. "Aw, mom," he said, "I don't think I'm going to the Y any more. When I take off my clothes the kids all look and say, 'Oh, look at Deane!'" His mother reassured him: "Son, it's not your fault; you have nothing to be ashamed of." He went back to the Y swimming pool.

He wanted to get into the Navy, to study aeronautical engineering. He had plane models with "doped" cloth fuselages and rubber-band power plants flying all over the house. But he had no influence; he knew no congressman who would appoint him to the Naval Academy. So he persuaded two friends, James Colley, later of the Marines, and William Abbott, later a naval pilot, to enlist with him with a view to taking the sailors' merit examination for Annapolis. The two friends got into the Navy. But Deane Hawkins did not; he had scars. Said the recruiting officer, "I never hated to turn down any one so much in all my life. You're the kind of boy the Navy wants." Deane Hawkins went home to his mother. "They made it," he sobbed. "It was my idea, and I didn't."

The scars were to haunt him still further. When, later, he tried to enlist as a cadet flyer in the Army Air Forces, the scars kept him out.

HAWKINS was a smart boy. He skipped the fifth grade. He won the state chemistry essay contest, graduated from high school at sixteen, and was awarded a scholarship to the Texas College of Mines, where he studied engineering. Like most sons of the poor, he worked. After school and during summer vacation he sold magazines and delivered newspapers; he was a bank messenger; and he made photostats for an abstract company. He was a ranch hand, a railroad hand, and a bellhop. At seventeen, when he was skinny and six feet tall, he met a hotel guest who told him laborers were needed to lay a pipe line in New Mexico. Deane Hawkins went to New Mexico, where the hiring boss laughed at him. "Sonny, 200-pound men are collapsing on this job." But he gave the kid a chance, and Deane Hawkins worked twelve hours a day, lifting, with the help of one full-grown man, 400-pound creosoted pipe. When his mother saw her son a week later, she was horrified at the skinny boy, burned by wind, sun, sand, and creosote. "I'm all right now, mom," he said, "but the first day I thought I'd die."

He left home when he was twenty-one. He worked two and a half years in Tacoma, Washington, was married there, and divorced. Then he went to work as an engineer for a Los Angeles title-insurance company. He was there when Pearl Harbor happened. Before the war he had said, "I hate war. I don't see why the United States ought to get in it." But when the United States was forced into it, Deane Hawkins said, "I've got to go. I'm going to see if the Marines will have me." That was when he was home at Christmas, 1941. There was no Marine recruiting office in El Paso, so he went back to Los Angeles to enlist. He was very proud when "the toughest outfit of them all" accepted him.

"Hawk" was what all the Marines called him in boot camp, in commando school, in battle. When he was killed, nobody from his own outfit could remember his first name. When his regiment went overseas in June, 1942, Hawkins was a private first class. On shipboard he was promoted to corporal; by the time he landed on Tulagi in August he was a sergeant, and before the Battle of the Solomons was a month old he had been commissioned a second lieutenant. Wrote a Marine sergeant to his mother, "When he was a sergeant, I knew he would make a fine officer.... Your son was born to lead and I would have followed him anywhere. . . . You see, 'Hawk' loved trouble. If there was tough job to do, he'd ask for it."

The night before the battle was upside down. The enlisted men were to start eating "breakfast" at 10 P. M., the officers at midnight. Catholic mass was held in the wardroom at 1900. Physically, it was oppressive. Some five hundred men knelt in the dripping room or in the passageways leading to the room—it was built to seat about two hundred maximum. So I never got to know what Father Kelly said in his last prayer to steel the men who were about to die.

Three and a half hours before midnight we turned out the light in our bunkroom and tried to sleep.

THE FIRST DAY: We jumped out of bed at midnight, swimming in sweat. We donned our dungarees and headed for the wardroom. Nobody took more than fifteen minutes to eat, but everybody was soaking before he had finished. This was the hottest night of all.

By 0330 the Marines had begun loading the outboard boats for the first wave. The sergeants were calling the roll: "Vernon, Simms, Gresholm. . ." They needed no light to call the well remembered roll, and they didn't have to send a runner to find any absentees. The Marines were all there. One of the sergeants was giving his men last-minute instructions: "Be sure to correct your elevation and windage. Adjust your sights."

At 0400 I stood outside the wardroom as the first and second waves walked through and out to their boats. Most of the men were soaked; their green-and-brown-spotted jungle dungarees had turned a darker green when the sweat soaked through. They jested with one another. A few even whistled to keep up their courage.

They were a grimy, unshaven lot. The order had gone out: they must put on clean clothing just before going ashore, in order to diminish the chances of infection from wounds, but now they looked dirty. Under the weight, light though it was, of their combat packs, life belts, guns, ammunition, helmets, canvas leggings, bayonets, they were sweating in great profusion. Nobody had shaved for two or three days.

At 0505 we heard a great thud in the southwest. We knew what that meant. The first battleship had fired the first shot. We all rushed out on deck. The show had begun. The show for which thousands of men had spent months of training, scores of ships had sailed thousands of miles, for which Chaplains Kelly and MacQueen had offered their prayers. The curtain was up in the theater of death.

We were watching when the battleship's second shell left the muzzle of its great gun, headed for Betio. There was a brilliant flash in the darkness of the half-moonlit night. Then a flaming torch arched high into the air and sailed far away, slowly, very slowly, like an easily lobbed tennis ball. The red cinder was nearly halfway to its mark before we heard the thud—a dull roar as if some mythological giant had struck a drum as big as Mount Olympus. There was no sign of an explosion on the unseen island—the second shot had apparently fallen into the water, like the first.

Within three minutes the sky was filled again with the orange-red flash of the big gun, and Olympus boomed again. The red ball of fire that was the high-explosive shell was again dropping toward the horizon. But this time there was a tremendous burst on the land that was Betio. A wall of flame shot 500 feet into the air, and there was another terrifying explosion. Hundreds of awe-struck Marines cheered in uncontrollable joy. Our guns had found the enemy. Probably the enemy's big eight-inch guns and their powder magazine on the southwest corner of the island.

Now that we had the range, the battleship sought no longer. The next flash was four times as great, and the sky turned a brighter, redder orange, greater than any flash of lightning the Marines had ever seen. Now four shells, weighing more than a ton each, peppered the island. Now Betio began to glow brightly from the fires the bombardment pattern had started.

That was only the beginning. Another battleship took up the firing—four mighty shells poured from its big guns onto another part of the island. Then another bat-

tleship breathed its brilliant breath of death. Now a heavy cruiser let go with its 8-inch guns and several light cruisers opened with their fast-firing 6-inch guns. They were followed by the destroyers, many destroyers with many 5-inch guns on each, firing almost as fast as machine guns. The sky at times was brighter than noontime on the equator. Fire and smoke and sand obscured the island of Betio. Now the Jap, the miserable little brown man who had started this horrible war against a peace-loving people, was beginning to suffer the consequences. As the warships edged in closer until they were only a few thousand yards from their target, the whole island of Betio seemed to erupt with bright fires that were burning everywhere. They blazed even through the thick wall of smoke that curtained the island.

The first streaks of dawn crept through the sky. The warships continued to fire. All of a sudden they stopped. But here came the planes—not just a few planes: a dozen, a score, a hundred. The first torpedo bombers raced across the smoking conflagration and loosed their big bombs. The dive bombers lined up, many thousands of feet over Betio, pointed their noses down, and dived singly or in pairs or in threes. Near the end of their dives they hatched the bombs from beneath their bellies, pulled out gracefully, and sailed back to their carriers to get more bombs. Now came the fighter planes, the fast new Grumman Hellcats, the best planes ever to squat on a carrier. They made their runs just above the awful gushing pall of smoke, their machine guns spitting hundreds of .50-caliber bullets a minute.

Surely, we all thought, no mortal men could live through such destroying power. Surely, I thought, if there were actually any Japs left on the island (which I doubted strongly), they would all be dead by now.

It was a half hour after dawn that I got a first rude shock. A shell splashed into the water not thirty feet from an LST which waited near the Blue Fox. Our destroyers, which by this time were firing again as the planes finished their bombing and strafing runs, were firing very wide, I surmised. A shell hit not more than fifty yards from our stern, sending a vertical stream of water high into the air, like a picture of a geyser erupting.

I turned to Major Howard Rice and said, "What wide shooting! Those boys need some practice."

Major Rice looked at me quizzically. Said he, "You don't think that's our own guns doing *that* shooting, do you?"

Then for the first time I realized that there were some Japs on Betio. Like a man who has swallowed a piece of steak without chewing it, I said, "Oh."

BY THIS time our first three waves of boats were already in the water and the fourth and fifth were getting ready to load. But the sudden appearance of the enemy upset our plans. These valuable transports, with their thousands of troops, could not stand idly by and take a chance on being sunk.

Captain John McGovern, commodore of the assault transport division, gave the order. The transports streaked out of the danger zone, with the Japs firing vainly at them as they went. The first three waves, including hundreds of boats from many transports, had no choice but to turn around and streak after the mother ships. As they turned and ran, our warships opened up again. By firing his gun the Jap had given away its location. Now the warships pounded the Jap with everything in the gunnery officer's book. Hundreds of shells crashed with hundreds of ear-rocking thuds as they poured toward the Jap big-gun position. Soon there was no more firing. The last Jap big gun had been silenced. Now the transports could finish loading their assault waves into the boats, and Betio would soon feel the tread of the U. S. Marines.

The fifth wave climbed down the rope nets at 0635, into the landing boats which bobbed drunkenly on the rough sea and smacked into the transport. Within five minutes after we pushed off a half barrel of water was splashing over the high bow of the Higgins boat every minute. Every one of the thirty-odd men was soaked before we had chugged a half mile. While a Marine held his poncho over our heads I tried to put my watch into a small heavy waterproof envelope. Into another envelope I dropped my cigarette lighter and some valuable pictures; into another a pack of cigarettes.

The sun had hardly leaped above the horizon and we shivered as the cool sea water drenched us. Later that day I was to tremble all over from fear alone, but not yet. We shook and shivered because we were cold. My only memory of the first hour and a half of the ride toward the beachhead is sheer discomfort, alternating with exaltation. Our warships and planes were now pounding Betio as no other island had been pounded in history.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the fifth wave arrived at the boat rendezvous and began circling to wait for our turn to go in. I looked around the ramp to see what was on the beach. For the first time I felt that something was wrong. The first waves were not hitting the beach as they should. There were very few boats on the beach, and these were all amphibious tractors which the first wave used. There were no Higgins boats as there should have been by now.

Almost before we could guess at what bad news was

being foretold the command boat came alongside. The naval officer shouted, "You'll have to go in right away, as soon as I can get an amphtrack for you. The shelf around the island is too shallow to take the Higgins boats." This was indeed chilling news. It meant something that had been dimly foreseen but hardly expected: the only way the Marines were going to land was in the amphtracks ("alligators"), which could crawl over the shallow reef that surrounds Betio. It meant that the landings would be slow, because there were not enough amphtracks for everybody, and we would have to use the emergency shuttle system that had been worked out as a last resort. And suppose the amphtracks were knocked out before they could get enough men ashore to hold what the first wave had taken? And suppose the Marines already ashore were killed faster than they could be replaced under this slow shuttle system?

An amphtrack bobbed alongside our Higgins boat. Said the Marine amphtrack boss, "Quick! Half you men get in here. They need help bad on the beach." While the amphtrack was alongside, Jap shells from an automatic weapon began peppering the water around us. "Probably a 40-mm.," said one of the calmer Marine officers.

But the Marines did not hesitate. Hadn't they been told that other Marines "needed help bad"? Major Rice and seventeen others scampered into the amphtrack and headed for the beach. I did not see them again until three days later, when the battle was over.

The half-empty Higgins boat milled around for another ten minutes, getting its share of near misses and air bursts. One Marine picked a half dozen pieces of shrapnel off his lap and swallowed hard. Two amphtracks came by. One of our Marines stood up and waved at them, told them that we were ready and waiting to go to the beach. But both had already been disabled by direct hits. Both had wounded and dead men in them, the drivers said.

The next amphtrack crew said they would take us in part of the way, to where we could wade the rest of the

way, but amphtracks were getting so scarce he couldn't take us all the way. We jumped into the little tractor boat. "Oh, God, I'm scared," said a Marine telephone operator, who sat next to me forward in the boat. I gritted my teeth and tried to force a smile that would not come and tried to stop quivering all over (now I was shaking from fear). I said, in an effort to be reassuring, "I'm scared, too." I never made a more truthful statement in all my life.

Now, I realized, this is the pay-off. Now I knew, positively, that there were Japs, and evidently plenty of them, on the island. They were not dead. The bursts of shellfire all around us evidenced the fact that there was plenty of life in them. "This is not going to be a new kind of beachhead landing," I said to myself. "This is going to be traditional—what you have always been told is the toughest of all military operations: a landing, if possible, in the face of enemy machine guns that can mow men down by the hundreds." This was not even going to be the fifth wave. After the first wave there apparently had not been any organized waves, those organized waves which hit the beach so beautifully in the last rehearsal. There had been only an occasional amphtrack which hit the beach, then turned around (if it wasn't knocked out) and went back for more men. There we were: a single boat, a little wavelet of our own, and we were already getting the hell shot out of us, with a thousand yards to go.

"It's hell in there," said the amphtrack boss, who was pretty wild-eyed himself. "They've already knocked out a lot of amphtracks and there are a lot of wounded men lying on the beach. See that old hulk of a Jap freighter over there? I'll let you out about there, then go back to get some more men. You can wade in from there." I looked. The rusty old ship was about 200 yards beyond the pier. That meant some 700 yards of wading through the fire of machine guns whose bullets already were whistling over our heads.

The fifteen of us—I think it was fifteen—scurried over the side of the amphtrack into water that was neck-deep. We started wading.

NO SOONER had we hit the water than the Jap machine guns really opened up on us. There must have been five or six of these machine guns concentrating their fire on us—which meant several hundred bullets per man. It was painfully slow, wading in such deep water. And we had 700 yards to walk slowly into that machine-gun fire, looming into larger targets as we rose onto higher ground. I was scared as I had never been scared before. But my head was clear. I was extremely alert, as though my brain were dictating that I live these last minutes for all they were worth. I recalled that psychologists say that fear in battle is a good thing; it stimulates the adrenalin glands and heavily loads the blood supply with oxygen.

I do not know when it was that I realized I wasn't frightened any longer. I suppose it was when I looked around and saw the amphtrack scooting back for more Marines. Perhaps it was when I noticed the bullets were hitting six inches to the left or six inches to the right. I could have sworn that I could reach out and touch a hundred bullets.

After wading through several centuries and some 200 yards of shallowing water and deepening machine-gun fire, I looked to the left and saw that we had passed the end of the pier. I didn't know whether any Jap snipers were still under the pier or not, but I knew we couldn't do any worse. I waved to the Marines on my immediate right and shouted, "Let's head for the pier!" Seven of them came. The other seven Marines were far to the right. They followed a naval ensign straight into the beach—there was no Marine officer in our amphtrack. The ensign said later that he thought three of the seven had been killed in the water.

We were still 400 yards from the beach. But now we could crawl in most of the way under the protection of the pier, where we made difficult, if not altogether invisible, targets. I looked on both sides of the pier. Our battalion had been supposed to land on the right side, but there was no sign of life anywhere on the right. But on the left there seemed to be three or four hundred people milling around the beach, and they were wearing, not Jap uniforms, but the spotted brown-and-green jungle dungarees of the United States Marines. The eight of us decided to go to the left.

We ducked low, creeping along the edge of the pier. We came upon a stalled bulldozer. This, I reflected, was the American way to fight a war—to try to get a bulldozer ashore even before many men had preceded it. Later I learned that a bulldozer is a fine weapon; it can shovel up sand over a low slit in a pillbox, causing the enemy inside to smother. Two Marines tinkered with the bulldozer, but it had sunk too deep in the water that covered an unseen shellhole. A third Marine lay behind the bulldozer seat. He already had a bullet through his thigh. Then a Jap machine gun chattered, rattling its fire against the frontal blade of the bulldozer. We ducked low behind the machine.

"How goes it?" I asked the Marines.

"Pretty tough," one of them said matter-of-factly. "It's hell if you climb over that sea wall. Lots of machine guns and snipers back there."

After a few minutes the Jap gave up trying to shoot at the four of us behind the bulldozer. I dashed back to the pier.

I passed a stalled medium tank which had foundered when it sank into one of the shell holes. A hundred yards farther to the left there was a stalled light tank. To my surprise, I saw a nearly naked figure appear from under the water, swim to this tank, then jump in through the top of it. At first I thought it was a Marine who had gone to repair the tank. But why should he take all his clothes off, and why swim under water? Perhaps it was

a Jap, but why? I reported the incident when I got ashore, but the officer, with his hands already full, paid little attention to the report. We were to hear later from this stalled tank and from many another disabled tank and amphtrack and boat.

Upon reaching the end of the pier, I ducked into a foxhole in the sand which was already crowded with three Marines. I took my first close look at bird-shaped Betio. At this point on the bird's belly, behind the pier that stuck out like a leg, there was a gap. This gap was heaped three or four feet high with sand, but the rest of the island's north rim seemed to be a four-foot sea wall built of coconut logs which had been driven into the ground. From the water's edge to the sea wall there was twenty feet of sand and brown and green coral.

These twenty feet were our beachhead. The Japs controlled the rest of the island, excepting this pocket—twenty feet deep and perhaps a hundred yards wide—which had been established by the Second Battalion of the Eighth Marine Regiment, the farthest left of our three assault battalions, plus two other pockets which had been established as fragilely by the other two battalions.

The beginning at Betio did not look bright. But several hundred Marines had gone over that sea wall to try to kill the Japs who were killing our men as they waded ashore. They went over—though they knew very well

that their chances of becoming a casualty within an hour were something like 50 per cent.

I stooped low and ran the hundred feet from the end of the pier to a stalled amphtrack which was jammed against the sea wall. Beside the amphtrack a dead Marine lay on the sand. He was the first of many dead Americans I saw on Betio. There was a wide streak of blood on the amphtrack, indicating that the dying man had bled a lot.

A big red-mustached Marine walked over. "Who is he?" he asked.

"An assistant amphtrack driver, sir," another Marine said. "Name was Cowart."

"Well, cover him up. Will the amphtrack run?"

"No, sir. We've tried to start it, but I guess the starter was knocked out when this man was killed."

I walked over and introduced myself to the red-mustached Marine. His name was Henry Pierson ("Jim") Crowe, a major commanding the assault battalion that had landed at this point.

The major had other business. Many of his Marines had already gone over the sea wall to kill Japs. Now telephone wires were being strung between their forward shell-hole posts and his command post behind the stalled amphtrack. I sat down and leaned against the amphtrack, next to the sea wall. Now and then bullets would rattle against the amphtrack, but the sea wall made a fairly safe place to sit. With several Marines who were there, wiremen, corpsmen, and battalion staff headquarters men, I felt quite luxurious. If I stayed there, in the dip under the wall, I would be quite safe. The Jap mortars, like their guns, were being concentrated on our boats as they approached the shore.

Six hundred yards out, near the end of the pier, I watched a Jap shell hit directly on an LCV that was bringing many Marines ashore. The explosion was terrific and parts of the boat flew in all directions. Then there were many Marines swimming in the water.

Two pairs of corpsmen brought two more dead men. The men had been ashore less than an hour, yet already the smell of death under the equator's sun could be detected faintly. Our destroyers were only a thousand yards or so offshore by now and they had begun firing on the tail end of the island, where there were no Americans. The battleships opened up from the other side.

I took out my soaked notebooks and opened them up to dry on the hub of the amphtrack. Then I fished the waterproof envelopes out of my wet dungarees. My watch and cigarette lighter were ruined, but the pack of cigarettes was still dry, and they seemed more valuable at the time than either of the other items.

A YOUNG Marine walked in front of us, about fifteen feet from where we were sitting and about five feet from the water's edge. A rifle cracked loudly from behind us. The Marine flinched, grabbed at his head, then ducked to the sand. I thought he had been hit, but, miraculously, he had escaped. He picked up his helmet. There were two inch-wide holes in the top of it, one on each side. The Jap bullet which tore through his helmet had missed his head, but not by more than an eighth of an inch. The Marine's only wound was a scratch on his face where the helmet had scraped as it was torn savagely off his head.

"All right!" shouted Major Crowe. "You walk along out there standing up and you're sure as hell going to get shot. Those bastards have got snipers every ten feet."

Not fifteen minutes later, in the same spot, I saw the most gruesome sight I had seen in this war. Another young Marine walked briskly along the beach. He grinned at a pal who was sitting next to me. Again there was a shot. The Marine spun all the way around and fell to the ground, dead. From where he lay, a few feet away, he looked up at us. Because he had been shot squarely through the temple his eyes bulged out wide, as in horrific surprise at what had happened to him.

"Somebody go get that Jap sniper!" yelled Major Crowe. "He's right back of us here, just waiting for somebody to pass by."

A Marine jumped over the sea wall and began throwing blocks of fused TNT into a coconut-log pillbox about fifteen feet back of the sea wall against which we sat. Two more Marines scaled the sea wall, one of them carrying a twin-cylindered tank strapped to his shoulders, the other holding the nozzle of the flame thrower. As another charge of TNT boomed inside the pillbox, causing smoke and dust to billow out, a khaki-clad figure ran out the side entrance. The flame thrower, waiting for him, caught him in its withering stream of intense fire. As soon as it touched him, the Jap flared up like a piece of celluloid. He was dead instantly, but the bullets in his cartridge belt exploded for a full sixty seconds after he had been charred almost to nothingness. It was the first Jap I saw killed on Betio—the first of 4,000. *Zing, zing, zing,* the cartridge-belt bullets sang. We all ducked low. Nobody wanted to be killed by a dead Jap.

I STAYED around Major Crowe's battalion headquarters most of that first afternoon, watching the drama of life and death that was being enacted around me. Men were being killed and wounded every minute.

The number of dead lined up beside the stalled headquarters amphtrack grew steadily. But the procession of the wounded seemed many times greater. There went a stretcher with a Marine whose leg had been nearly torn off; another had been hit in the buttocks by a 13-mm. bullet or 20-mm. shell—a man's fist could have been thrust into the jagged hole; another was pale as death from the loss of much blood—his face seemed to be all bones and yellowish-white skin and he was in great pain.

Seventy-five yards down the beach, near the end of the pier where I had first landed, the Marines had set up an 81-mm. mortar which they were firing every minute or so. One of them got to a kneeling position to adjust his instrument. We saw him tumble over the edge of the hole the mortar was set in. Then his companion jumped up to help him. He fell back into the hole. There evidently was another Jap sniper very close to them. The men with the TNT and the flame thrower went after a pillbox only a few feet from where the two Marines had been hit. This time the charge of TNT must have been very powerful. Smoke and dirt flew fifty feet into the air. The sand around the coconut logs was evidently jarred loose, because the flame thrower was sprayed onto the logs, and, although nothing will burn tough fibrous coconut logs, the flame must have got inside the pillbox. We could hear dozens of bullets popping inside. Later four dead charred Japs were found inside the pillbox.

By four o'clock the naval gunfire and the planes were really raising hell back of us. The strafing planes were coming over now in great numbers, four, six, and eight at a time. We could hear the popping of their bullets, which sounded like hot grease in a frying pan. They were tearing into the palm trees and the shell holes scattered inland back of us. Then the dive bombers would dive screamingly toward the earth and let go their bombs. A moment later we would hear the explosions of the bombs—*ka-whump, ka-whump, ka-whump.* And the earth would shudder and more sand would run into our shoes. During these weird, indescribably great noises a Jap machine gun usually chattered incessantly as if to show us that all the noise had affected it not at all.

My friend Lieutenant Hawkins of the Scout and Sniper platoon appeared. "Get down, Hawk, or you'll get shot!" somebody yelled at him. The Hawk, who had come back for more ammunition, snarled, "Aw, those ——— can't shoot. They can't hit anything." Then he and the men with him leaped over the sea wall again. "Hawk's platoon has been out there all day," an officer told me. "They have knocked out a hell of a lot of machine guns."

I got up about four thirty to look for my own battalion. Some one had told me that its headquarters were in a shell hole about 200 yards to the west, on the other side of the pier. When I left Major Crowe's battalion I figured it was getting along pretty well. Casualties were high, but the Marines were whittling away at a lot of machine guns and snipers. The firing from in back of us seemed much less terrific now than it had been three or four hours earlier, though we had stopped trying to land more troops until nightfall, because the Japs were knocking out too many of our boats in the water. From Crowe's headquarters I could count more than fifty disabled tanks, amphtracks, and boats on both sides of the pier.

I stooped low, trying to get down far enough so that

the Japs wouldn't be able to see me over the sea wall, and walked briskly back along the beach toward the pier. I felt a little ashamed to stoop down, when most of the Marines by now were disdaining the Japs to the extent of walking upright. But I had been shot at and missed so many times during the day that I felt I didn't want to tempt my luck. By next day I was walking upright, too. I believe that man can get used to anything after a while, even bullets.

When I reached Second Battalion headquarters, a shell hole under the sea wall about a hundred feet ahead, I was greeted by three officers I knew: Lieutenant Colonel Irvine Jordan, an observer from another Marine division, "Swede" Norvik, and Lieutenant Odell, the naval aviation liaison man, and Bill Hipple, the A. P. reporter. On Betio every one was glad to see any one he knew, because the chances of not seeing him were so heavy. During the six hours since I had landed, for instance, I had become convinced that I was the only correspondent still alive, and I was very glad to see Bill Hipple.

Colonel Jordan was giving a message to a Marine who wrote it down in his yellow book, tore out a sheet, and handed it to a runner who ran up the beach with it. Then he turned to me. "This is really hell. Colonel Amey was killed; his body is lying out there in the water. I was ordered to take over the battalion."

"Where is Major Rice and his staff? Did they make it?" I asked. Ordinarily Major Rice would have taken over the battalion on Colonel Amey's death.

"Haven't heard a word from them. I'm afraid none of them made it. This is all the staff we've got. Odell here has got a bullet through his shoulder, but he's helping."

Said Bill Hipple, "Colonel Amey was right beside me when he was shot. We were fifty feet from the shore."

There were half a dozen Marines in the shell-hole headquarters, runners, corpsmen, and communicators. But dozens of others would gather around us, behind the sea wall.

"You men, get on up front," Colonel Jordan would say. "They need you out there." A few of the Marines would pick up their guns and head over the sea wall, singly and in twos and threes, but many of them were reluctant to move. Colonel Jordan turned to me. "They don't know me, you see. They haven't got the confidence men should have in their officers."

The firing over the sea wall was even heavier than it had been at Major Crowe's headquarters—not so much heavy gunfire and bombing near here, because our men were scattered through the coconut trees at this point—but every coconut tree seemed to have a Jap sniper in it.

There were two wounded men in a small covered Jap coconut-log emplacement on top of the sea wall. One of them was in considerable pain and he had a high fever. The other was not hurt badly. He kept a lookout from the rear opening of the emplacement, in case the Japs tried to overwhelm us. On the rim of the shell hole, on the side nearest the water, there were three or four dead Marines. There had not been time to cover them. The dead and the living were so inextricably mixed that it was sometimes difficult to tell one from another.

IT WAS growing dark. It was easy to see that the attack on Betio had not succeeded as we had hoped it would. Our beachhead at Second Battalion headquarters was, like Major Crowe's, only twenty feet wide. Fifty yards to the westward up the beach, and some fifteen yards inland, Colonel Shoup had set up regimental headquarters behind a big Japanese pillbox—the beachhead at that point amounted to perhaps sixty-five or seventy feet.

"All right, men," shouted Norvik. "Dig your foxholes. We'll probably get bombed tonight. I want two men to stay on guard for every one who goes to sleep." To others he said, "I want men in foxholes on top of the sea wall and as far inland as you can go. If the Japs rush us tonight, we've got to be ready for them." A Jap sniper took a shot at Norvik, the shrill *pi-i-ing* whistling by his ears. He ducked down and continued ordering the defenses of the battalion—or what was left of it.

As darkness began to settle over Tarawa, we could see more Americans heading for shore through the dimming light. "Couple of companies of reinforcements," said an officer. These men were being unloaded at the end of the pier. They could not yet walk along the pier, but they could crawl beneath it and alongside it. The Japs kept trying to pepper them with machine guns and rifles, but their aim generally was not good. Some men would land at the end of the 500-yard pier and try to walk down it, but the Japs would increase their fire until the Americans usually had to jump into the water. Even the artillery which was being brought in, 37-mm. antitank guns and 75-mm. pack howitzers, was pushed and pulled through the water.

Bill Hipple and I borrowed a shovel, walked up the beach about twenty yards, and began looking for a spot to dig a foxhole. We stopped at a coconut-log pillbox and cautiously mounted the sea wall to look in it. Inside were four dead Japs lying beside their machine gun.

We jumped off the sea wall back onto the sand. This seemed as good a place as any to dig a foxhole, even if it was only ten feet from four dead Japs who were already beginning to smell. We dug the foxhole wide enough for the two of us and deep enough so that we would be below the surface of the ground when the Jap bombers came over. We agreed that one would try to sleep while the other stood watch. I knew I was not going to sleep, though I hadn't slept the night before aboard ship—how long ago that seemed, aboard ship! And Bill knew he wasn't going to sleep. For one thing, the Japs would fire their mortars and rifles all night, if only to keep the Marines awake.

I WAS quite certain that this was my last night on earth. We had twenty feet along perhaps one sixteenth of one half of one side of the island, plus a few men in shell holes on either side of the air strip. The Japs had nearly all the rest. Although we had landed a lot of troops—perhaps 3,000—by this time most were crowded into such a small space that we did not have room for foxholes to hold them all. And if the Japs counterattacked, what could we do except shoot at them from behind our sea wall until they finally overwhelmed us?

For the first time since morning, I was really scared. This was worse than wading into the machine-gun fire, because the unknown was going to happen under cover of darkness. I tried to joke about it. "Well, Bill," I said, "it hasn't been such a bad life." "Yeah," he said, "but I'm so damned young to die."

This conversation was snapped off like a light when a thousand orange-red flashes lit up the sea a couple of miles out. The sky filled with the outpouring of dozens of ships' guns. "Look, Bill," I cried. "It's a naval battle! All the guns are firing on the surface of the water!" Of course it was not a naval battle at all. Some low-flying Jap planes had started for the ships in the harbor, and the ships' antiaircraft guns had opened up on them. They were frightened away and the firing stopped as suddenly as it had started.

Not long afterward a dozen Jap machine guns started chattering at the men on and off the pier, their pink tracer bullets curving out of the palm trees until they were doused in the water. But—of all things, some of this fire was coming from our own disabled boats in the water, and some of it was not the pink of the Jap tracers but the orange-red stream of our own guns! Our guns being turned against our own men! It took some time for this to sink in. Then I realized: The Japs had swum out in the darkness to our disabled boats and amphtracks. There they had manned the machine guns we had left in those boats, and now they were shooting at us. Clever, courageous little ——! They knew it was suicide, but they knew they might kill some Americans before they themselves were killed.

During the night word was passed down the line: the Japs have broken through to the end of the pier. Now we were cut off even from Major Crowe's battalion. I had not yet heard any word from the other assault battalion which had landed up on the western tip of Betio.

About an hour before dawn we heard the unmistakable purring of a Jap flying boat's engines. "Old Washing Machine Charley," commented one of the Marines in a near-by foxhole. "I haven't seen him since Guadalcanal.

He doesn't do much harm, but he keeps you awake." The bomber circled back and forth across the island. Jap machine guns began chattering back of us and pink streams poured toward the beach. The Nips apparently were trying to direct Washing Machine Charley to us with their effeminate-looking tracers. Charley dropped a couple of bombs, then he flew around a few minutes longer and dropped the rest. They all fell harmlessly into the water. Then he flew away.

During the night I did not see a single Marine fire his rifle. Such firing might have given away our positions. Whatever else, I decided, these Marines were not trigger-happy. They were not forever firing at some figment of their imagination.

THE SECOND DAY: This is how things stood at dawn of the second day. The three assault battalions held their precarious footholds—Major Crowe's was about midway of the island's north beach, just east of the pier; Lieutenant Colonel Jordan's held a portion of the beach a

couple of hundred yards west of Crowe, on the other side of the pier; and the third assault battalion, I learned, had landed on the strongly fortified western tip of the island, on the beak of the Betio bird. This last-named battalion, although separated from its staff and part of its troops, actually had been more successful than the first two. Under the leadership of one of its company commanders, Major Mike Ryan, who took over when the battalion C. O. landed in another pocket, it had fought its way inland until it held a seventy-yard beachhead before dark of the first day. The naval gunfire had been particularly effective on this western end of the island, knocking out all the big guns which had been the chief defense, and Major Ryan's men had, in the words of Colonel Shoup, proved themselves "a bunch of fighting fools." The battalion, of course, was isolated from the rest of the Marines on the island.

During the first night the Japs, apparently because their communications had been disrupted and many of their men undoubtedly had been stunned, had not counterattacked. Probably as many as three hundred Japs, we learned later, had committed suicide under the fierce pounding of our naval guns and bombs.

Meanwhile, the Marines had landed Colonel Shoup's combat team reserve battalion, the first battalion of the Second Regiment. During the night considerable quantities of ammunition, some artillery, some tanks (light and medium), and other supplies had also been brought in.

General Julian Smith had sent a message from his battleship headquarters: "Attack at dawn; division reserve will start landing at 0600." The division reserve was the first and third battalions of the Eighth Marines.

Our casualties had been heavy on the first day, but well over half the dead and practically all the wounded had been shot, not in the water, but after they had reached land and climbed the sea wall. Those wounded more than lightly in the water had little chance of reaching shore. The amphibious operation up to that point, therefore, could have been called better than successful. The hell lay in the unexpectedly strong fortifications we had found after we landed.

It was not possible—and never will be possible—to know just how many casualties the three assault battalions had suffered on D-Day. Most officers agreed afterward that 35 to 40 per cent was as good a guess as any. Effectively, they were groggy if they had not been knocked out, because their organization was ripped to pieces. Their percentage casualties among officers had been heavier than among the men, and key men such as platoon sergeants, virtually irreplaceable, had been killed or wounded. Therefore we had to have more men quickly, and General Smith had said they were on the way.

Because the second day was even more critical than the first, and because it was the day the tide finally turned in our favor, I have written a play-by-play chronology (as I saw it) from my notes:

0530: The coral flats in front of us present a sad sight at low tide. A half dozen Marines lie exposed, now that the water has receded. They are hunched over, rifles in hand, just as they fell. They are already one quarter covered by sand that the high tide left. Farther out on the flats and to the left I can see at least fifty other bodies. I had thought yesterday, however, low tide would reveal many more than that. The smell of death, that sweetly sick odor of decaying human flesh, is already oppressive.

Now that it is light, the wounded go walking by on the beach. Some are supported by corpsmen; others, like this one coming now, walk alone, limping badly, their faces contorted with pain. Some have bloodless faces, some bloody faces, others only pieces of faces. Two corpsmen pass, carrying a Marine on a stretcher who is lying face down. He has a great hole in his side, another smaller hole in his shoulder. This scene, set against the background of the dead on the coral flats, is horrible. It is war.

0600: One of the fresh battalions is coming in. Its Higgins boats are being hit before they pass the old hulk of freighter 700 yards from shore. One boat blows up, then another. The survivors start swimming for shore, but machine-gun bullets dot the water all around them. Back of us the Marines have started an offensive to clean out the Jap machine guns which are now firing at our men in the water. They evidently do not have much success, because the *ratatatatatat* of the machine guns increases, and the high *pi-i-ing* of the Jap sniper bullet sings overhead incessantly. The Japs still have some mortars, too, and at least one 40- or 77-mm. gun. Our destroyers begin booming their 5-inch shells on the Jap positions near the end of the airfield back of us.

SOME of the fresh troops get within 200 yards of shore, while others from later waves are unloading farther out. One man falls, writhing in the water. He is the first man I have seen actually hit, though many thousands of bullets cut into the water. Now some reach the shore, maybe only a dozen at first. They are calm, even disdainful of death. Having come this far, slowly, through the water, they show no disposition to hurry. They collect in pairs and walk up the beach, with snipers still shooting at them.

Now one of our mortars discovers one of the machine guns that has been shooting at the Marines. It is not back of us, but is a couple of hundred yards west, out in one of the wooden privies the dysentery-fearing Japs built out over the water. The mortar gets the range, smashes the privy, and there is no more firing from there.

But the machine guns continue to tear into the oncoming Marines. Within five minutes I see six men killed. But the others keep coming. One rifleman walks slowly ashore, his left arm a bloody mess from the shoulder down. The casualties become heavier. Within a few minutes more I can count at least a hundred Marines lying on the flats.

0730: The Marines continue unloading from the Higgins boats, but fewer of them are making the shore now. Many lie down behind the pyramidal concrete barriers the Japs had erected to stop tanks. Others make it as far as the disabled tanks and amphtracks, then lie behind them to size up the chances of making the last hundred yards to shore. There are at least two hundred bodies

which do not move at all on the dry flats or in the shallow water partially covering them. This is worse, far worse, than it was yesterday.

Now four of our carrier-based fighters appear over the water. The first makes a glide and strafes the rusty freighter hulk, then the second, third, and fourth. Thousands of their .50-caliber bullets tear into the old ship, each plane leaving a dotted blue-gray line behind each wing. "The damn Japs must have swum out there last night and mounted a machine gun in that freighter,"

says an officer beside me. "I thought I saw some bullets coming this way."

0800: Back at Colonel Jordan's command post nobody is happy. Things are still going badly. Colonel Jordan is talking to Major Crowe: "Are there many snipers behind your front lines? Uh, huh, we have a hell of a lot, too."

"Where is my little runner? Where is Paredes?" asks Colonel Jordan.

"He is dead, colonel. He was killed right over there," a Marine answers. Corporal Osbaldo R. Paredes of Los Angeles was a brave Marine. All during the first day he had carried messages through intense fire, never hesitating to accept the most dangerous mission. "Oh, hell!" says the misty-eyed colonel. "What a fine boy! I'll certainly see that his family gets the Navy Cross." He stops suddenly. The Navy Cross seems quite inadequate now, only a few minutes after Paredes has been killed.

By now the sniper fire seems more frequent than ever and nobody can stick his head out of the battalion shell hole without getting shot at. The hell of it is that the snipers are in trees only a few yards away, and they are hard to spot. They are not dangerous at any respectable range, but from their near-by positions they can kill a lot of Marines. A Marine comes by, grinning. "I just got one," he says. "He dropped his rifle on the third shot, and it fell at my feet. But I swear I haven't seen him yet."

0830: By now most of the Marines have arrived who will ever get ashore from those waves that were hit so badly early this morning. Those lying behind the tank blocks and the disabled boats get up once in a while and dash for shore. But I'm afraid we lost two hundred of them this morning, maybe more.

A captain comes by and reports that one of his men has singlehandedly knocked out eight machine-gun nests —five yesterday and three this morning. Another unattached officer, whose normal duty is a desk job, not combat, drops in and reports that he finally killed a sniper. He had been out looking all morning—"How can you kill them if you can't see them?"—and he finally had fired a burst into a coconut palm. Out dropped a Jap wearing a coconut-husk cap. We feel that we are eliminating a lot of Jap machine gunners and snipers now. As the last men come ashore, there is only one machine gun firing at them, and it hits nobody.

0940: Now the high explosives are really being poured on the Jap positions toward the tail end of the island. Our 77-mm. pack howitzers are firing several rounds a minute. The strafing planes are coming over by the dozens, and the dive bombers by the half dozens. Now we have many 81-mm. mortars joining the deathly orchestra. Betio trembles like a leaf, but I ask myself, "Are we knocking out many of those pillboxes?"

We know the Japs are still killing and wounding a lot of men. The stretchers are passing along the beach again, carrying their jungle-cloth-covered burdens. One Marine on a stretcher is bandaged around the head, both arms, and both legs. One of the walking wounded, his left arm in a white sling, walks slowly along the beach in utter contempt of the sniper who fires at him.

1100: Finally at Colonel Shoup's headquarters. And what a headquarters! Fifteen yards inland from the beach, it is a hole dug in the sand back of a huge pillbox that probably was some kind of Japanese headquarters. The pillbox is forty feet long, eight feet wide, and ten feet high. It is constructed of heavy coconut logs six and eight inches in diameter. The walls of the pillbox are two tiers of coconut logs about three feet apart. The logs are joined together by eight-inch steel spikes shaped like a block letter C. In between the two tiers of logs are three feet of sand, and covering the whole pillbox several more feet of sand are heaped. No wonder our bombs and shells hadn't destroyed these pillboxes! Two-thousand-pound bombs hitting directly on them might have partially destroyed them, but bombing is not that accurate—not even dive-bombing—on as many pillboxes as the Japs have on Betio. And when bombs hit beside such structures they only throw up more sand on top of them.

Colonel Shoup is nervous. The telephone shakes in his hand. "We are in a mighty tight spot," he says as he lays down the phone. "Division has just asked me whether we've got enough troops to do the job. I told them no. They are sending the Sixth Marines, who will start landing right away."

From his battalion commanders Colonel Shoup receives regular telephone reports. One of them is now asking for air bombardment on a Jap stronghold on the other side of the airfield. "All right," says the colonel, putting down the telephone. "Air liaison officer!" he calls. "Tell them to drop some bombs on the southwest edge of 229 and the southeast edge of 231. There's some Japs in there giving us hell." The numbers refer to the keyed blocks on the map of the island. It seems less than ten minutes before four dive bombers appear overhead, then scream toward the earth with their bombs, which explode gruffly: *ka-whump, ka-whump, ka-whump, ka-whump.* Even nearer than the bombs, destroyer shells in salvos of four are bursting within ten minutes after a naval liaison officer has sent directions by radio.

NEXT to regimental quarters rises a big uncompleted barracks building which withstood our bombing and shelling very well. There are only a few small holes in the roof and wooden sides of the building. Five-foot tiers of coconut logs surround the building to protect it against shrapnel. I run the thirty feet from Colonel Shoup's command post eastward to the tier and leap over it. Some Marines are in the unfloored building, lying on the ground, returning a Jap sniper's fire which comes from we know not where.

"This gets monotonous," says a Marine as a bullet whistles through the alley. We are comparatively safe sitting here, because we are leaning against the inside of the log tier, but by now it is fairly raining sniper bullets, as if the sniper is desperate because he isn't hitting anybody. A bullet ricochets off the side of the barracks building and hits the leg of the private who is second down the line. "I'm glad that one was spent," he says, picking up the .303-caliber copper bullet, which is bent near the end of the nose. I reach out for the bullet and he hands it to me. I drop it quickly because it is almost as hot as a live coal. The Marines all laugh.

The Marines calmly accept being shot at. They've grown used to it by now, and I suddenly realize that it is to me no longer the novelty it was. It seems quite comfortable here, just bulling. But I am careful to stay behind an upright coconut log.

Into the alleyway walks a Marine who doesn't bother to seek the protection of the coconut logs. He is the

dirtiest man I have seen on the island. Men get dirty very quickly in battle, but this one has a good quarter inch of gray-black dust on his beardless face and his dungarees are caked. A lock of blond hair sticks out from under his helmet.

"Somebody gimme some cigarettes," he says. "That machine-gun crew is out there in a shell hole across the airfield, and there's not a cigarette in the crowd."

One of the Marines throws him a pack of Camels.

The new arrival grins. "I just got me another sniper. That's six today, and me a cripple." I ask if he has been shot. "Hell, no," he says. "I busted my ankle stepping into a shell hole yesterday." His name? "Pfc. Adrian Strange." Home? "Knox City, Texas." Age? "Twenty."

Pfc. Adrian Strange stands for a few minutes, fully exposed to the sniper who has been pecking at us. Then the sniper opens up again, the bullets rattling against the coconut logs.

Pfc. Strange sings out, "Shoot me down, you son-of-a-bitch." Then he leisurely turns around and walks back across the airfield, carrying his carbine and the pack of cigarettes.

"That boy Strange," says the Marine next to me, "he just don't give a damn."

1200: Colonel Shoup has good news. Major Ryan's shorthanded battalion has crossed the western end of the island (the bird's head) and the entire 800-yard beach there is now ours. The entire south shore of the island, where there are even stronger pillboxes than there were on the north, remains to be cleaned out. That is the job of the Sixth Regiment, which will land this afternoon.

1215: Here the Marines have been sitting in back of this pillbox (Shoup's headquarters) for twenty-four hours. And a Jap just reached out from an air vent near the top and shot Corporal Oliver in the leg. In other words, there have been Japs within three feet—the thickness of the wall—of the Marines' island commander all that time. Three Japs had been killed in the pillbox yesterday, and we thought that was all there were.

THERE is very bad news about Lieutenant Hawkins. He may die from his three wounds. He didn't pay much attention to the shrapnel wound he got yesterday, but he has been shot twice this morning. He wouldn't be evacuated when he got a bullet through one shoulder. "I came here to kill Japs; I didn't come here to be evacuated," he said. But a while ago he got a bullet through the other shoulder, and lower down. He lost a lot of blood from both wounds.

Lieutenant Paine, who had been nicked in the rear as he stood talking to us—"I'll be damned. I stay out front four hours, then I come back to the command post and get shot"—has more news about Hawkins. "He is a madman," says Paine. "He cleaned out six machine-gun nests, with two to six Japs in each nest. I'll never forget the picture of him standing on that amphtrack, riding around with a million bullets a minute whistling by his ears, just shooting Japs. I never saw such a man in my life!"

1300: Somebody brings in the story of a Jap sniper whose palm-tree roost was sprayed repeatedly. But he kept on firing, somehow. Finally, in disgust, a sergeant took a machine gun and fired it until he had cut the tree in two near the top. The fall is supposed to have killed the Jap.

1430: Things look better now. The amphtracks—those that are left—are bringing stuff ashore and carrying the wounded out regularly. Major Ryan and his crowd are doing very well at the western end of the island, and the Sixth Marines are about to land there and start down the south shore. We've got another company of light tanks ashore, and they are going up as close as possible to the Jap pillboxes and firing high explosives into the slits. The improved situation is reflected in every one's face around headquarters.

1600: Bill Hipple and I head east along the beach to Major Crowe's headquarters. By this time we are so confident that the battle is running in our favor that we do not even crouch down as we walk four feet apart, one ahead of the other. After we cross the base of the pier the inevitable sniper's bullet sings by. "Wow!" says Hipple. "Do you know that damned bullet went between us?" We crouch down under the protection of the sea wall during the rest of the journey.

That tough old-time Marine, Jim Crowe, is having a tough time yet, but he is still as cool as icebox lettuce. "We kill 'em and more come filtering up from the tail of the island," he says. I ask him about his casualties. "Already had about three hundred in my battalion," he says.

1630: Crowe is talking on the phone, apparently to Colonel Shoup: "I suggest we hold a line across from the Burns-Philp pier tonight." That means his men have advanced about 200 yards to the east, toward the tail of the island, and he believes they can hold a line all the way across the island, which is about 600 yards wide at that point. Meantime, my old battalion, plus the reinforcements, is cleaning out the center of the island, Major Ryan's battalion is holding the western end, and a battalion of the Sixth Marines is landing. We can see the light now. We are winning, but we've still got to dig out every last Jap from every last pillbox, and that will cost us a lot of Marines. I reflect: Isn't that true of our whole war against the Japs? They haven't got a chance, and they know it, unless we get fainthearted and agree to some kind of peace with them. But, in an effort to make us grow sick of our losses, they will hang on under their fortifications like so many bedbugs. They don't care how many men *they* lose—human life being a minor consideration to them. The Japs' only chance is our getting soft, as they predicated their whole war on our being too luxury-loving to fight.

Of this much I am certain: The Marines are not too soft to fight. More than 3,000 of them are by this time assaulting pillboxes full of the loathsome bugs, digging them out.

An officer comes in and reports to Major Crowe that a sniper is raising hell with the people working on supplies at the end of the pier. By this time we are stacking great piles of supplies on the end of the pier. The officer thinks the fire is coming not from the beach but from a light tank that is half sunk in the water. It is the same tank that I saw the naked figure dive into as I came ashore. These devilish Japs!

1803: Now, at three minutes past six, the first two American jeeps roll down the pier, towing 37-mm. guns. "If a sign of certain victory were needed," I note, "this is it. The jeeps have arrived."

1900: Back at regimental headquarters, Colonel Shoup wipes his red forehead with his grimy sleeve and says, "Well, I think we are winning, but they've got a lot of bullets left." I ask him how much longer it will last. "I believe we'll clean up this entire western end of the island tomorrow, maybe more. It will take a day or two more to root them all out of the tail end of the island."

A SURGEON grunts and rises from where he has been working over a dozen wounded Marines who lie on the beach. His blood-plasma containers hang from a line strung between a pole and a bayoneted rifle stuck upright into the ground. Four deathly pale Marines are receiving the plasma through tubes in their arms. "These four will be all right," the doctor thinks, "but there are a lot more up the beach that we probably can't save." He continues, "This battle has been hell on the medical profession. I've got only three doctors out of the whole regiment. The rest are casualties, or they have been lost or isolated. By now nearly all the corpsmen have been shot, it seems to me."

Lieutenant Colonel Presley M. Rixey, a blue-eyed, mustachioed Virginian who commands the artillery attached to Colonel Shoup's regimental combat team, is the first man I have heard pick the turning point of the battle. "I thought up until one o'clock today it was touch and go. Then I knew we would win. It's not over yet, but we've got 'em." Supplies are beginning to flow over the pier in quantity now. The last of Colonel Rixey's 37s and 75s are being landed, "at long last," he says.

"You know what?" says Colonel Rixey. "I'll bet these are the heaviest casualties in Marine Corps history. I believe we've already lost more than 10 per cent of the

division, and we haven't landed all of it." Until now I haven't considered Tarawa in the light of history. It has only seemed like a brawl—which it is—that we might easily have lost but for the superb courage of the Marines. But, I conclude, Colonel Rixey may have something there. Maybe this is history.

1930: Hipple and I begin digging our foxhole for the night—this time a hundred yards further up the beach. Then we lie down to sleep. It has been more than sixty hours since we closed our eyes and the danger of a night attack has been all but eliminated, so we sleep soundly.

2400: We are rudely awakened after three hours' sleep. The tide has come up and flooded our foxhole. This is unusual, because the tide has not been this high since we reached the island. We sit on a bank of sand, wide awake and knowing that there will be no more sleep tonight. Besides, Washing Machine Charley will be due soon, and nobody can sleep while being bombed.

0500: Washing Machine Charley was over at four o'clock. He dropped eight bombs in his two runs over the island. Said Keith Wheeler later, "He was absolutely impartial. He dropped half his bombs on us and half on the Japs." Water or no water, we lay face down in our foxhole as he came over. As the bombs hit, there was a blinding flash a couple of hundred yards up the beach, to the west. A few minutes later a Marine came running up the beach shouting, "There are a lot of men hurt bad up here. Where are the corpsmen and the stretchers?" He was directed to a pile of stretchers near by. Soon the stretcher-bearers returned, silhouetted by the bright half-moon as they walked along the beach. Washing Machine Charley had killed one man, had wounded seven or eight.

THE THIRD DAY: This was the day the Japs fell apart. There were many factors in this rout. Another company of light tanks and a few thirty-two-ton tanks had a field day with the Japs in their pillboxes. Armored half-tracks, mounting 75-mm. guns, paraded up and down Betio all day, pouring high explosives into pillboxes, carrying Marine riflemen who killed Japs whenever they dared stick their heads up. The men with the flame throwers killed many hundreds in their fortifications or outside. Our line across the island had held during the night, preventing any fresh Japs from filtering toward the scenes of the toughest fighting. On the third day the question was not, "How long will it take to kill them all?" but, "How few men can we expect to lose before killing the rest of the Japs?"

But probably the biggest factor on the third day was Major William Jones' First Battalion of the Sixth Marines, who jumped off at dawn from their landing point on the southwestern tip of the island and marched straight up the beach that is the Betio bird's back. The Sixth took heavy casualties—the fortifications on this south beach were even stronger than those on the lagoon side of the island—but they swung ahead quickly and violently, like men who were anxious to get it over with. Lieutenant Colonel McLeod's Third Battalion of the Sixth landed on the western beach in the early morning and marched through Major Ryan's depleted forces, cleaning out huge fortifications as they went along, walking beside medium tanks which bored into the fading Japs.

During the day I saw the first five of the many Japs I saw who committed suicide rather than fight to the end. In one hole, under a pile of rubble, supported by a tin roof, four of them had removed the split-toed, rubbed-soled jungle shoes from their right feet, had placed the barrels of their .303 rifles against their foreheads, then had pulled the triggers with their big toes. The other had chosen the same method some five hundred Japs chose on Attu: holding a hand grenade against his chest, thus blowing out the chest and blowing off the right hand. From the time he was a baby the Jap had been told that he was superior to the white man and all he had to do to win was to fight aggressively. When he found that this was not true, and the white man could fight aggressively too, he became frustrated. He had never been taught to improvise and his reflexes were hopelessly slow. If his plan of battle failed, as the Jap plan on Tarawa failed when the first Marines made the shore, he was likely, under pressure, to commit suicide. He didn't know what else to do.

THIS is the way I recorded what I saw on Betio the third day:

0600: The destroyers open up on the tail end of the island from very close range. Their targets are immense concrete blockhouses, which they are determined to penetrate if it takes dozens of five-inch rounds in the same precise spot on the wall. It is reported that three hundred Japs are in one of these blockhouses.

Two dead Japs in a crater just behind our last night's foxholes have been discovered wearing Marine helmets, jungle dungarees, and boondockers (Marine shoes with thick soles and soft rough leather tops).

0630: Now the destroyers have let up momentarily and the dive bombers and strafing fighters are vying with each other to see who can tear up the tail end of the island. When the planes have finished, the destroyers and artillery open up more furiously than ever. Sometimes the whole island shakes until it seems ready to disappear into the ocean—as the battleship officers threatened.

0730: Back at Colonel Shoup's headquarters, his red-headed operations officer, Major Tom Culhane, croaks happily, "We got 'em by the eyeballs now!" Major Culhane has shouted orders over the telephone, above the din of battle, for nearly forty-eight hours. Somebody asked him whether he thought his voice would last until the battle ended. He answered, "I didn't think so last night, but we are going so fast now I believe I'll finish in a whisper."

There is good news, too, about Major Rice and the rest of the battalion staff I last saw as we started ashore. Major Rice's amphtrack landed far up the beach and his men have been fighting with Major Ryan's heroic piece of a battalion. Rice himself has maintained communications for Ryan.

The single saddest tragedy on Betio is reported—not that one American's death is sadder than any other, but because we thought for a while this death might have been averted. Lieutenant Hawkins, the nonpareil Texan, died during the night. One of the high-ranking officers comments in a low voice, "It's not often that you can credit a first lieutenant with winning a battle, but Hawkins came as near it as any man could. He was truly an inspiration."

Several officers sit under a palm tree. They have watched the battle from its dark beginning to its present bright hopes of an early end.

Said Colonel Edson, the hero of Guadalcanal, "This is the first beachhead they have really defended. They had no choice but to defend here—they had no interior position to retreat to; it was all exterior. Anyway," he smiles, "it won't last as long as Guadalcanal."

Captain "Frenchy" Moore, the Navy doctor who is division surgeon, shakes his head. "I was on Guadalcanal. And it was duck soup."

Carlson: "This was not only worse than Guadalcanal. It was the damnedest fight I've seen in thirty years of this business."

It occurs to me that perhaps that Tarawa battle is going to be history, after all.

0800: Dr. Moore reports that six hundred wounded had been evacuated to the ships by last night, including four wounded who were floated out of a disabled tank lighter through a hole in its side. Up to now thirty-six have been buried at sea from the ships.

1000: For the first time, a good view of the battle is available. There is a five-foot-high lumber pile where it is possible to stand and watch the battle that is being waged across the airfield and to the eastward—by now bombs and artillery and naval gunfire and mortars have sheared the fronds off most of the coconut palms and Betio is nearly bare except for the stumps of the trees.

To the awful symphony of the big guns is added the crackling rifle fire of hundreds of Marines and several pillboxes full of well hidden Japs. Marines dart across the expanse of the airfield while machine guns and snipers' rifles kick up dust around them. They dodge from shell hole to shell hole as they advance toward the enemy. On the other side of the runway a medium tank,

looking like a great clumsy bug, lumbers up to a pillbox and begins blasting away, from less than fifty feet, round after round of 75-mm. shells. A Jap, naked except for his white cloth G-string, runs out of the pillbox and throws himself under the tread of the tank. There is a small explosion as the Jap's hand grenade goes off, but his suicide nets him nothing except his idea of a warrior's heaven. The grenade does not even blow the tank's tread off. The tank lumbers over the Jap, still firing.

1030: A dozen of us are standing around or leaning against the big pillbox that protects Colonel Shoup's headquarters from frontal fire. All of a sudden a sniper who has apparently worked his way around to the side opens up. The bullets whiz through the command post, past the new ammunition dump we have started. Marines who are working on the dump start running. All of us at headquarters hit the dirt. All except rocklike Dave Shoup. He stands, fully exposed, arms akimbo, and bellows, "Stop! What are you running for? Take cover, then move on up and kill the bastard." The Marines sheepishly work back westward. One who was hit on the side of the face by a bullet is bandaged and led off.

1130: Along the area atop the sea wall there are half-sunken machine-gun emplacements every five yards. To look at row upon row of these pillboxes facing the sea, it seems impossible that the Marines ever got ashore D-Day. But in one of them, somewhat larger than most along here, I think I find the answer. Inside the pillbox there are four dead Japs and two dead Marines. Enough of those men in the first wave got ashore, jumped in with the Japs, and killed them. Thus they knocked out enough machine guns so that others in later waves might live and win.

LOOKING down on these two Marines, I can say, "These men gave their lives for me. I can understand it, because this machine gun covered the part of the water I had to wade through. They also gave their lives for one hundred and thirty million other Americans—who realize it, I fear, only dimly." My feeling is one of deep humility and of respect for such brave men—God rest their souls. How much every man in battle owes to every other man! How easy to see on the battlefield that we are all in this thing together!

1330: A light tank stops at a fuel dump and four grimy, black-faced Marines hop out. The tank gunner is an Iowa farm boy named Lowell Richman. "We are really knocking them off now," says Richman, "We get 'em mostly by running up to the hole of the pillbox and dropping in some high explosive. If they run out we empty the canister into them."

1730: Major General Julian Smith has arrived from the battleship on which he maintained headquarters with Admiral Hill. But even on the third day the Japs kept a sharp lookout for new arrivals. The general's amphtrack, which also contained two brigadier generals, was fired upon as it rounded the west end of the island, and its driver was wounded.

1830: Two thirds of the island's area is now ours. Lieutenant Commander Fabian, the beachmaster charged with unloading the hundreds of tons of supplies now pouring over the pier, says, yes, he thinks he knows the quickest way to get to a near-by ship which might lend the reporters typewriters. Wading through the enemy fire carrying a typewriter is not standard procedure for war correspondents, who are usually dependent on the Navy for the loan of materials. Mr. Fabian introduces me to a transport skipper, Captain Claton McLaughlin, who says, "Sure. Come with me. I'm just returning to my ship."

The ship is a new AK—part transport, part cargo ship. The ship's crew is anxious for news of the battle. They grin when they hear that the last round is beginning. Says a sailor, "I'd have given anything in the world if I could have been over there on land to help out."

This desire to lend a helping hand is one of the most touching things in and around a battle, where every man wants to help every other man. I have seen men, when asked for a cigarette, feel the inside of the pack, find only one left. They bulge out the pack, proffer the last cigarette, then pocket the empty pack so that the other man will not know that he is accepting the last one.

On Betio the drinking water is almost undrinkable—the five-gallon cans had been filled in New Zealand many weeks before and the heat of the South Pacific had caused some of the enamel lining to dissolve into the water. Thus the only palatable water was that which each man brought in his two canteens from his transport. Yet I have seen several men give their last drink of water to a comrade, with the untrue remark, "Oh, I've got some more in my other canteen." What a pity Americans at home cannot display the same unselfish attitude toward each other and toward the men who fight for them!

Within an hour after the correspondents left the island the Japs staged their twilight counterattack. All day Major Bill Jones' First Battalion of the Sixth Marines had marched gallantly down the south shore of Betio. By dusk they had been able to travel slightly more than halfway down the shore. There they dug in for the night. The Japs from the tail end of the island, despite three days of merciless pounding, were able to stage their *"Banzai!"* attack.

Having cautiously stayed hidden in their holes for three days, the emperor-worshiping brown men now threw away all caution in anticipation of inevitable death. Screaming, "Marine, you die!" and "Japanese drink Marines' blood!" they rushed Company B in what seemed like overpowering numbers. The line wavered, and in one place it cracked momentarily. Lieutenant Thomas telephoned Major Jones, "We are killing them as fast as they come at us, but we can't hold much longer; we need reinforcements." Said Jones, "We haven't got them to send you; you've got to hold." Company B held. At least three hundred Japs died in their fanatical charge.

Company B's feat was one of the most heroic on Betio. The red-eyed, grime-coated Marines who stumbled out of the front line next morning, more dead than alive, muttered, "They told us we had to hold—and, by God, we held." That line, I reflected, might be added to the Marine Corps hymn.

It was late afternoon of the fourth day before I finished writing and got ashore again. As I walked up the pier from the comparatively clean-smelling sea, the overwhelming smell of the dead hit me full in the face and I vomited a little. By dark I was used to it again.

VIEW OF THE CARNAGE: Betio had been declared "secured" at 1312 on the fourth day, seventy-five hours and forty-two minutes after the first Marines hit

the beach. Occasional snipers would fire from holes and rubble-and-corpse-packed pillboxes for days afterward. Until the battle ended I had covered only a small part of the island—perhaps a total of 400 yards along the beach and no more than 100 yards inland. To understand what had happened in each sector, it was necessary to walk over the island yard by yard. This I did for a day and a half before I flew out of the lagoon on a PB2Y on the afternoon of the sixth day.

What I saw on this island of less than a square mile was, I am certain, one of the greatest works of devastation

wrought by man. Words are inadequate to describe it. So are pictures—you can't smell pictures.

Here on the south beach the coconut-log and sand and concrete pillboxes are larger and more powerfully constructed than on the beach we invaded. Undoubtedly the Japs, who had themselves landed on the north beach, expected us to land there and not through the lagoon. In the water there are rows of land mines and double fences of barbed wire. There are fifteen dead Japs in and around the first pillbox next to the tank trap. Two of the fifteen have blown their guts out with hand grenades. Down the beach it is possible to see these mighty fortresses, one after another, as far as the eye can reach.

AFTER a brief alert caused by friendly planes, correspondent Dick Johnston and I start across the air strip toward the regimental command post near the northern shore. On the edge of the air strip we find that the huge fifteen-foot-high boxlike structures made of coconut logs are not blockhouses but revetments to contain two planes. All the bombing and shelling have blown a few logs off these three-sided pens (the open side faces toward the runways), but generally they are surprisingly intact. There are perhaps a dozen Jap planes—Zeros and twin-engined bombers—along the runway, but only two inside the revetments which are fairly well riddled by shrapnel and bullets. The first light, maneuverable Zero we examine is in fairly good condition, however.

Going westward up the beach, beyond the farthest point I had yet reached, we see on the beach the bodies of Marines who have not yet been reached by the burial parties. The first is a husky boy over six feet tall. He was killed ten feet in front of the sea-wall pillbox which was his objective. He is still hunched forward, his rifle in his right hand. That is the picture of the Marine Corps I shall always carry: charging forward.

Fifty feet farther up the beach, ten Marines were killed on the barbed wire on the coral flats. One of them was evidently shot as he placed his foot on the top rung of the wire—his trouser leg was caught on the barbs and the leg still hangs in the air. There were eighty more dead Marines scattered in a twenty-foot square of the beach just beyond. Six more . . . two more . . . four more. Here four got to the very mouth of the coconut-log pillbox, but none of them made it, because there are no dead Japs inside. But in the next pillbox there are two Japs sprawled over their machine gun, and in the next, five yards farther along the sea wall, there are three. All appear to have been killed by hand grenades. It is not difficult to see that the Marines were determined to keep on killing Japs while the breath of life remained in them. What words can justify such bravery in the face of almost certain death? They died, but they came on. Those machine guns were killing other Marines out in the water, and who ever heard of one Marine letting another down?

A hundred yards inland we find an air-raid sound detector which is sandbagged all around, and a power plant which was protected only by a tin roof that was smashed to a thousand pieces. Next to the power plant there is a thirty-six-inch searchlight, and in the middle of a group of buildings and pillboxes a hole ten feet deep and twenty feet in diameter. The 16-inch shell or 1,000-pound bomb which made that hole could not have fallen anywhere else within a hundred yards without destroying something. Near the shell hole there are two Japs blown completely in two. In a smaller shell hole there are six dead Japs around a 77-mm. gun—this had once been a Jap gun pit. On the rim of the gun pit lies a dead Marine who looks as if he might have been killed while diving in.

At the tip of the Betio bird's beak there is the first big Jap gun I have seen: 5.5 inches. It is set in a concrete cup and the degrees of the compass are painted on the rim of the cup. Shells for the gun, which are about twenty inches long, are contained in six little compartments, six shells to a compartment, inside the walls of the cup. Outside the cup there are hundreds more shells. The gun turret has been hit by about fifty .50-caliber strafing bullets which probably killed the gun crew, who have been removed; otherwise the gun is untouched.

Turning southward up the Betio bird's forehead, we find another 5.5-inch gun thirty yards away. The four Japs inside the pit have been charred to sticks of carbon.

About halfway up the west beach we turn inland and start back through the center of the island. Here was a Jap warehouse which burned to the ground at least three days ago. It was filled apparently with foodstuffs, mostly canned: salmon, shrimp, rice. Whoever dreams of starving out Japs should know that they always have enough food to last many months, not counting fish that they can catch, birds that they can kill, and coconuts they can pick.

By 1030 the Seabees are working like a thousand beavers on the airfield. Actually, there is not a great deal for them to do. The main runway is concrete and it is in almost perfect condition. The shorter runways, of gravel, are almost as well preserved. The planes and ships had orders to lay off the runways. The Seabees, many of them skilled workmen old enough to be the fathers of most of the Marines, are having a great time. One Seabee boasts that his outfit has already killed two Jap snipers this morning.

Before I returned to headquarters, the corps commander of the Gilbert Islands assaults had arrived: Major General Holland McTyeire Smith. And with him is Major General Julian Smith.

The generals' tour of the island started from headquarters southward, then west on the south shore, down the western end, then eastward along the northern shore.

The first three dead men the generals see are Marines: one near a disabled Jap tank on the edge of the runway, two more in a shell hole not far away. A Marine near the south beach reports that some of his buddies killed Japs in a machine-gun nest over there only three hours ago. And there are still snipers scattered throughout the island the Marines can't find. "Uh-huh," uh-huhs Holland Smith, who carries a carbine slung from his shoulder.

"There was one thing that won this battle, Holland," says Julian Smith, "and that was the supreme courage of the Marines. The prisoners tell us that what broke their morale was not the bombing, not the naval gunfire, but the sight of Marines who kept coming ashore in spite of their machine-gun fire. The Jap machine-gun fire killed many Marines in the water and on the beach. But other Marines came behind those who died. They landed on the beaches, they climbed the sea wall, and they went into those enemy defenses. The Japs never thought we would get to those defenses. They never thought they would lose this island. They told their men a million of us couldn't take it." Julian Smith tells Holland Smith about Lieutenant Hawkins, that he is going to name the airfield for Hawkins. "His will be my first recommendation for the Medal of Honor," says Julian Smith.

The generals marvel at the strength of the machine-gun emplacements on the south shore—almost a solid wall of apparently impregnable defenses all the way up to the southwest tip of the island.

At the southwest tip of the island they see two of the four 8-inch guns which the Japs had on Betio. Both

guns are pointed toward the direction from which our transports approached, but it is obvious that they were put out of action by some of the first salvos fired by our battleships. Inside the powder chamber there are about twenty-five charred Japs. Others are hanging on the jagged edge of the hole, and for fifty yards beyond the hole Japs are spewed out over the sandy terrain.

Next to the exploded powder chamber is the biggest hole on the pockmarked island of Betio—some sixty feet in diameter and much deeper than the subsurface water level of the island. Scattered about the rim of the great hole are about two hundred rounds of 8-inch ammunition, evidence that the ammunition dump as well as the powder house blew up.

The generals and their inspecting party turn north. When we reach the northern shore—the bird's throat—we notice an amazing phenomenon: the full tide is now washing against the sea wall to a depth of three feet, and the Marines who were lying on the beach this morning are now floating against the sea wall. In other words, the tide during those first two critical days was exceptionally low, perhaps due to a wind from the south, or the Marines would have had no beachhead at all! This was truly an act of Providence.

The most stirring sight yet is a Marine who is leaning in death against the sea wall, one arm still supported upright by the weight of his body. On top of the sea wall, just beyond his upraised hand, lies a blue-and-white flag, a beach marker to tell succeeding waves where to land. Says Holland Smith, "How can men like that ever be defeated? This Marine's duty was to plant that flag on top of the sea wall. He did his duty, though it cost him his life. *Semper fidelis* meant more to him than just a catch phrase." We pass on down the sea wall rather quickly, because it is impossible to look at such a sight and realize its implications without tears.

The generals are awestruck when they inspect the pillboxes behind the sea wall which the assault troops had to knock out. "It looks beyond the realm of a human being that this place could have been taken," says Holland Smith. "These Japanese were masters of defensive construction. I never saw anything like these defenses in the last war. The Germans never built anything like this in France. No wonder they were sitting back here laughing at us! They never dreamed the Marines could take this island, and they were laughing at what would happen to us when we tried it."

By now the LSTs have nosed up to the edge of the shelf that surrounds Betio. At low tide they discharge trucks by the dozen which carry supplies ashore over the coral flats, through the hole that has been cut into the sea wall. Within a very few days Betio will be a strong American base—stronger offensively than the Japs had made it defensively.

AFTERTHOUGHTS: Just eight days after the first Marines hit the beach at Betio, I was again in Honolulu. Already there were rumblings about Tarawa. People on the U. S. mainland had gasped when they heard the dread phrase "heavy casualties." They gasped again when it was announced that 1,026 Marines had been killed, 2,600 wounded. (This first estimate actually was somewhat higher than revised casualty figures: 685 killed, 77 died of wounds, 169 missing, about 2,100 wounded.) "This must not happen again," thundered an editorial. "Our Intelligence must have been faulty," guessed a member of Congress.

This attitude, following the finest victory U. S. troops had won in this war, was amazing. It was the clearest indication that the peacetime United States (i. e., the United States as of December, 1943) simply found it impossible to bridge the great chasm that separates the pleasures of peace from the horrors of war. Like the generation they educated, the people had not thought of war in terms of men being killed—war seemed so far away.

Tarawa, it seemed to me, marked the beginning of offensive thrusts in the Pacific. Tarawa appeared to be the opening key to offensive operations throughout the whole Pacific—as important in its way as Guadalcanal was important to the defense of the U. S.-Australian supply line. Tarawa required four days, Guadalcanal six months. Total casualties among Marines alone, not even including malaria cases, were about 20 per cent higher on Guadalcanal.

Tarawa was not perfectly planned or perfectly executed. Few military operations are, particularly when the enemy is alert. Said Julian Smith: "We made mistakes, but you can't know it all the first time. We learned a lot which will benefit us in the future. And we made fewer mistakes than the Japs did." Tarawa was the first frontal assault on a heavily defended atoll. By all the rules concerning amphibious assaults, the Marines should have suffered far heavier casualties than the defenders. Yet, for every Marine who was killed more than four Japs died—four of the best troops the emperor had. Looking at the defenses of Betio, it was no wonder our colonels could say: "With two battalions of Marines I could have held this island until hell froze over."

THE lessons of Tarawa were many. It is a shame that some very fine Americans had to pay for those lessons with their lives, but they gave their lives that others on other enemy beaches might live. On Tarawa we learned what our best weapons were, what weapons needed improving, what tactics could best be applied to other operations. We learned a great deal about the most effective methods of applying naval gunfire and bombs to atolls. Our capacity to learn, after two years of war, had improved beyond measure. The blind refusal to learn, which had characterized many of our operations early in the war, had almost disappeared. We were learning, and learning how to learn faster.

The facts were cruel but inescapable: Probably no amount of shelling and bombing could obviate the necessity of sending in foot soldiers to finish the job. The corollary was this: there is no easy way to win the war; there is no panacea which will prevent men from getting killed. To me, it seemed that to deprecate the Tarawa victory was almost to defame the memory of the gallant men who lost their lives achieving it.

Why, then, did so many Americans throw up their hands at the heavy losses on Tarawa? Why did they not realize that there would be many other bigger and bloodier Tarawas? After two years of observing the Japanese I had become convinced that they had only one strategy: to burrow into the ground as far and as securely as possible, waiting for the Americans to dig them out; then to hope that the Americans would grow sick of their own losses before completing the job. Result: a Japanese victory through negotiated peace. It seemed to me that those Americans who were horrified by Tarawa were playing into Japanese hands. It also seemed that there was no way to defeat the Japanese except by extermination.

Then I reasoned that many Americans had never been led to expect anything but an easy war. Through their own wishful thinking, bolstered by comfort-inspiring yarns from the war theaters, they had really believed that this place or that place could be "bombed out of the war." It seemed to many that machines alone would win the war for us, perhaps with the loss of only a few pilots, and close combat would not be necessary. As a matter of fact, by the end of 1943 our airplanes, after a poor start, had far outdistanced anything the Japanese could put in the air. We really did not worry particularly about Japanese airpower. If we could get close enough, we could gain air supremacy wherever we chose. But did that mean we could win the war by getting only a few pilots killed? It did not. Certainly, air supremacy was necessary. But airpower could not win the war alone. Despite airplanes and the best machines we could produce, the road to Tokyo would be lined with the grave of many a foot soldier. This came as a surprise to many people.

Said a bomber pilot, after returning from the Pacific: "When I told my mother what the war was really like, and how long it was going to take, she sat down and cried. She didn't know we were just beginning to fight the Japs."

The men on Tarawa would have known. On Tarawa, late in 1943, there was a more realistic approach to the war than there was in the United States.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

THE latest book to give a picture of Germany at war and under the pressure of the continued Russian advance is **Germany: The Last Phase,** by **Gunnar Pihl.** Less revealing and urgent than such predecessors as Berlin Diary and Last Train from Berlin, it is, nonetheless, a good over-all picture of Germany approaching the breaking point.

Gunnar Pihl

Mr. Pihl is a Swedish correspondent who was escorted out of the Reich last August after he broke a story on the air-raid precautions which Göring had ordered the Berliners to take. His report covers almost every phase of activity from the entertainment to the labor front —and it depicts a country where the economy is stretched tautly, a country which has been turned into a mammoth factory, where civilian goods are manufactured only in minute quantity, and then mostly for shipment abroad.

Why doesn't the home front collapse? Because the iron hand of Himmler and the Gestapo holds it up, and fear keeps it going. But it will collapse, Mr. Pihl feels certain, when the tautness is increased and when the present feeling of dissatisfaction with the regime, which most of the German people now feel, spreads to the SS. and the higher Army officers.

Up to August, 1943, the Army had not realized the hopelessness which had gripped the home front. Soldiers returning from even the bloody battlefields of Russia, knowing they had been licked, did not realize until they arrived at home that conditions there were so bad. And morale fell faster on leave than it had at the front.

Unrest outside the borders of Germany had increased too, as of last summer. The Danes, for instance, openly polite, managed to sabotage the German war machine frequently by stretching out work, bungling orders—and once, at a football game, the Danish crowd slowly pushed toward a small group of German officers and, while politely excusing itself, smothered some of the Germans, maimed others.

The German people no longer expect victory. They are prepared for defeat but not to strike out at their masters. How soon they do strike depends upon how great the outside pressure becomes—and perhaps how quickly the second front.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Price, $3.

WHAT Richard Llewellyn was probably shooting at in None but the Lonely Heart, **James Ronald** has done well in his appealing novel **The Night Is Ending.** Mr. Ronald's story of people consigned to English slums is brighter, more realistic—and its characters are far better done.

James Ronald

There is Ruth Malvern, sensitive daughter of a charming, profligate father, sentenced to spend her childhood at various schools, but adoring her father nonetheless. As she grew up she went to teach, met a concert singer (already married) who wanted to marry her, and ended up taking care of the family he had abandoned in poverty-ridden Brancaster. His wife, Millie, died of t.b. and then Ruth brought up the children alone. David and Joan turned out well, but Gerald, with the instincts of his father, turned gangster, then Fascist, then murderer.

And Ruth, her period of sacrifice done, turned to the man who had given her courage when she first saw Brancaster, Dr. Andrew Murdoch. It is a warm, compelling, richly varied story. Highly recommended.

Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

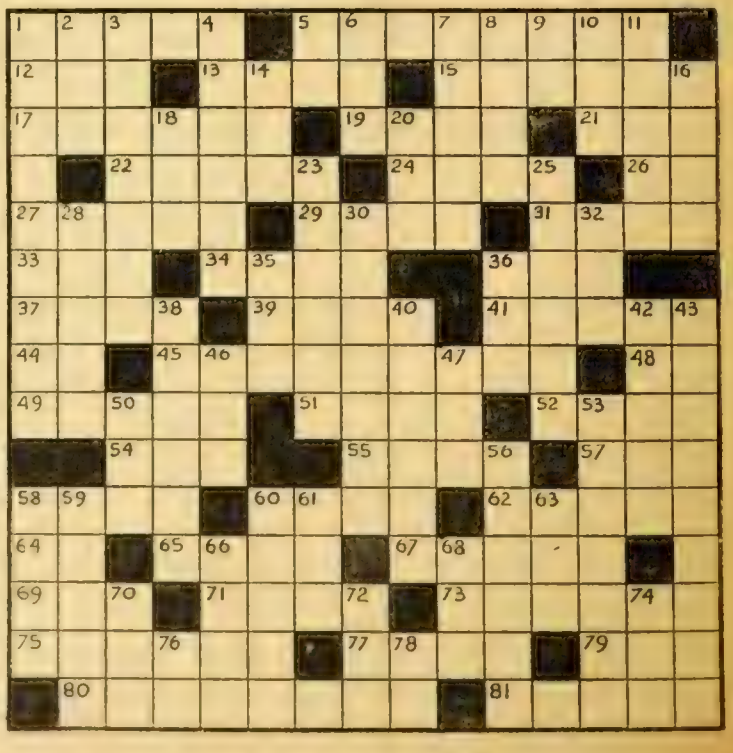
HORIZONTAL

1 Land o' weeping
5 Fugitive from a woodpile
12 The two most important words in a man's life
13 What noses do just as you're getting married
15 He's not included in the caste, poor hum
17 You've got to go to college to stuff it
19 Hot little babes with devilish ways
21 He does it the easy way
22 Helps the self
24 Rocks covered with yodelers
26 Plain hum (abbr.)
27 This always precedes destruction
29 Facial incinerator
31 He who cometh in on one, always knocketh the show
33 Pronoun and preposition add up to a particle
34 Puss-stuffing time
36 The dictator's seat (ask any secretary)
37 You've got your eye on one right now
39 Kind of man that does dark things in Australia
41 Great things being denuded of Axisperating guys
44 Etching Showers (abbr.)
45 Only women I'd care to be slapped around by
48 Put a sock in your trap!
49 Things backward Japs are good at
51 Cure (anagram)
52 Even this is now answering Hitler back
54 Almost silk
55 Difference between an old cruiser and an old battlewagon
57 The Civil Guy they didn't pay off on, you'll Grant
58 Ain't this wonderful, girls?
60 He's petty, whistles a lot at his work, and is always seen with a mate (contraction)
62 The jail geometricians go to
64 He's re-come out for FDR recently
65 Creature said to be fond of zeating doats
67 Kind of room where a lot of half-baked people sit around in getting hot in the end
69 A yard
71 Kind of woo-woo
73 Unbare the puss
75 He runs on a Hay card
77 Terra firma admiral
79 Where generals often begin a drive
80 Something we hope Hitler will never see (2 wds.)
81 Here's a sticker

VERTICAL

1 Abolish these and do away with politicians
2 Fussy word
3 Nazi pastime
4 Kind of noose the Japs will soon feel
5 This'll make a Scotchman out of anybody
6 Greek end of a chicken
7 The Fruit of Destiny
8 File the eardrums
9 Most toothsome
10 Plushy part of the seat
11 Colorful twists, woven into fascinating patterns
14 Where drivers get balled up then hit a dangerous curve
16 Where the original These Little Piggies came from
18 He's in the army now
20 There's many a new wrinkle to it
23 The old woman's man, or vice versa
25 Repass (anagram)
28 100 points equals one what?
30 Their motto: Gnats to you
32 Evolution may yet make the Jap one
35 Almost obsolete
36 The Japs here do this where they fell
38 The tooth on an Elk; the flag on a mast, etc.
40 Honest Injuns
42 Camel dust
43 Just a good old soul who knocks a lot of wornout heels but saves you coupons
46 Make a request
47 An old ball of fire
50 Bellyache
53 The Great Intangible Thing about California
56 De-morgenthaus
58 The hardest thing to get for $200 a month these days
59 Where to stay when you see a skunk
60 This is deep
61 The preposition with the pull
63 Butter
66 The way to the underground
68 This nut is slightly backwards
70 We'd like to slip this up around a Jap's neck and give it a good Yank
72 He had plenty of gin
74 This is also deep
76 Butter's Fruitful (abbr.)
78 Chop chop

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

The Amazing Story of ROMA *wines...*

MADE IN CALIFORNIA, FOR ENJOYMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

In Havana...

At the famed Hotel Nacional de Cuba, ROMA Sherry precedes a happy dinner party.

THIS scene in Havana is typical of wine lovers in many a corner of the world. To *them* ROMA California Wine is an imported delicacy—to *you* an inexpensive delight for everyday enjoyment.

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ROMA *Wines*

America's Largest Selling Wines

Serve Chilled

TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE"—C.B.S., Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.

won't do them any good. Leases didn't cost much, so I grabbed everything."

"Good Lord!" Eb said, laughing at her.

Missy shrugged her shoulders. "Mr. Howard laughed, too, when he found I'd leased up everything."

Eb sat down on a rusty bit and stared at her. J. G. said, "Wonder what she flows. Let's turn her on."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Missy cried. "That oil is fifty-four cents a barrel, and I won't have it wasted."

EB spread his hands and looked ruefully at J. G. "What can a man do? She comes out here because close-in leases are *so* expensive. She leases everything in sight because it's so *cheap*. And she brings in a well and is sitting on the lid and she won't let it flow because she'd waste a couple of barrels. What can you *do*, J. G.? I tell you, I'm going to find another business. There's no such thing as an oil man."

"On the contrary, Eb," J. G. said carefully, "you know and I know how much experience counts. If you're lucky you may strike oil, but it takes knowledge to develop it. I have an idea. Let's buy an interest off Missy and we'll operate it, Eb."

"I've had my fill of the oil business."

"What do you want for a half interest, Missy?" J. G. asked.

"Five hundred thousand dollars."

Eb looked up. "The girl's touched. Let her keep it." He stood up. "I meant it when I said I was through with the oil business. I want to pull out."

J. G. studied his face. "Son, you can't quit now, when we're tied up in a line fight."

He put one hand on Eb's shoulder.

Eb hesitated, nodded. "No, I won't let you down. I'll stay around until we've got it settled."

J. G.'s fingers pressed his shoulder. "You don't mean that you're not interested. You'll come along?"

Eb looked steadily at Missy, drew in a deep breath. "Partner, if you want to expand, I'm with you."

Missy spoke up: "I tell you what I'll do. We'll combine, and I'll take a third interest in everything. We'll all have a third interest in the Othello field and here. How's that?"

"Suit you, Eb?" J. G. asked. Eb shrugged. "All right," said J. G. "Agreed."

They shook hands, and both looked at Eb. He stepped forward slowly and his hand gripped Missy's. He looked into her golden eyes, and they stood so for a long moment, their eyes meeting.

"Eb, you know what it means?" J. G. slapped his shoulder. "It means we've got the Old Territory licked. We'll have all the money in the world. We can sell off some of these leases, if need be. Say, I'm going to turn her on. Let's see how she flows."

Missy pulled her hand free and sat down.

J. G. went to the hand wheel and turned it, and a stream of fluid shot into the sunlight.

Eb looked at it, said something under his breath, and ran to the end of the pipe. He put his hand in the flow, yanked it back, licked one finger. "Salt water!" he cried. "J. G., she had us on! She salted that well. She poured this oil out of barrels." His eyes swept among the trees. "And there they are!"

Missy laughed and crowed, "How do you like it, professor? How do you like it on the other foot?"

J. G. could not believe it. "Missy," he said. "Missy!"

"HOW does it feel, professor?" Missy was saying. "Now you know. Oh, your face!" She chortled gleefully. "I hope it will be a lesson to you. And remember, I own a third of all you have. We agreed on that."

"We sure did," Eb said. "A third is yours." He was hot and angry. "You're welcome to it," he said.

J. G.'s voice was low. "Missy, this is a pretty poor joke, needing capital the way we do. You don't seem to realize what it would have meant. It would have meant the capital we need to go on and lick the O. T."

Missy was stricken. "Pop, what do you mean?"

"I mean we'll have to sell out to the O. T."

"But, pop, I didn't know. I—" She saw Eb walking away. "Now, Eb, don't take it like that. Wait a minute."

The roar of the Brush motor shut out her words. Eb retarded the throttle and looked at her. "It's all right," he said. "We're evened up."

He got in the runabout and started for town. Now he was thoroughly angry. He was through. He'd had enough of Othello and of oil, and he'd had enough of Mistletoe Watson.

As he entered Othello a man shouted and waved his arms. He was Ben Adams, standing on the floor of the roadside rig beside Rosie Hogan.

Eb turned the runabout to the side of the road and stopped.

"Professor, we're fixing to shoot her," Ben said. "I ordered forty quarts."

Eb nodded. Harry Williams was taking shells of nitroglycerin from the felt-lined compartments of his wagon. He had attached his line to the sand-reel shaft to lower the first torpedo into the hole. Eb went to look at the cuttings. They showed a fine gray sand, indicative of a tight formation in the rock below.

"Looks good, professor," Harry said. "Ain't had a dry one yet, have you?"

"Not yet, Harry." Eb stood erect, his fists on his hips. "What's more, I ain't going to have one. I'm pulling out."

Rosie Hogan sat on the lazy bench, watching Eb. Harry stood over the hole, lowering the shell into it, steadying the line. Ben Adams was at the telegraph cord, controlling the engine.

Rosie called to Eb, "Sit down here a minute." She made room on the lazy bench and he slumped down beside her.

"Eb, you ain't going to quit. That's not you."

He shook his head, gazing at the distant hillside. He saw the Chalmers come to view, bumping in the ruts.

"It makes no sense," Harry Williams said. "Just a little friction as she slides down the casing could blow us all to hell and gone."

Eb was watching the Chalmers on the road. The line came up out of the hole and Ben Adams shut off the engine. Harry bent over to attach a second torpedo.

Suddenly Ben Adams shouted. "Listen!"

Eb saw Harry's face, white and set, and then he heard a faint rumbling noise deep below.

"She's coming in!" Ben Adams shouted.

"Get going!" Harry yelled. "There's a shell down there. Scatter! Scatter like hell!"

Eb caught Rosie's wrist and pulled her up from the lazy bench. Suddenly he stopped and turned.

THE Chalmers had come down the hill and was on the better road, moving faster, moving toward the rig. He could see the color of Missy's blue veil blowing in the wind. In a moment the car would be alongside the well, and in a moment—the noise was louder and gas hissed from the wellhead.

Williams and Adams were on the dead run. Rosie had nearly reached the Riviera. In the wagon, twenty feet away, were thirty quarts of nitroglycerin. Down in the hole a ten-quart shell was lifting under the pressure of gas and oil, the mighty lifting force of a well blowing in.

Eb leaped to the rig floor and ran to the control head. The Chalmers was near at hand now. He stood over the well, his fingers poised, his arms in a circle to catch the shell of nitro as it shot from the casing. Gas enveloped him and a thin rush of crude oil struck his eyes and blinded him.

Unseeing, he stood over the well with his eyes closed and smarting. As he stood waiting, he cursed himself for a fool. He should have run with the others.

Suddenly metal jolted his hands, and his elbows pressed in. He staggered back from the control head with the long shell of nitro firmly held against his chest and walked blindly away from the well.

(*Continued on page 50*)

HARDTACK

"No wonder they invite him so often"

DRY Paul Jones ... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

PAUL JONES is a dry whiskey. As in a dry champagne, the dryness of Paul Jones brings out the full flavor. It permits you to enjoy *all* the richness and mellowness of this truly magnificent American whiskey.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

(Continued from page 48)

He bent over and laid the torpedo on the grass and groped for his handkerchief. He heard Missy's voice saying:

"Eb, what in the world was that you were doing?"

He found the handkerchief and rubbed the oil from his face. Harry Williams was there now, pumping his hand and saying, "Holy glory, professor, that was the damnedest thing I ever saw!"

He picked up the oily torpedo and carried it to his wagon. J. G. asked, "Eb, what happened?"

"What happened?" Harry said. "We had a torpedo down the hole and she began to flow. She began to push that torpedo right back in our faces and the professor stood there and caught it like a football."

Eb saw Missy's eyes, golden in the sunlight. "Eb, it was because you saw us coming down the road."

"It was because I just couldn't run," Eb said. "I froze."

"Eb, you ain't fooling us," J. G. said. "By glory, Eb, it was the bravest thing I ever saw."

"It was," said Missy.

Eb was embarrassed. He saw Rosie returning, and called, "Sweetheart, you've got an oil well." The well was flowing gassy, with oil in a thin stream derrick-high. "I'd better shut that baby down."

He was halfway to the derrick when he heard Ben Adams shout, "Professor, look out!"

At the same instant Eb saw it. Drops of oil, shot high by the mighty pressure of gas and carried by the wind from the south, had struck the boiler. There was a burst of red flame, and fire snaked along the ground toward the well.

Eb whirled and ran, shouting to Missy, "Get that car going! Get on down the road!"

He spun the crank, and the engine caught immediately. Missy drove the Chalmers away, with Rosie Hogan hanging on the runningboard, and Eb and J. G. followed fifty yards before they stopped to look at the well.

THE cluster of tents had already burned to ashes, and the great derrick was tottering. The flames fanned out like the great red wings of a bird.

Rosie touched Eb's arm. "Son, that derrick nearly hit the Riviera, and the wind is blowing that way. My south wall is hot enough to blister."

"J. G., we've got to do something about that fire," Eb said. He looked at the rolling mass of flame and smoke, bent by the wind toward town.

Missy said suddenly, "So you got a new suit!" She laughed joyously. "Eb, be yourself again. You know I put one over on you. Why don't you laugh about it? Why aren't you proud of me?"

Eb smiled. "You did a good job of it. You're learning."

"That's the way I want to hear you talk."

J. G. interrupted. "Eb, how can you shut her down? Why, you can't get within a hundred feet of that fire!"

"If we can get near enough to heave some nitro we can blow it out like you blow out a candle," Eb said. "Trouble is that oil burning on the ground would set it off again. The best thing to do is shut her off at the control head, if we can manage that."

"How can that be done?"

"I got an idea. You see, when a gas well catches fire it burns so hot it creates a draft right around the wellhead, and it's cool enough for a man to stand it. If you can get through the outer layer of heat to the control head, you can turn her off."

"You aren't either one of you going anywhere near it," Missy said, and caught Eb's arm.

"Somebody has to," Eb said. "And in a hurry, too. The Riviera is about to go. Rosie, you'd better get busy saving what you can."

"I'll help," Missy said, and hurried with Rosie across the street to the Riviera.

Joe Carter pushed through the crowd and caught Eb's hand. "Professor, I heard what you done. Man, that was something. How did you ever catch it?"

"Just dumb luck, Joe. I couldn't even see." Eb nudged J. G. "I'm going to take a walk down the street."

In front of the hardware store Bill Simmons stopped him. "If this wind don't let up we're going to have a small-time San Francisco, professor."

"We'll get that fire out," Eb said, and walked on.

Eb saw Dick Howard. He called out, "Dick, has the O. T. got some boilers it can spare us?"

"I believe so, Eb."

"If we can get a dozen or so boilers ringed around the hole we can smother that fire with steam. See what you can do, Dick."

"Sure I will."

"I'll haul down all the boilers we got."

He started on, but Dick Howard called him back. "Eb, where will I find that young lady, Watson's daughter?"

"I left her back there by the well."

"Say, if you run across her," said Dick, "will you ask her to stop in the Citizens' Bank?"

"Sure," Eb said, and hurried on. At the blacksmith's shop he ordered an asbestos-covered shield made, head-high; a long wrench with an asbestos-wrapped handle, and drew its specifications on the dirt floor. Then he returned to the well.

The roof of the Riviera was afire and the street was cluttered with dice and poker tables. Rosie was watching the fire. She grinned at Eb. "Well, I'm out of business."

"You're in the oil business, though," Eb said.

Her fingers closed on his arm. "Eb, you're a fool. I've been talking to that girl. You've got the board studded. I mean it, Eb. You ask her and see."

Eb sucked in air, hot from the fire, and suddenly turned on his heel. In front of the Citizens' Bank, staring anxiously at the fire, was Albert Neville. "How did it happen, professor?" Albert asked.

"Drops of oil hit the boiler. They moved the boiler back before they drilled in, but the wind carried it."

"I guess the bank's safe enough."

"I wouldn't promise. The danger is she may crater on us and blow loose right here under your feet." Eb hesitated an instant, eying Albert. "You ain't going to marry Missy," he said. "She never said she'd marry you."

Albert smiled faintly. "I asked her to."

"She didn't say yes, did she?" Eb's tone was ominous.

Albert shrugged. "Not in so many words. She said to wait awhile."

"So you decided to tell me it was all set?" Suddenly Eb laughed. "I don't blame you. She's worth making a fight for. And I'm still in there fighting."

He walked on. His steps were quick and sure and his heart beat fast.

As he neared the well the roar was terrific. Eb joined J. G. and Missy, raised his voice to a near shout to make himself heard. "Biggest thing since Mount Etna," he said, and grinned.

Overhead the fire crackled and lashed like a threatening whip toward town. Eb said, "We're going to make all the steam we can and push the steam lines up close and try to smother her."

He glanced at J. G. "No use singeing ourselves. Let's move along."

The thunder of the burning well followed them. It was getting dark, but the light behind them was like the light of the setting sun. They had coffee in the Athens Café, and as night came the street outside was bright with a rosy glare.

Missy said suddenly, "It frightens me. I'm frightened about *putting* it out. Eb, don't take any chances."

"It looks worse than it is, Missy."

Stasie came over, joining in the conversation. "If Eb says he'll put it out, he'll do it. That's what everybody says."

"Is that a fact?" Eb was pleased.

"That's what I tell 'em, too," Stasie said, and smiled at Eb.

"Stasie, you're a friend," he said.

Missy looked hard at the Greek girl as she polished the counter. Stasie's glance crossed hers and both smiled. Stasie said, "Missy, Albert came in looking for you. He wants to see you over at his bank."

"Oh, yes," Eb said. "Howard told me to tell you."

Ben Adams shouted at the door, "Professor!"

"Right here, Ben."

"We got two more boilers, and we're building up steam. The wind is still rising and we ought to get busy."

"I'll be right out there," Eb said. He slapped a coin on the counter and went along the street to the blacksmith shop. The shield was ready, a concave sheet of tin covered with asbestos and mounted on four wheels. The blacksmith had it in his wagon and drove Eb to the well on a back street that brought them in behind, to windward.

Eb saw that the Riviera was a smoking ruin and the bucket brigade was wetting down the roof of the building beyond. He saw Missy crossing the street from the Citizens' Bank, and waved to her.

THE shield had been set up, and Eb said, "We'll push those lines up one by one. Lend a hand, some of you fellows." He drew Ben Adams aside. "Four boilers just won't do the job. Ben, that's a fire! Well, we'll do the best we can. Let's go."

The second steam line became fouled thirty feet from the well. Eb got behind the shield, and pushed it forward toward the deafening roar of the fire. Heat enveloped him in waves and he could smell his clothes smoking. He pulled the shield back again without clearing the fouled line. He shook his head. "Ben, that ground's too hot. We'll have a fire again as soon as we put it out, and I know damn well that just four boilers won't make enough steam to do it."

"We're getting some more, Eb."

"That means time, Ben. Too much time. I'm scared of this. I'd hate to think what would happen if she craters on us." He turned to the blacksmith. "You'll have to get me more asbestos. I'll need a kind of suit of it."

"Eb," Missy broke in, "what do you mean by cratering?"

"Honey, we've got a tremendous flow of gas. It's coming up under all that pressure

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A man known as "Spending Sam" was asked where his money went. He replied: "Oh, about 40 per cent for food, 30 per cent for shelter, 30 per cent for clothing, and 20 per cent for amusement and incidentals."

"But, Sam, that makes 120 per cent," laughed his friend.

"Lord, don't I know it!" Sam agreed.

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and flowing wild. We woke up a monster that's been sleeping there for millions of years, and the more he flows, the wilder he gets."

"This is awful," Missy said, "just awful."

"Oh, now, I've seen lots worse fires." He smiled at her. "There was a big one over at the Glen. Making about a million feet of gas an hour and a couple hundred barrels of oil. They put it out in five days with steam."

Across the way, the roof of the Citizens' Bank was smoking and Albert Neville stood outside, shouting. A mule team was straining to haul out the bank's safe.

"Looks like you're going to get rid of your competition, J. G.," Eb said. And Missy said, "Poor Albert."

The blacksmith returned with a roll of asbestos and Eb stood looking at the belch of fire from the well as the blacksmith wrapped asbestos around his legs and feet. Eb cut a square of it, made a hole in the center, and dropped it over his head like a poncho. He fashioned a hood of asbestos, with openings for his eyes.

He called to Ben Adams, "No use bothering with that steam line, and never mind about those boilers. We can't waste time. She's liable to blow loose any minute. I'm going to try to shut her down."

He leaned over and picked up the long-handled wrench.

"Eb, you mustn't do it!" Missy's voice rose hysterically. "I can't let you."

"Missy, I got to." He put one hand on her shoulder and his fingers pinched hard.

Her hands caught his elbows and she looked up at him, but all she saw was the hood with the black eyeholes. "Yes, you have to," she said, and there was no more panic in her tone. "I'm proud of you, Eb. I love you, Eb."

His arm went around her and she was pressed close against the monstrosity of asbestos that enclosed him. She heard his low voice. "Missy, I told you you were for me. And, honey, I'm for you. Now don't you worry." He laughed. "I tell you, Missy, this is my best yet. This is Professor Pyro's greatest demonstration."

His arm dropped and he went to the shield. He called to Ben Adams, "Tie that sand line around me, and if you see me fall, start hauling."

Ben made the steel line fast around his waist, and Eb turned his grotesque head back to Missy. Her face was white in the glare of the fire.

"Ben, soak me with water," Eb said.

Bucket after bucket cascaded over his shoulders, then he turned away. The shield rolled bumpily over the uneven ground. He guided it with one hand, and trailed the long wrench with the other. As he pushed on toward the focus of light, waves of heat came surging in. He closed his eyes against the intensity of hot light.

It could not be much worse, Eb thought. There was a limit to heat and a limit to pain. He had nearly reached the peak of intensity, but the well still was twenty feet away.

EACH shallow breath burned deep in his lungs. There was a moment when he thought that he was through. But he kept his feet going, and then he was near the rush of fire. He could see the fire-licked bulge of the control head towering above him.

There was a small peephole in the shield and he looked out for an instant into the fiery blast. The valve was there, about four feet away and shoulder-high. It required all his strength to lift the wrench and stab it forward. It struck the hand wheel, failed to engage, and dropped to the ground.

Eb could look through the slit no longer and sank to one knee. He knelt behind the

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shield, his head down, scorching his lungs with shallow gulps of air.

He felt a tremendous pull against his middle and fought against it. He realized that they were hauling at the line and shouted, "No!" and sucked in burning air. Of course they could not hear. He put his hand on the line and jerked it, then pushed himself to his feet. The pull at his middle stopped.

He tried again. It was searing effort to lift the wrench, but he brought it forward slowly and thrust it up, and this time he felt it engage the spokes of the wheel. Both hands were on the wrench and he turned it, pressing forward to maintain contact with the spokes. He turned with all his strength, and then he could turn no more. His leaden arms dropped and he sank to his knees behind the shield. He felt again the pull at his stomach, but now he could not resist. He was pulled over the smoking ground, through patches of flame.

Missy jerked the hood from his head and he heard her voice from far away: "Can't somebody throw some water on him?"

The wonderful cold and wetness and soothing weight of a full bucket of water struck his face. He gasped and choked and sat up, opening his eyes.

It was suddenly dark and he could barely make out Missy's face. He looked over his shoulder. The column of fire was gone and it was dark beneath the great black cloud of smoke, except for the blaze of fire beyond where the roof of the Citizens' Bank burned fiercely. He had shut down the well.

"Professor Pyro!" Missy whispered. "It was a great demonstration, professor. It was superb. It's a name to be proud of, and, darling, I'm so proud."

Eb had the strength to lift his arm and put it around her shoulders. He meant to draw her head down to his shoulder, but instead his head fell on hers. He heard her voice saying, "Pop, is he all right?"

"Sure he is." J. G. knelt and patted Eb's shoulder.

Rosie Hogan was there, grinning down at him.

J. G. said, "We're three of a kind, the three of us." And Missy cried, "Oh, yes, we're partners." Her lips found Eb's, soft and warm and insistent.

After a moment J. G. said, "Maybe we'd better tell him now," and chuckled. "Eb, did you know our new partner has got a little capital? Yes, sir, something like sixty thousand dollars in the bank."

Eb sat upright. "You mean Missy?"

"I thought you'd recover in a hurry when you heard that," J. G. said. "Yes, sir. We sold off a batch of Missy's leases to Dick Howard, and we got enough money in the bank to lick the O. T."

Eb's mouth opened. He shook his head. "Fraud!" he said. "You talk to *me* about fraud." He laughed and gave Missy a tremendous hug.

"No fraud about it," J. G. said. "Dick Howard saw us heading out there and followed along. He saw Jack Curran hopping up and down and yelling he'd struck oil, and he took one quick look at that slush pit full of oil. Then he headed for town and looked Missy up and wanted to buy. She made no misrepresentations, and he thought he was fleecing the innocent."

"He didn't turn it on and see all that water," Missy said, and laughed.

"Eb, doesn't it tickle you?" J. G. said. "We'll beat the O. T. with their own money."

"But of course we can't keep the money," Missy said. "It wouldn't be honest, would it?"

J. G.'s mouth opened and he looked blankly at Eb. There was a heavy silence, then Eb said hastily, "Why, sure it's honest, Missy. They can take it to court if they want to. But in the meantime we can be drilling with their sixty thousand."

Missy shook her head. J. G. cleared his throat, and began, with the care of a lawyer briefing his case, "Missy, my dear, I understand how you feel, but this is a matter of business, and under these circumstances—"

Missy's eyes were bright. "But, pop, it isn't the money we care about, anyway. It's what the money could do for us. Isn't that right? We care because we could use the money to fight the O. T. Isn't that it?"

"That's exactly it," J. G. said eagerly. "So, honey, we have to keep the money."

"No, no." Missy said. "Can't we just go to the O. T. and say, Look here. We'll buy those leases back at the same price you paid, provided you sign an agreement to hold off drilling on our line and to run our oil into your pipe line in equal shares. Won't that fix everything?"

Eb and J. G. looked at each other wonderingly, then Eb whistled softly and said, "J. G., we got a partner, all right. We got an *oil man* for a partner."

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

COUNTIN'ANCE: Face of a bank teller.

FOURGER: A guy who falsifies a check for four dollars.

KIDCHEN: Where little Willie swipes jam.

CROW-NY: A rooster's pal.

DELHI-CACY: An East Indian dish.

BANGKRUPT: An insolvent fireworks company.

SLIMBURGER: Non-fattening cheese.

COUPAY: Taxicab.

KINAIRY: A yellow bird's relatives.

FERNITURE: A plant stand.

" Suddenly Eb
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Continued from Page 25

checked his zipper bag in the station. He strolled down Eighth just to get the feel of his native city. Or was that why? Maybe the subway traveled too fast—a single quick run and there you were, the signs on the platform posts all shouting "14th" at you as if you were deaf.

He walked past well remembered fronts. Little Greek bakeries. Vegetable stalls. Hock shops. Bars. The Chelsea Theayter, where Johnny had sat through many a thriller of the Wild West.

The gnawing ache in his heart got bigger. This wasn't at all the way he'd dreamed—him swaggering down the street with Ernie, showing his buddy the sights of New York—Radio City and Central Park and maybe even the Statue of Liberty, which Johnny himself had never been to.

He reached Fourteenth. He set his course west. He felt the same as he used to feel when his ship was closing the range with the Japs. The same gone feeling down in his middle. The same despair which always seized him when there was nothing to do but wait at his battle station while swiftly, surely the silence sped toward its shattering close.

HE was passing by St. Bernard's Church when Mary O'Shea came out. She made the sign of the cross when she saw him, gaping as if what she saw was a ghost.

"Hi, Mary," said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny, it's you! I prayed for you, fighting those terrible Japs."

"You did?" He could feel his cheeks going hot under their layer of tropical tan. Embarrassed. If Mary wasn't so homely; maybe her words wouldn't make him so fussed. "Thanks for praying. I—I come through—" He stopped abruptly, not wanting Mary to think that he owed his life to her.

Look at her glowing at him, would you! Johnny's sense of discomfort increased.

"How's things?" he asked quickly. "How's Eddie and Clip and—everybody? How's Ginger Burk?"

It was as if he had mentioned something you didn't discuss with a girl like Mary. She pressed her lips primly together and sniffed.

"Maybe you better leave Eddie out; just ask how it is with Clip and—her."

"What you mean?" flared Johnny.

"I wouldn't say. There are things," minced Mary, "a girl shouldn't talk about to a boy."

"Yeah, but—"

"Clip is making good money and spending it too. The draft turned him down. The doctors said he has athlete's heart."

"I know," swallowed Johnny. "My mother wrote me."

Even athlete's heart was nothing to reassure a guy. The Army docs might have turned Clip down, but this didn't mean that in using his knuckles Clip was any less tough than before.

Johnny ditched Mary, then walked west. Now he could see the Cunard Line piers. A ferry for Hoboken whistled twice, and Johnny remembered another time when he'd heard a ferryboat signal like that. He made a left turn toward Gansevoort Street and the corner, beyond, where Clancy's Tavern gave out a feeble glow.

He didn't hesitate. Didn't dare to. It was as though he could hear his buddy drawling at him, "Go get 'im, Johnny!" Ernie, who wasn't scared of nothing, cheering him on as he went to his doom.

The echo of Mary's words went with him. Things, she had said, which a girl

like her ought never to talk about to a boy! Was that, whatever it was, why Johnny had not had an answer from Ginger in months?

In front of Clancy's he came to a halt. A dame laughed shrilly, the way dames laugh when they've drunk too much. Johnny opened the door. The air inside was warm and beery, and suddenly there were all those faces staring at him through a haze of smoke. He could see Clancy blinking at him, gray and jowly.

Some guy cracked, "It's O. K., sailor; we won't bite you." Then Johnny started. She called out, "Johnny! It's Johnny Durkin, back from the war!" She rushed to greet him. She took his hand in both her own and smiled at him while she stood so close that Johnny could smell her classy perfume.

He could say nothing. He was so dazed that all he could do was gape at Ginger. She was no longer just a girl. She was a woman. She was grown up. There was that certain look about her, the way she carried herself, and her eyes, which made him suddenly awfully helpless, suddenly awfully shy and awkward.

She called to Clancy, "Give Johnny a drink. Johnny's back from sinking the Japs."

Clancy reached out a pudgy hand across the bar, saying, "Johnny Durkin? Sure and I remember you. Used to come in, just a tykie then, and fetch your old man's lager. What'll you have, Johnny?"

"Beer," guessed Johnny.

But he didn't want beer. He didn't want nothing—only to get away from this joint and try to think. *Her* hanging out here!

What would Ernie have thought if he'd seen her? Johnny could guess what he would have thought. Any guy with a girl like Betty Lou would have thought plenty.

JOHNNY saw Clip. Suddenly Clip was standing before him, looking him over like he was something the cat brung in.

"What's the matter?" Clip wanted to know. "Getting too hot for you out there?"

"I'm home on furlough," Johnny said meekly. He was feeling warm, and he opened his jacket, and Ginger noticed the ribbons first thing.

"What're those for, Johnny? Medals?"

He seized on this chance to stall for time, to put off the dreaded moment when either—yeah, when *either* he stood up to Clip or else ducked out like a yellow quitter. There was a choice now. Johnny felt scared. Scared to go on. And scared he wouldn't.

"This here," he said desperately, "campaign ribbon. You get a star for each battle you fight."

"Huh, if I wore a tin star for every time I had a fight, I'd look like a junkman!"

The dame with the laugh on her thought it was funny, but Johnny made out like he hadn't heard. He could feel the sweat breaking out on his face. Clip *wanted* to start something. He was ugly—jealous, maybe.

"This here is for the Navy Cross."

"A medal!" cried Ginger.

"Yeah," nodded Johnny. He felt unhappy. This wasn't how he had dreamed it would be, him showing Ginger his decoration—not in a barroom with dames who got tight, with Clip standing by with that look on his face.

"What'd you *do*, Johnny? Give, fella!"

He couldn't. Not to civilians, strangers. Not even, the skipper had said, to your girl. He shook his head.

"Ain't allowed to talk. Old Man he told us we dasn't tell no one about our ship—where we been, what we done."

"Sure he can't talk," jeered Clip, and he laughed. "Because all this talk about fighting the Japs is just a lotta the old mallarky. Them ribbons—hell, you can buy them ribbons a dime a throw, any store in New York!" He grabbed Ginger's arm. "Come on," he growled. "Let's taxi up to Jack's for a steak."

Suddenly it was like those times when the waiting is over, the range has been closed, the guns start throwing their stuff at the Japs. In the back of his mind he knew everything now—knew how it was between Ginger and Clip, knew why Mary had refused to tell him just what she meant when she talked like she did.

But this was not the reason that Johnny whipped off his jacket and swung at Clip. In that moment he was remembering Ernie—not Ernie the way he'd always known him, but Ernie the way he had seen him last. Ernie lying so still on the deck, a shroud of canvas sewed around him. The chaplain standing there with the Book, while the sun beat down and the breeze blew warm and the words he spoke were so beautifully sad: "We therefore commend . . . unto Almighty God, and we commit their bodies to the deep." Ernie, and all the others who died, sliding over the stern of their ship, not hearing the bugle bid them good-by.

Clancy coaxed soothingly, "Now, now, Johnny. Clip didn't mean to—"

How could he know that a guy didn't care about himself? That it made no difference much to Johnny if Clip thought he'd fought any battles or not?

But if Johnny hadn't, then neither had Ernie—Ernie, who'd given his life for his ship while Seiffert was swaggering safe in New York.

Johnny felt good. Just like in battle, when a guy is too busy to be afraid; when he suddenly knows he isn't yellow. Everything Ernie had said he recalled—how the best way is to work on the middle, wear a guy down where it hurts him the most, then raise your sights at his head.

Johnny's left eye was starting to close. But that was O. K., for he still could see, and what he could see was Clip was groggy. Maybe Clip had been living too soft, while months at sea had toughened Johnny.

Johnny felt *good*. He was on the target. Clip had got desperate, swinging wildly. Each time he swung he lost more steam—so bushed, in fact, he could no longer cuss. He missed again and lurched off balance, and that was the instant when Johnny went in with all the fire power left in his guns.

Clip was sunk. He lay on the floor, too licked to get up. The guy who'd yelled, "Kill him, sailor!" was crowing as if he had killed him himself. He wanted to buy a drink for Johnny.

"No, thanks," said Johnny. "I gotta go home. Ain't seen my mother in most two years."

As he put on his jacket he could see Ginger looking at him as if he was something strange and repulsive.

Johnny nodded at Ginger and said, *"Adios, amigo,"* like Ernie would say—*"Adios, amigo.* I'll see you in church." Then he went out of Clancy's Tavern.

IT was like checking off things on a list. He had bought a round-trip railroad ticket, had crossed the States to New York City. He'd looked up that ornery hombre Clip and settled "our little score" with him.

Now, Ernie had said, they would shoot up the town—but, heck, without him that would be no fun. He meant to stay a few days with his folks and then head west for Arizona.

Two weeks after his fight at Clancy's, he sat a saddle and stared bemused at the great gray mountains beyond the border. This was the country of Yuma Rose, the

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mythical beauty for whom two cowboys fought to the death with their guns blazing lead. But Ginger could never have been that Rose. However had Johnny thought she was?

He stole a glance at Betty Lou. She was sitting her horse like a lovely statue under the shade of her wide sombrero. Not looking at Johnny, but looking far off—looking, maybe, at what would have been if Ernie had not got killed in action. The sunlight on her, the purple mesa, the giant cactus just behind her, she was the Rose to the last detail, beauty and dress and setting and all.

He heard her sigh.

"We'll have to start back or you'll miss your train."

"Gosh, I hate to leave," mourned Johnny. "Just when I was getting the hang of this horse."

"You ride awful well for only three days. Mr. Carr will make you a cowboy yet. You just come back."

"I mean to," he said.

She reined her horse over close to his and looked at Johnny.

"Is that a promise?"

"Sure," said Johnny.

"I'm glad," she told him. "We know how much Ernie thought of you, Johnny. We like you too."

"*You* do?"

She nodded. "I like you very much," she said.

Impulsively she put out her hand. Bright little tears got caught in her eyes, and Johnny's throat swelled big till it hurt, and he wished some ornery hombre like Clip would try and get fresh with Betty Lou now.

They turned their horses and started back.

"Mr. Carr told me about your fight."

Johnny could feel his face going red. Maybe she thought he'd been bragging. But it hadn't been that. It had been for Ernie—a memorial like to Johnny's best friend. If he hadn't settled "our" score with Clip, then he could never have gone on doing the rest of the things that Ernie had planned. Somehow it had seemed only right for Ernie's folks to know what he'd done.

Betty Lou said, "He called you something we say around here when a man's—well, a man."

"Huh?" gasped Johnny.

"It's *muy hombre*. It's a little like winning the Navy Cross."

It was even better if Betty Lou thought it. And Betty Lou did. He could tell that she did.

THEIR horses were jogging side by side, kicking up dust along the mesa. He was no Ernie, could never be Ernie. But Ernie's folks liked him—and so did his girl.

A thought stole into Johnny's mind which he promptly rejected. It seemed disloyal. No decent guy would think such a thing. And yet—the thought kept coming back—and yet you can't just grieve forever. Life goes on. The living must live. Might be even Ernie would want it that way.

Life goes on. A guy has his thoughts. Some day, he thought, when the war was over, he would return to Arizona. He would help Mr. Carr with his steers. He would—

Betty Lou's voice cut in on what he was thinking. "Johnny!" she cried. "What in the world are you smiling about?"

"I—I can't tell you."

"Must be awful."

"No, it ain't, Betty Lou. It's swell."

She smiled too. *She knew what it was!* He could see her blushing like Yuma Rose, under the brim of her wide sombrero.

THE END

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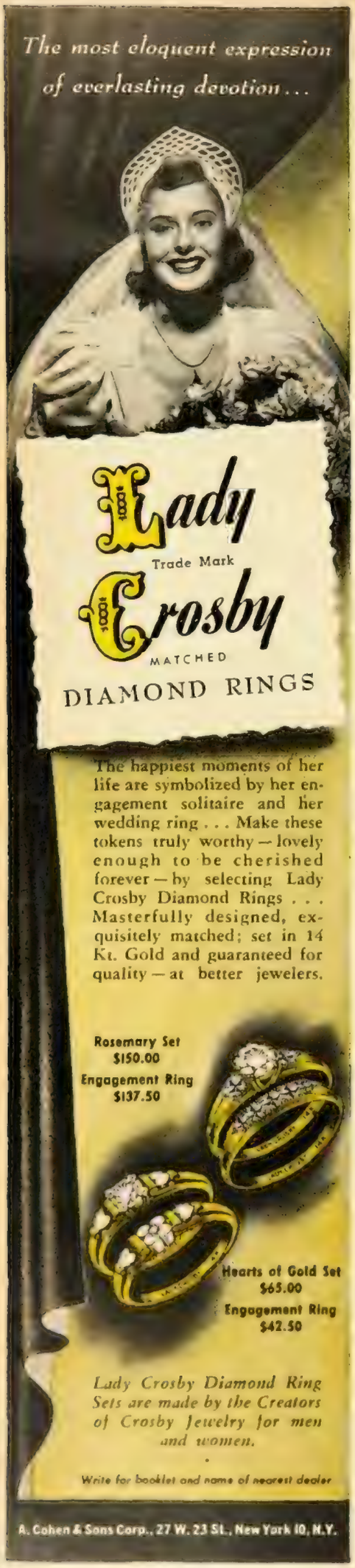
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THIS MAN'S WAR

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THE Queen of Battles—that somewhat fanciful name the military writers give to the infantry—came into its own as the world awaited the thunderous arrival of D-Day.

All branches are indispensable members of the Army team. Earlier in the war the public's attention was largely held by the newer and more spectacular services, such as the air and armored forces. But battles in the Pacific and in Tunisia, Sicily, and Italy demonstrated that after the airmen, the artillery, and the tankers have done their blasting and crushing, that long-

Short shrift

enduring servant of the Queen—the lean, tough, mud-stained man with a rifle—must still drive forward on foot to wrest ground from the enemy and hold it.

Our painful progress in Italy and the bloody check at Cassino emphasized the infantry's need for the best and keenest in manpower.

So it's not surprising that the War Department has moved to strengthen the doughboys by issuing an order opening a way for thousands of enlisted men under thirty-two, now serving in other branches within the United States, to transfer to the infantry. Many, the W. D. explained, have been clamoring for a chance to fight at close quarters.

"The fighting spirit and youth of these men will be utilized to the fullest in front lines of action," a spokesman promised.

Assuring a virtual priority for the infantry, the War Department directed that all requests for transfers to the infantry must be forwarded through channels to the Department itself. A commanding officer may attach a favorable or unfavorable recommendation, but may not kill transfer requests on his own authority.

Transfers may be made without loss of rating.

Some groups are prohibited from seeking transfer. They include enlisted personnel now in replacement training centers and Army Service Forces specialist schools; some air forces personnel, such as aviation cadets, students engaged in flying instruction, and certain specialists; enlisted men in units alerted for overseas; and certain "critically needed" specialists.

A couple of months earlier, a step toward "glamorizing" the infantry had been taken with creation of the new Bronze Star Medal.

The medal—not to be confused with the small bronze stars worn on area service ribbons—was authorized as a new award for acts of heroic or meritorious service in a combat not involving participation in aerial flight, or in direct support of such a combat operation.

It was established to give a better break to nonflying soldiers, seamen, and Marines who have wondered pretty audibly where the aircrews get all their medals. Airmen may win the Bronze Star too—for fitting services during combat on the ground or on shipboard.

The Army gives the Bronze Star Medal precedence over the Air Medal. It ranks the two just after the Soldier's Medal and just before the Purple Heart. The Navy places the Bronze Star after the Navy and Marine Corps Medal and before the Air Medal.

Most of the Bronze Star awards, it is expected, will be won by infantrymen.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, please lend an ear to a short guy's short tale of woe. A swell joint in Hollywood gave a blind-date party for servicemen the other night, and I went. But I found you have to be tall, strong, and handsome to get looked up to, or even looked at. Movie queens are all right in a film, but why don't they give us little fellows a break and have some short, close-to-earth gals as hostesses sometime, just for a change?

Aggrieved Runt,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Well, how about it, Hollywood? Are all those film femmes slim, tall, and slinky? How about some sort of special shindig for the Runts of this war? They're performing the same duties as the long fellows. And except for a few inches less vertical exposure, they run the same risk of getting shot. Give the little guys a break.

* * *

Does a company commander have the right to put a man on K. P. for seven Sundays or restrict him for that long a period?

Pvt. R. G., Camp McCoy, Wis.

He certainly can, brother, if the soldier has elected to accept company punishment for his offense. Of course, rather than face company punishment, the soldier may choose to be tried by court-martial.

* * *

What are those upside-down gold stripes on the arms of some older Army officers and sergeants? They are worn a few inches above the edge of the sleeve and look like topsy-turvy pfc. stripes. One officer—a general, I think—has three or four of them.

Pfc. E. A. B.,
Marine Corps Air Station,
Cherry Point, N. C.

Climb up on Old Sarge's knee, laddie, and I'll tell you a story. Once upon a time there was another war—yes, World War I. Each

of those gold V chevrons worn on the left arm represents six months of service overseas in that war. Worn on the right arm, same position, each represents a wound received in that war.

Gold chevrons have not been authorized up to this writing for service in World War II, though a lot of today's servicemen think they should be and a few young fellows have sewed them on anyway. Needless to say, the latter should take 'em off. Today's G. I. Joe can display far more uniform decorations than were available to veterans of the first A. E. F.

Swell!

If a wounded war veteran is in an Army hospital, can he send letters free of charge?

J. R., Milwaukee, Wis.

He's entitled to the franking privileges as long as he's in the service. When discharged, he'll have to buy stamps, like the rest of us.

* * *

Hold your hat, Sarge, because here comes a letter without a gripe. On the contrary, it's a pat on the back for a young lady who is doing great work. Without fanfare, trumpets, or advance publicity, Olivia de Havilland has been traveling through the Aleutians in her quiet, sweet way, visiting and cheering weary servicemen in the various hospitals. And that, Sarge, is one of the reasons we can't be beat—because we have people like Olivia on our side.

S/Sgt. H. R. M., Aleutian Area.

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* * *

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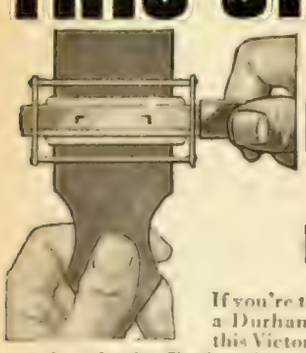

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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.

WHAT MAKES HIM RUN SO FAST?

Continued from Page 29

Of Hahn, Dodds declares: "It was Hahn's correspondence during my dark college days that kept me going. He expressed his faith in me and I did my best to live up to his expectations under the obstacles I had to endure."

Neither at Gil's high school nor at college was there a track team. At high school he trained by running around the lake by himself. Three times around equaled a mile. Dodds would race around until he was tired.

At college there was no formal track, no team. Ashland College normally has a male enrollment of about 100 men and there is no extensive athletic program. If Gil wanted to run six miles for a cross-country workout, he trotted three miles out on a macadam road and three miles back. If he wanted to practice on a track, he had to go to the old Y. M. C. A. layout at Myers Field, a mile from Ashland.

Under these conditions—with Hahn coaching him directly in high school and by mail at Ashland—the lone Dodds kept to his appointed tasks.

Weighing about 148 pounds, standing 5 feet 7 inches, he developed a heavy seven-foot stride and a vital lung capacity which was to stand him in tremendous stead. For Dodds' mainstays are power and endurance.

His solitary workouts at Ashland called for some of the will which sends missionaries forth into the wilderness. He felt—and his father, the Rev. J. G. Dodds, had encouraged him since boyhood in the belief—that his running was merely a steppingstone to higher things. He felt that his running built up his physical and moral stamina, enabling him to carry on when the way was hard and the outcome doubtful.

DODDS won some local Amateur Athletic Union races as a freshman at Ashland, and early in his sophomore year he went on to New Orleans for the Sugar Bowl meet, where he placed second to Lash in the two-mile race. Thus encouraged, he proceeded to New York—for the humiliating debut which would have broken forever the heart of a lesser athlete.

He returned to Ashland sadder and wiser. It took all the solace of his deep convictions to preserve his fighting spirit. But more handicaps and disappointments were in store for him.

He suffered a hernia as a junior at college—playing tennis, of all things—and he wears a truss to this day.

In addition, he was working his way through Ashland. He labored in a bakery his first year, was a hotel clerk in his second, was in the Ohio State highway department during his third and fourth years.

Moreover, he preached every Sunday, helped open two churches in his senior year—and ran in his spare moments!

He had made up his mind to become an American standout. He had been clocked in 9:13 for two miles and 4:13 for the mile at college, and he believed he was on his way. A man does not train for a decade—by himself—without having the highest honors as his aim.

From Ashland, Dodds went to Gordon Theological Seminary in Boston. On Hahn's suggestion, he communicated with Jack Ryder, the Boston A. A. and Boston College coach. Ryder himself was soon somewhat mystified by Dodds' verve. The B. A. A. coach, who had been a famous amateur and professional at the turn of the century, had developed many amazing

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runners—men like Hahn, Oscar Hedlund, Jake Driscoll, and Leo and George Lermond, to name a few.

Jack had taken Hahn as a sprinter, made him a noteworthy miler. When Ryder studies a miler he looks for a man who can run a quarter of a mile in 50 seconds—like Cunningham, MacMitchell, or Bonthron. Or a fellow like Hahn, who can run a 100 in 10.1. But the quarter mile is Ryder's decisive gauge.

Well, Dodds could not—and never has been able to—run a quarter in better than 52.5 seconds. He never has been able to run a 100 in better than 11 seconds. He was always a natural long-distance man, cutting down toward the mile.

Ryder declares that the day Dodds, who "apparently overstrides," can run a 100 in close to 10 seconds or a quarter in less than 50 seconds, the first four-minute mile will be here.

Impossible improvement? Maybe for the ordinary mortal, but we are discussing Gil Dodds now.

At the beginning, under Ryder's tutelage, Dodds came along like a whirlwind. He was training for the two-mile run. But out at Notre Dame a fellow named Greg Rice was coming along like a whirlwind, too.

When Rice represented the New York A. C. he was at the peak of his form, winning more than sixty races in a row. It was Dodds' fortune to be thrown in against the runner with the world's most potent finishing sprint—the climax drive called the "kick" in track.

What happened? Gil Dodds ran two-mile races which broke to smithereens the past records of Paavo Nurmi—but Rice was his nemesis. Rice beat Gil every time out—trailed him until he was ready for his sprint, and then, zowie!

In one meet Gil ran the two miles in 8:53.7—but he still lost! Rice ran it in 8:52.8. Dodds walked over to apologize to coach Ryder for not having won. Practically anybody else would have been walking on air.

But Dodds feared coach Ryder might not want to tutor him any more! Maybe that intense desire to win is one of the reasons why Gil Dodds runs so fast.

GUNDER HÄGG of Sweden visited America last summer. Gunder the Wonder, they dubbed him, for he runs on cinders with incredible ease. Dodds, concentrating on the mile at last, had many opportunities to study Hägg's broad back. And once he studied the broad back of Bill Hulse of the New York Athletic Club. That was in the pulsating mile at Baldwin-Wallace in Berea, Ohio. Dodds was third to the 4:05.4 of Hägg and the 4:06 of Hulse. Gil's time was 4:06.1.

It looked as if Dodds was doomed to be a brilliant tail to more brilliant comets. For now Hulse was on his way up and might be another bugaboo for the Boston divinity student—as Rice had been.

Perhaps it was a happy augury that the birth of Dodds' world records of 1944 was preceded by the birth of a son.

"We had decided beforehand that if it was a girl," said Dodds, "my wife would name her. If it was a boy, I was to do it. Well, you know how women are. After the baby was born, my wife suggested that it might be nice to call him John Lloyd Dodds. The John for John Ryder and the Lloyd for Lloyd Hahn. What came of her suggestion? We named him John Lloyd Dodds.

"And," he added, "I wanted my son to be proud of his father."

Then followed Dodds' indoor sweep. He became the third man ever to win all five major miles in one season. He became the second ever to take the Columbia Mile

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and the 1,000 on one night. He became the first ever to run the mile under 4.07 on a standard indoor track. As the man who had done the most for the cause of sportsmanship in 1943, he was awarded the Sullivan Memorial Trophy.

Of all his victories, says Dodds, his double in the K. of C. games gave him the most satisfaction. That was the night he cut the mile record to 4:07.3 and, a little more than an hour later, beat the best 1,000-yard men in the country.

The Boston divinity student has become a favorite with spectators everywhere. They dash for his autograph, and no athlete we ever knew gave such autographs while fresh from a mile under 4:10. For, besides his signature, he writes quotations from the Bible applicable to running. For instance:

"Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." (Matthew 5:41.)

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

"And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we are incorruptible." (1 Corinthians 9:24-25.)

What makes Gil Dodds run so fast?

Perhaps it is the sort of zeal which he hopes will see him through Harvard next year for an M. A. in education, and thence into "the Lord's fields, wherever He calls me, foreign field or home."

He does not say that he will run the four-minute mile eventually—he is of the opinion that the 4:02.6 of Arne Andersson of Sweden in July, 1943, may be close to man's physical potential.

But whatever it is that makes Gil Dodds run so fast may further confound the experts and make him the first man to achieve the "impossible" four-minute mile.

Why? Because Gil Dodds runs with more than his feet!

THE END

THE RAILROADS AREN'T SNOOZING

Continued from Page 28

house to San Francisco dockside in fifty-two and three quarter hours. The normal schedule for steam-powered freight is six days.

Such a stepping-up of freight schedules, universally possible with Diesel power, will have a profound effect on the national economy. In many businesses the rolling freight car serves as the principal "warehouse" for parts and raw materials. Cutting the transit time in half reduces this inventory in transit to half, effecting considerable savings which mean lower prices to the consumer.

The record of the railroads during the war has been magnificent and has done more to heighten the morale of the railroad men than anything else had ever done. With half the engines and two thirds the cars, the railroads are carrying twice the passengers they did in 1918 under government operation. The figures on freight are equally impressive; the roads today are hauling half as much again as they did during the peak load of the last war. This enviable record is almost entirely the result of careful planning and loyal service. Managers and employees alike have worked with unflagging devotion. Cars have been "turned around" at the end of their run in far less time than ever before. In contrast to the last war, there hasn't been a single bottleneck of export tonnage tied up in American railroad yards.

The railroads, like other businesses, have lost large numbers of their employees to the armed services. In some communities, because of the critical manpower shortage, business men have volunteered to spend their evenings or even whole days working for the railroad. Women have entered the field in increasing numbers, and have proved a decided success. In the Far West there are now roundhouse crews composed entirely of women. In some dining cars waitresses are functioning efficiently.

In 1943 America's railroads, with their 1,351,000 railroad employees, ran up eighty-five billion passenger miles, including the job of moving ten million soldiers. Last year, too, the railroads hauled 725 billion ton-miles of freight, the average freight car carrying fifty tons of pay load, traveling fifty-one miles a day, and moving its load 480 miles. And that, take it from the experts, is history.

To be sure, we are not yet out of the woods. The railroads are still pleading with the War Production Board for new cars and engines and for needed repairs. The WPB gives them additional materials and manpower from time to time, but never as much as the roads believe they need. Railroad men are deeply concerned because without needed materials and manpower they cannot keep their equipment up to standard. And railroad equipment is taking the hardest beating it has ever had to take.

DURING the past two years, when the roads have done very well, many have accumulated substantial profits. There is some difference of opinion about what should be done with this money. The railroads would like to use some of it to pay off funded debt and for postwar use in bringing their equipment back to standard. There is considerable justice in their claim. The rate at which machinery disintegrates with substandard maintenance (as a result of overuse, plus inability to obtain materials and experienced help) is greater than the rate under ordinary use. And paying off the funded debt is a step toward reduced costs, and so toward reduced fares and freight rates. The railroads say that, to lay aside a dollar for postwar rehabilitation reserves, they actually have to lay aside $5.26, of which the government gets $4.26 in taxes.

The railroad workers, as is well known, would like to have a greater share of the new prosperity diverted to increased wages. The government seems to prefer to keep taxes high.

One problem the railroads must face is that of the "automobile child," who has always traveled everywhere by car. Railroad men are somewhat concerned lest this "child," born in the automobile age, go from car to airplane without ever finding out what the train has to offer. Much of the steady emphasis on safety and service and convenience of railroads in magazine and newspaper advertising is directed at this group.

Yet railroad men are not disturbed by the visionaries who predict that in the future we shall do all our traveling by airplane. They say that, no matter how aviation may develop, there will always be plenty of passengers for the railroads if fares and service are right. They believe air travel will continue for some time to be for a minority who are in a great hurry and willing to pay a premium price. Passenger questionnaires reveal that there are many thousands who enjoy train travel and would not give it up for anything the airplane or helicopter has to offer.

It is a good omen for postwar America that the railroad men are so confident of their future.

THE END

The LaFayette—1837. One of the earliest B & O locomotives to haul the trains of the Presidents of the United States.

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DOES LIBERATED ITALY LOVE US?

Continued from Page 20

Italian's opinion of us, there are additional complaints. AMG officials, they say, are being duped by former Fascists and long-time economic profiteers. These men are being given positions of trust in local government and in the organizations which have charge of the distribution of food and clothing, etc. AMG's answer is that it is weeding out the undesirables as fast as it can.

Although the elimination of small fry has been fairly effective, AMG officials display a certain naïveté when it comes to the higher-ups. It seems that too many of our important officials can't see beyond an old name, a big house, a charming wife, and one or two beautiful daughters. At least, too many of them seem to believe that the possession of these attributes, and possibly of a title—the latter desirable, though not necessary—precludes the possibility of any wrongdoing.

The Germans gave Naples a pretty thorough bombing three nights before I left to come home. One bomb sheared off the side of one rich Italian's house to expose more than $40,000's worth of black-market supplies. He was arrested. The next morning a high AMG official telephoned the arresting officer and said that this Italian was one of his closest friends, that he had dined with him the evening before, and that it was patently impossible for so fine a man to be mixed up in the black market. When told of the bomb and the more than $40,000's worth of black-market supplies found in his friend's house, he spluttered helplessly and hung up.

ITALIANS also complain of a clothing black market which, in a large degree, is a black market in American Army uniforms. A pair of G. I. pants will make a very attractive skirt for a young lady. The American-equipped French divisions fighting in Italy are the largest contributors to this black market. Our quartermaster troops come in a bad second. The Italians say that this black market in American Army uniforms—a pair of G. I. shoes can be had easily for twenty dollars—has forced artificial values on the supply of Italian civilian goods and has drawn most of these civilians supplies into the black market.

These instances of AMG maladministration are not, unfortunately, uncommon. But I do not mean to imply that all AMG is bad. Hundreds of junior officers are doing magnificent work. The principal trouble seems to rest with the higher brackets, where a defined policy appears to be lacking and where leadership is at an all-time low.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull recently said that we were aware of the shortcomings of the Allied Military Government, but that AMG was already improving. This report is encouraging. There has been nothing malicious in the failures of AMG. They can be easily corrected.

But something concrete must be done soon if we are to avoid trouble and keep the respect of the Italians, which we may well need in the difficult days of peace. There have been food riots in southern Italy already, notably in Salerno, where the Fifth Army landed. The average Italian doesn't quite resent Americans yet. His attitude is more that of a hurt child who has been promised something and has been disappointed. As one Italian put it to me: "Your propaganda, when we were under the Germans, promised us the world with a fence around it. So far, you haven't even given us the fence."

THE END

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM—Continued from Page 17

"Shut up." Gates' eyes did not move. "You came here at five in the morning to get married, without a license?"

"That's what I said and that's what I mean. What's it to you?" Whit was aching for something to start while his anger was hot. He stood spraddle-legged, his feet solidly planted, ready to belt Gates with both hands when the ice broke.

"Ah, Walter," Sammy Kohler said pleadingly. "Let me—"

"Shut up," Gates repeated. "Pop. Did you know he was coming?"

"No. No." Pop's voice behind Whit was a shaky croak. "He's telling the truth, Walter. Let him go."

Whit whirled around. "Nobody has to let me go any place. Pop, for God's sake, what's the matter?"

Pop shook his head miserably.

Nobody moved after that. Except for Pop, slumped in a chair with his head in his hands, they all watched Whit. Sammy Kohler was facing him now. Sammy was in a half crouch, with both hands buried in the pockets of the black overcoat, and Whit knew all of a sudden he was into something too deep and too dangerous to handle by slugging people. Weasel-face had a gun in his overcoat.

It chilled his fury instantly. He had to get Kitty out of the house. He could tell from her face how scared she was, but she had not caught the significance of Sammy Kohler's position. Whit counted to ten as slowly as he could manage, so the transition would not be too quick, and turned back to face Gates.

"I give up." He was now a man whose will power controlled a hot head. "What's it all about?"

"What's what all about?"

"Why, the excitement because we forgot the marriage license."

"Nobody is excited but you," Gates said. "You're sure you didn't overlook the ring, too?"

Whit said, "Ah, now you're ribbing me." He smiled. His face felt stiff, like a pumpkin head with a broad grin cut into it.

It seemed that Gates would never answer. Whit kept the pumpkin-head smile on his face with an effort, conscious of a small cold spot in the middle of his back, and tried to make his breathing normal.

Gates finally spoke: "I guess you'll just have to wait awhile for the wedding."

The cold spot turned into a drop of sweat and ran down Whit's backbone. "I guess we will," he said. He turned around, not too quickly. "We might as well move along, Kitty."

They got away without further trouble. Pop came to the door with them, but Gates was right at his heels and Whit did not have a chance to talk to the old man.

"You—won't be coming back?" It was almost a plea.

"Not today, Pop. We'll get some one to marry us in town and see you later. Where do we go to get a license?"

"The county clerk's office. It opens at eight or nine o'clock, I think; I'm not sure. My—my memory isn't so good any more. I'm getting old, Whit."

The plea was there again—for forgiveness and understanding.

"Well, we'll look the town over until he opens up. Good-by. Good luck."

There was nothing else that could be said. Whit slipped Kitty's cold hand under his arm and they left the porch. The dog in the back of the house began to bark.

"Must be a clerical error!"

WHIT kept an eye on the rear-view mirror as they drove away. He did not drive fast, but after five minutes there were still no headlights behind them, and he heaved a long sigh of relief.

"I guess they aren't coming after us. Lord, what an experience!"

Kitty said, "I was never so scared in my life. What was it about?"

"I'm damned if I know. But you weren't the only one who was scared."

"I thought you were going to hit him, you were so mad."

"I intended to. I changed my mind when I saw that rat-face had a gun."

"Whit!"

"He sure did. It was staring me right in the middle of the back, too. I nearly fainted."

Kitty said shakily, "Oh, my, what a wedding night! Let's go some place where

(Continued on page 64)

Some day... when I come back

SOME DAY WHEN I COME BACK, we'll travel together on this Olympian—we'll take it on the honeymoon that war does not give us time for now.

Hand in hand—just you and I—we'll wander through the mystic wonderland that's Yellowstone Park and see its spouting geysers, bubbling paint pots, multi-colored terraces, and breathtaking canyon.

We'll visit a Montana dude ranch, too—and sit atop a corral fence and plan our years together in the moonlight as a cowboy in the distance chants a plaintive but oh, so peaceful, song of the range.

We'll go westward and sail across Puget Sound. From a snow-capped peak on the Olympic Peninsula we'll watch the sun sink in the blue Pacific.

We'll stay in a chalet in Paradise Valley at towering Mount Rainier—stroll through flower-decked Alpine meadows to glaciers and ice caves and snow fields.

It won't be too long till we realize this dream, I hope. It's one reward victory will bring—to us.

THE

MILWAUKEE ROAD

(*Continued from page 62*)

we'll be surrounded by a lot of nice plain ordinary people. . . ."

Walter Gates gave Pop Foster a bad time after the visitors had gone, but he could not shake Pop's story that the old man had not seen Whit nor heard from him for two or three years. Pop was wrung out like a rag when Gates finally dismissed him and sent him to bed.

Gates sat for a while in the parlor, staring at the flicker of flames in the isinglass peephole of the stove. Sammy Kohler wanted to talk, but Gates gave him no encouragement. Sammy finally wrapped himself in his blankets and bedded down uncomfortably on the settee. When he had begun to breathe noisily through his mouth, Gates went to the back of the hallway where there was a telephone in a cubbyhole under the stairs.

The bell rang several times at the far end of the line after Gates put in his call. Finally a man's sleepy voice said, "Hello."

"This is Walter Gates, Jess. I think we're going to have trouble."

"What happened?" The other man was wide awake.

"I'll tell you later. Right now I want you to get down to Virginia Street and pick up a man and a girl who'll show up at the joints in a few minutes. His name is Whitney and hers is Mac-something. He's big—six feet or better, heavy, dark hair, clean shaven, about thirty-five, wearing a brown sport coat and slacks. The girl is a brunette, pretty, looks like money and class. Fur coat and black dress. Got it?"

"Yes. Have you talked to Renzo? He gets most of the luxury trade in town when it's this late."

"You call him. I don't like to say too much on the phone."

"All right. What do you want me to do?"

"Find out if they get married."

There was silence on the line for a moment. The other man said, "Is that all?"

"That's all. I'll see you here this afternoon."

THERE were not very many towns where Kitty could have found a lot of nice plain ordinary people to surround her at the shank end of the night, but Reno was one of the few. The joints lining Virginia and Center streets were wide open and doing heavy business. Kitty was still too jittery from her experience with Walter Gates and company to be able to stay very long in one place, so they made the rounds. Kitty played roulette wherever she found a wheel operating, which not only calmed her twanging nerves but made her quite a bit of money, much to the surprise of Whit and the croupiers. Whit, with an accountant's eye on percentages, stuck to the crap games and lost his shirt while Kitty milked one bank after another. They ended up at last in an ultra-ultra dive which flaunted the name LORENZO'S CLUB in red neon lights. The management of Lorenzo's Club went in for swank evening clothes on the bouncers, a dance floor for the cash customers, and a hat-check girl in very short skirts. Whit whinnied gently under his breath when the girl gave him a check and a smile and went away with the coats. Kitty said something cutting about old goats, and left him for the roulette wheel.

Whit spent the next half hour trying to find a game he could beat, but his luck was out. He wound up at one of the crap tables because he couldn't win at anything anyway and preferred dice to other methods of losing his money. When he got down to cashing traveler's checks, he quit. He knew he was licked.

The dice man who took the last dollar from him was a slim pleasant young fellow with slick blond hair and a poolroom pallor. Whit was the only customer at his table when the game broke up, and they had an entertaining discussion of the fine art of scientific gambling. It kept Whit awake for a while, but ultimately he felt old age creeping over him. He left his new pal with a promise that he would return soon for revenge, and went to gather up Kitty before he fell asleep on his feet.

The roulette wheel had become very popular in his absence. Kitty had been joined by two men and a girl in evening clothes, and was on friendly terms with all of them. One of the men, a Latin menace in a white tie and tail coat, flashed a mouthful of gorgeous teeth at Whit as he approached the roulette table.

Kitty's hot streak was still holding up, and her eyes sparkled with the excitement of gambling. She pointed to her stacks of counters as Whit came up.

"Look at that. I'm breaking the bank."

"Good. I just lost enough to start one."

The Latin menace flashed his teeth again. "That's what keeps us in business."

Kitty made the introductions. "This is Mr. Colusa, Whit—Lorenzo of Lorenzo's Club. Miss Warren, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Whitney."

Whit said something polite. His reaction to every one but the Latin menace was favorable. Lorenzo was too handsome. In addition to the teeth, he had beautiful wavy black hair and a profile. The other man seemed like a fair kind of Joe Doakes: not handsome, not homely, not big, not little. The person who impressed Whit most was Miss Warren. He wondered what Kitty would do if he whinnied.

Miss Warren was a pocket-size taffy blonde with an amazingly beautiful figure incased in an evening gown that fitted her like the skin on a weenie. She was moderately drunk. Her face didn't quite go with the figure; it was a doll's face, and it was easy to see that she wouldn't be a stimulating conversationalist during the long winter evenings. But for long winter evenings *without* conversation—

Whit's mind was brought back from the long winter evenings with Miss Warren by the arrival of a waiter with a bottle of champagne and the compliments of the house. Lorenzo bared his beautiful teeth and waved away the thanks that were coming to him. Whit looked at the bottle and saw it was good wine and very expensive. His low suspicious mind began to tick.

He was willing to believe that there were gamblers who didn't mind having the suckers win once in a while. But champagne for a pair of strangers, when one of the strangers had already tagged the bank for a couple of hundred dollars? Not unless there was a reason for it. He took a closer look at Kitty's new acquaintances while they drank.

Caldwell and the blonde girl were bucking the wheel, following Kitty's plays and making money. The blonde giggled at something Caldwell said as he reached across the table to stack counters on a number. Whit's eyes followed Caldwell's hand. The fingers showed the same scrubbed griminess that Whit had seen in Walter Gates' hands earlier that evening.

Things began to make a hazy sort of picture after that, and Walter Gates and Caldwell were together in it somewhere. Two nonlaboring men in the same evening, both with grimy hands and both interested in the same strangers, seemed like more than a coincidence. Even if there were some legitimate dirty work they could have had their hands in, why free champagne?

Whit looked at Lorenzo's hands. The nails were clean and beautifully manicured.

He listened carefully and kept his eyes open. He learned that the blonde's name was Gladys, that she didn't like the way Lorenzo was bending his profile at Kitty, and that she was counterattacking by turning her glamour loose on Caldwell, whose name was Jess and who was stone-blind to glamour. Gladys couldn't understand it. Neither could Whit. If Gladys were to blink her big beautiful eyes at him, he would at least be gentleman enough to give her some encouragement. But Caldwell, damn him, did nothing at all. He was polite with every one, his conversation was amusing and without significance, and he did nothing. He was just there, with his dirty fingernails.

IT began to get tiresome after a while, waiting for something to happen that didn't happen, and Whit was about to fall asleep on his feet. He had been up nearly all of the night before, disposing of tag ends of business so he could get away for his last week of freedom, and forty-eight hours with almost no rest were beginning to weigh heavily on him. He remarked to Kitty in a loud voice that if they were going to be married they might as well get at it before he folded up.

The effect was gratifying. Caldwell decided immediately that he would be a witness at the happy event. Gladys didn't seem to care much one way or the other—she explained that she had attended several weddings of her own and was getting bored with the same old ceremony—but if Jess was going she was going too, because Lorenzo bored her more than a wedding would. Lorenzo winced at that, but he was a good loser. He gave Kitty one of his very best smiles and invited her—and her husband, of course—to come back and take more of his money whenever she felt like it.

There was no way they could get rid of their new friends without being rude, and Whit was too tired to care what happened now. He found himself at last with Kitty on one arm and Gladys on the other, waiting at the curb in front of Lorenzo's Club while Caldwell whistled for a cab.

Can't SLEEP?

Maybe It's NERVES

Don't take the day's worries to bed with you—good advice but hard to follow when we're Nervous and Restless. DR. MILES NERVINE (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are Nervous, Cranky, Restless? Get it at your drug store—Liquid, 25c and $1.00. Effervescent Tablets, 35c and 75c. Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Ind.

DR. MILES NERVINE

Whit was staring at nothing and wondering sleepily if Caldwell planned to kidnap him and Kitty with the aid of the cab driver, when he found his dim attention coming to a focus on a particularly frowzy bum who leaned against a wall in the bright morning sunlight across the street and watched them. Whit awoke suddenly. He disengaged himself from the girls with a mumbled excuse.

Kitty said, "Where are you going?"

"I'll be right back."

The shabby man was walking away as Whit stepped off the curb and started toward him. Whit was still twenty feet behind when the tramp turned into an areaway and was gone. Whit reached the areaway only a moment later, but no one was in sight.

Whit said, "Well, I'll be double-damned! It just isn't true!"

He walked back across the street pondering a new mystery.

CASEY JONES was the rounder's name. That was how the song went. The Casey Jones who was Whit's friend had been an electrical engineer and a good one. Whit had known him well in San Francisco, two or three years before. They and a newspaperman who was a kindred soul had caroused more or less regularly. The newspaperman went to New York and Casey gave up a good private practice to accept some kind of job in the East. Whit hadn't known exactly what the new job was, although Casey had been pretty hot for it. But it couldn't have panned out so well, because Casey either had a double or Whit had just seen him on the bum.

The puzzle would have bothered him ordinarily, but his mind was too dull now. When he got back to the waiting cab he forestalled Kitty's questions about his sudden disappearance by putting his head on her shoulder and quietly passing out.

The next hour was a dim dream. He remembered being wakened to find himself standing in front of a desk answering questions thrown at him by a clerk. Then there was another foggy interval and he was on his feet again in front of an old man in spectacles who asked him more questions. Kitty was at his side, squeezing his fingers, so he said yeh, sure, and Kitty kissed him. He liked that. Then Gladys kissed him as well, and the old man and Jess Caldwell shook his hand, and he guessed he had done something clever. Then there was a cab driver who shook his hand, too, and after that the dream wasn't so crowded. He remembered signing a hotel registration card while Kitty hissed in his ear, "Mr. and Mrs., you dope!" And his next conscious moment came when he found himself at long last in a room that contained a bed. He sat on it quickly before it could get away.

For some reason it occurred to him then that he ought to try to wake up. He made a tremendous effort and discovered that Kitty was standing in front of him, looking doubtful. He pulled her down on his knees, wrapped both arms around her, and put his face in the hollow of her shoulder where it was nice and cool.

"You need a shave," Kitty said, "and you smell sweaty, but I prefer you to any one else."

Whit grunted.

The bellhop who had been sent to get their bags from Whit's car knocked on the door at that point. Whit did not move. Kitty went to the door and took the bags. Whit still sat slumped on the bed with his eyes closed. Kitty picked up the smaller of the two bags and disappeared quietly into the bathroom.

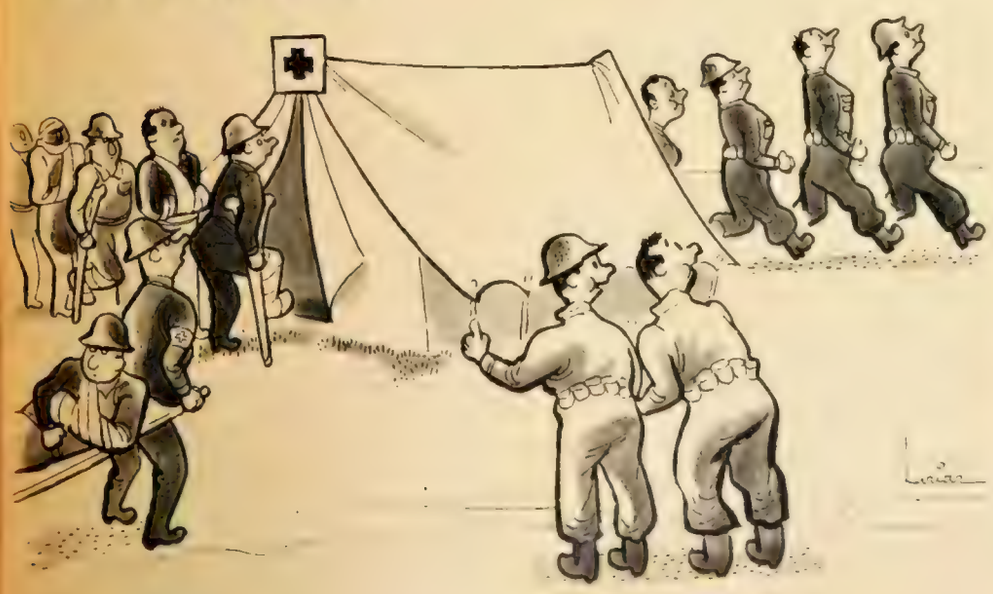
When Whit finally lost his balance and toppled sideways, it woke him enough so he realized dimly that he was alone and the bed was still there. He struggled out of his clothes without getting to his feet and crawled gratefully between the sheets. He was asleep in ten seconds.

Kitty found him that way when she came out of the bathroom some time later. She had bathed, cleaned her teeth, brushed her hair, applied new make-up, and dabbed lavender water behind her ears, and her whole beautiful clean self was clothed sketchily in a disgraceful black chiffon nightgown woven of spider webs and moonbeams. She was a beautiful girl even without the aid of artifice, and as she looked then she would have made any man in his right mind light up like a match. But her husband of less than an hour lay sound asleep, making noises like a toy steam engine.

Kitty's face was pink when she came through the door to present herself to the happy groom. The pink faded as she stood and looked at him. She said unhappily, "Oh, you great big clown!"

As you will discover, Kitty may be excused for calling her bridegroom a variety of names before their perilous honeymoon is over.

THE HOME FRONT



"He is a good surgeon!!"

WHEN YOU FIGHT ATHLETE'S FOOT

FIGHT TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

- Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.
- Fungi are hardy, persistent, hard to reach.
- SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.
- Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues. *McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —If Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

Powerful Help—TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1—so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

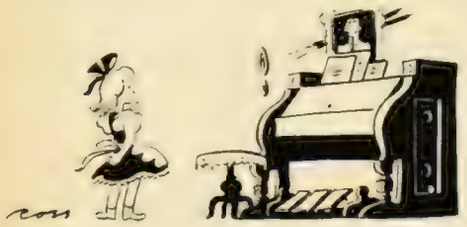
If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

MONEY FOR NOTHING: Associate Editor Agnes Rumsey of Simon and Schuster was paid the glittering sum of fifteen cents a week by her Aunt Mamie during childhood summers in Maine *not* to play the organ at certain hours of the day in Aunt Mamie's small front parlor. Grandma kicked in with another five cents a week not to whistle in the house.

WHAT'S NEW: New fashions in outdoor furniture prove we can do without Philippine rattan. A famous Madison Avenue shop in New York has a smart domestic substitute made of fiber compressed into imitation reed. Light and easy to move, it is as impervious to rain as rattan. A set, finished in a bright frosty blue, includes a chair on wheels, an ottoman, a stationary chair, a sofa, and a coffee table. The same store has a rugged picnic table built of cypress with a wonderful silvery finish, rainproof, sunproof, and long enough for a flock of hungry picnickers. Matching benches have cushions covered with coral or blue sailcloth. The cushions are not rainproof or dewproof. . . . . A charming group of blouses appeared in a fashion show given by a large department store. All washable and inexpensive ($3.98 to $5.98), they ran the gamut from simple cottons to wear with jumpers and slacks, to formal rayons, georgettes, and jersey prints to wear with lounging pajamas. Most unusual were the hand-painted blouses executed by a group of French refugees. The colorful floral designs appeared on a variety of styles for afternoon and evening wear. Their designer, Joan Kenley, assures the public the blouses can be successfully washed.



BIG DATE: New York's open-air Philharmonic Symphony concerts start on Monday, June 19, at the Lewisohn Stadium. Fritz Kreisler will be the soloist on the opening program in Tchaikovsky's D Major Concerto, and Sir Thomas Beecham will conduct. Both artists will be making their first Stadium appearances.

EFFICIENCY EXPERTS: Betty Haskell reported at lunch recently that her husband, Bill, of the New York Herald Tribune has a sure-fire method of indicating which magazines in the home he has finished reading. He tears off a small piece of the upper right-hand corner. When Mrs. H. finishes and tears off the lower right-hand corner, either Haskell can see at a glance it is O. K. to pass the mags along. . . . Hugh McKay of Brand Names Research Foundation, carries the system even further. He folds the top right-hand corner *in* if he's through with the magazine; if it contains an article he wants to clip when the family has read it, he folds the corner *out*. . . . The Citizens' Committee for the Army and Navy at 36 East Thirty-sixth Street, always has its tongue hanging out for magazines and books to send to our men in the services.

PRACTICAL: G. K. Chesterton was once asked what one book he would like to have if he were a castaway on a desert island. His choice was Thomas's Guide to Practical Shipbuilding.

HOMEWARD BOUND WITH BABY: The mother of a new baby lucky enough to have a nurse to help at home for the first few weeks, may often suffer a horrid inferiority complex, unwittingly provoked by Nursie. Though she means well, she will make Mama feel that the nursery and kitchen are sadly lacking in vital equipment. She may insist a teakettle and double boiler are needed to make the formula. If she leaves, her successor will be just as emphatic that a huge covered saucepan is essential. One will maintain stoutly that she must have a low chair *without* arms, if the baby is to sit on her lap and take his bottle comfortably. Another will demand a chair *with* arms. The mother should consider all such requests carefully before equipping a succession of vanishing Americans with their favorite gadgets.

A FINE HEAD: A lieutenant (j. g.), perched on an atoll somewhere in the Pacific, writes of his first experience with

liquid shampoo. He claims his whole head "foamed up like beer."

ON THE MEND: The WPB plans lessons for housewives, to teach them how to mend and thus promote national conservation of old clothes. Courses are to be given in stores, through newspapers, radio, and official pamphlets. I suspect thousands of women would get at their mending pronto and without lessons if they could only connect with some virile elastic with which to revive weary garters, girdles, brassieres, step-ins, and Baby's pants. Give us the tools and we'll do the job.

The Spirit Is Willing

The War Production boys contend
That housewives all should patch and mend.
They're even planning courses drastic.
But what we need is some elastic.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

Continued from Page 22

and factories on loans, and work together to produce the materials that China needed. Since they were to share equally whatever profits accrued, Alley called his plan the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. Regulations were agreed upon:

There must be at least seven members to start a co-operative.

The members must be serious in their intention to work, learn, and to repay their loan.

Each member must own at least one share. No one may own more than 20 per cent of the total share capital. All decisions are made by vote, and no member can have more than one vote.

A chairman is to be elected from among the co-operatives as foreman.

Profits at the end of each year are to be divided as follows: 20 per cent for a reserve fund, 10 per cent for a Common Good fund, 10 per cent for payment of federation directors and staff, 10 per cent for local Industrial Co-operative Development fund, and the remaining 50 per cent to the individual workers in the co-operative. Rate of pay and hours are determined by the members of the co-operatives themselves.

In a word, the principle of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives was "One for all and all for one."

Within three months after the first co-operative had been organized—a blacksmiths' shop where swords, helmets, and hand grenades were made—there were others making shoes, producing foodstuffs, blankets, towels, surgical cotton and gauze. A printer who had fled with his press from the enemy was given a loan to set up his own shop, and soon posters and booklets explaining the new movement appeared. A new life had begun in China.

THE expression "Gung Ho!"—meaning "Work Together"—is the slogan of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. It typifies the spirit behind China's newborn industry. Alley's movement grew like a snowball and soon thousands of names crowded the waiting lists of those who wanted to join the co-operatives and work together.

Soldiers released from the Army because of disability found in the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives a chance to reorganize their shattered lives and start anew. They too joined forces with the growing throng throughout Free China.

But the willingness of the people to work did not solve the entire problem. The people agreed, "We want to build, we want to work, we want to supply our soldiers with whatever they need." And the echo came back: "But how?"

Industries seized by the Japanese were mostly modern. No one could expect laborers to build a modern foundry with their bare hands. They needed iron and steel, and they had only their hands with which to make it. They needed thousands of other things, but they had little or no equipment.

Again Rewi Alley had the solution. It was, he said, America.

He communicated with Ida Pruitt, whom he had met during the war's first blasts, and together they laid plans for a "branch office" of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives in New York. Miss Pruitt, a tiny gray-haired person of an imperturbable calm, listened as Rewi Alley traced his "castles in the air." She knew that they could be put on a solid foundation.

Arriving in New York, Ida Pruitt wasted

no time in launching Indusco, as she called her American office. She organized a small corps of people who were both idealistic and capable—people whose enthusiasm has grown during the years of monumental effort. Once organized, Indusco became a part of the United China Relief and later of the National War Fund. That was a great step toward settling its financial problems.

But Indusco faced many problems besides money in that first year. China needed many other things more urgently. Such diverse factors as technical advice and help, museums, diagrams, microfilm, the OWI, the Department of Agriculture, and encyclopedias of the nineteenth century were all to become a part of Indusco's project to help China set up a new industrial life.

The Technical Department of Indusco was started three years ago under the direction of David Leacock, an engineer who had had many years of experience in the Canary Islands. He was an ideal man for the job.

Since the day he threw in his lot with Indusco, Mr. Leacock has received from China and answered several hundred specific inquiries, such as: How do you make cement? We need plaster of Paris; how shall we make it? And how shall we set about producing sponge iron? And leather? And soap? And paper and ink? And tools? And insecticides? And flashlight batteries?

Mr. Leacock knew it would be folly to send descriptions of modern methods involving complex machinery to a country as poorly equipped as China. His answers had to be simple, and industrial simplicity is a thing of the past. Therefore he turned to the past. Digging through heavy tomes of more than fifty years ago, he discovered that plaster of Paris, for example, used to be burnt in quaint kilns which could be made easily of rock or brickwork.

MORE complicated were the requests for explicit details on the making of cement, soap, paper, etc. Indusco sought the help of the Department of Agriculture in solving the problem of soap. The Department experimented with an oil from a Chinese castor plant, as well as with the methods of splitting fats by enzymes. The co-operatives now make great quantities of soap, guided by these experiments.

Many substitutes were experimented with to determine their usefulness in making essential articles for which the customary materials were not to be had. Cotton, for example, was acutely short in China. Processes were evolved in the preparation of ramie fiber to make this stiff hemplike material pliable so that it could be used in place of cotton.

Of all the fighting nations, China was hit hardest by the gasoline shortage. What gasoline can be bought costs 500 Chinese dollars a gallon. China's areas are vast, her fronts rambling and far-flung. What trucks were available to transport gasoline usually had to use up a third or more of the gas they carried before they reached their destination.

For three years Mr. Leacock stressed the importance of using charcoal and coke to replace gasoline. Indusco had already done a double job of research and translation, from French sources, in connection with modern processes for making high-quality charcoal.

Now full particulars on the different types of devices for generating charcoal gas were gathered together. Diagrams of these gazogenes were made and plans for organizing supplies of charcoal along the roadside were proposed. Next, full reports on alterations necessary to enable trucks to run on charcoal gas were drawn up.

(*Continued on page 70*)

DON'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT BABY'S TABLE MANNERS

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph.B.

Baby Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

YOUR BABY'S first solid foods go a long way toward determining his future health. To encourage normal appetite, it's important that a calm, happy atmosphere prevail at mealtime. So don't be too concerned about table manners at the outset. Start your baby on nourishing, wholesome foods. Then let him enjoy himself—let him eat the way he wants to in the beginning. Here's a hint: Children really do like the flavor of Heinz Baby Foods.

And no wonder. The 57 Varieties, prepared by H. J. Heinz Company, have been famous for their quality and flavor for 75 years. They now include *17 Strained Foods* for infants, *12 Junior Foods* for older babies and a delicious, *Pre-Cooked Cereal*.

Notice the difference in flavor, color and texture of—

HEINZ BABY FOODS

MADE BY H. J. HEINZ CO., MAKERS OF QUALITY FOODS FOR OVER 75 YEARS

Gantner WIKIES

Whether you prefer snug knit WIKIES of finest wool . . or loose, casual boxer WIKIES—Gantner remains America's finest swimwear! At better shops everywhere. ***Gantner****-of-California, San Francisco, Chicago, New York.*

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Gregory tells Paula there is no hope for her.

GASLIGHT *(M-G-M)* *Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten*

IN Gaslight (screen version of the stage chiller Angel Street, now in its third year on Broadway), Hollywood has accomplished a rare feat. By adding a romantic background, lavish décor, and new love interest to the grim tale of the suave London criminal who deliberately sets out to drive his wife insane, the producers have made it a box-office surety—without sacrificing the peculiar psychological impact of the drama.

Those who know the play will be surprised at first to see what is apparently just a sumptuous love story, complete with everything from a Lake Como honeymoon to a glamorous deceased aunt (apparently Jenny Lind). The hint of impending horror, underscored at the beginning, is lost sight of as Gregory Anton (Charles Boyer) and his bride Paula (Ingrid Bergman) make pictorial Continental love. Even London life seems pretty lavish, what with a trumped-up visit to the Tower and its jewels to start things off.

So far, this is all just elegant celluloid. But when the Antons return to the dark house where Paula's aunt was murdered, and Gregory's hideous campaign against his wife's reason becomes clear, the picture suddenly takes focus in the powerful melodrama of the play. Magnificent acting by Miss Bergman in one of the most dramatic parts of her career is ably set off by Boyer's lush, purring villainy. A strong, straightforward characterization by Joseph Cotten as Brian Cameron from Scotland Yard lends authority to the added love interest, which is sensitively handled. Angela Lansbury is outstanding as the uppity young housemaid, and Dame May Whitty adds her unique touch to the character of gossipy Miss Thwaite.

Cast, direction, production, photography, are all first-rate. When the story finally hits its true dramatic stride, the picture becomes a real humdinger.

After a vain call, Brian finds a way to see Paula.

PICTURE HIGHLIGHTS OF GASLIGHT

1 Newly-wed Gregory and Paula Anton visit the Tower of London. Gregory's strange interest in the crown jewels makes her uneasy. They return to the home Gregory has chosen in spite of Paula's fears—the house where her aunt was mysteriously murdered years ago.

2 A picture is missing from the wall. Paula's apprehension grows as Gregory coldly accuses her of having hidden it. He tortures her by making the servants swear they didn't do it. Paula also offers her oath on the Bible, but he tells her she must have forgotten what she did.

3 Gregory rarely takes Paula out. When they finally do attend a musicale, he dramatically produces his "lost" watch from her bag. By now her self-confidence has been so undermined that she breaks down completely at this new evidence of her mental illness, becomes a recluse.

4 Brian Cameron of Scotland Yard comes to Paula's rescue in her husband's absence. He knew Paula's aunt, suspects a tie-up between the old murder and Gregory's strange actions. He and Paula find a letter in Gregory's locked desk which startles them both.

5 Paula's new hold on sanity is broken when Gregory returns, finds his rifled desk, and makes her believe that Cameron's visit was nothing but a product of her "diseased" brain. The housekeeper, trying to shield Paula, also declares that no one has been in the house.

6 Justice overtakes Gregory, but Paula requests a last word with him alone. Face to face with her husband, she knows at last the horror of what his love really meant. Still—she is his wife—and the sinister spell of his old power over her threatens to engulf her even now.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

ADDRESS UNKNOWN (Columbia). Paul Lukas, Morris Carnovsky, K. T. Stevens. Drama.
AND THE ANGELS SING (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton. Comedy.
COVER GIRL (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly. Musical.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas. Drama.

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

Paramount has filmed the first inside story of an inside job by the gang that stole a nation.

The Hitler Gang

shows these mobsters as they truly are, and as they appear to each other.

• • •

It tells the glaring facts about their hidden pasts and concealed scandals.

• • •

Every scene has the ring of truth, because their own whispered words, their own secret files, were used to uncover the depths of their depravity.

• • •

It shows HITLER'S shocking love affair with his 16-year old niece; GOERING screaming for more morphine as they force him back into his strait-jacket; GOEBBELS plotting the cold-blooded murder of Hitler's sweetheart; HIMMLER scheming to double-cross even the Fuehrer.

• • •

Seven months were spent on research, and 30,000 feet of captured German film were scanned to get to the heart of these personal histories. Each actor was chosen, not for his name, but for his acting ability and his remarkable facial and physical resemblances to Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and the rest.

• • •

Here then, for the first time, is the first actual and unvarnished story of "The Hitler Gang."

• • •

It is one of the most exciting and startling dramas that has ever come from

Paramount Pictures

Squirt
GIVES YOU
GO!

Squirt gives you GO! It's really a treat. Millions say so: "Squirt can't be beat." Try it.

SQUIRT GIVES PARTIES EXTRA GO!
America's Favorite Mixer

• Copyright 1944, The Squirt Company

(Continued from page 67)

The Chinese government now has recognized the importance of using charcoal burners and many hundreds of gazogenes are already on their way to China. A truck equipped with charcoal-burning equipment recently made a tour of Canada and the Eastern United States and caused a stir wherever it went.

How does Indusco manage to get all this essential information to the Chinese? You can't send ponderous volumes, tools, sample machines, and other heavy materials to China as simply as you send a Christmas present to Oklahoma. The Office of War Information has the answer in one word—microfilm.

Once Indusco has gathered its information, it prepares reports and drawings. If the information has been found in a book, whole pages are reproduced. All printed matter, incidentally, is in English; the Chinese have men at the other end to do the translating.

Then the OWI takes over. Each page is photographed on tiny film less than an inch and a half wide. The films are on one reel and when rolled up—even though they carry encyclopedic information—can fit into a man's pocket. Four copies are made, three of which are flown to China; one to the north, one to the south, and the other to the middle regions. There are about 300 microfilm-reading machines in China.

The three centrals send out translated versions of the film to the hundreds of small co-operatives, and the work gets under way.

Lieutenant Colonel Evans F. Carlson of the Marines' famous Gung-Ho Battalion once said, after viewing the work done by the Industrial Co-operatives, "Here democracy is being practiced in industry, and the experience is producing happy, healthful, and useful citizens." No better words can be found to describe China's new industrial life.

The Industrial Co-operatives are restoring life and vitality to China now, but what they will mean to China's future is even more important. Through working together and sharing alike in the fruits of their work, the people of China are undergoing an evolution of spirit and thought.

Gung Ho! is a battle cry that will never be forgotten.

THE END

"It's all right we're playing beauty parlor."

It's not so hard to try a new thing!

You may not have run across Tampax yet... Here is a quick description

Tampax is a dainty form of monthly sanitary protection designed for *internal wear*. It is composed of pure absorbent cotton ingeniously fitted into a disposable applicator. The whole device is so neat that one's hands need not touch the cotton while inserting. No chafing. No odor. No embarrassing disposal difficulties . . . Millions of women are using Tampax regularly because its "internal" feature completely relieves them from their accustomed belt-and-pin harness. Tampax causes no wrinkles or ridges to show through the clothing. Another thing: Tampax may be worn in shower or tub or while swimming . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters in 3 different absorbencies. The 29-cent package contains an average month's supply. Buy it *today!* Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

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STUDY AT HOME for PERSONAL SUCCESS and LARGER EARNINGS. 35 years—over 108,000 students enrolled. LL.B. Degree. All texts furnished. Easy payments. Send for FREE BOOK.
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VICTORY TOP

Continued from Page 23

and how to correct it." The executive officer grinned. "As for that top and box of wheels you've installed—well, we'll see what a couple of old-fashioned salvos will do for it."

Box of wheels! Seven years of anguish were in that compass case. So was a hundred and twenty-five pounds of gyroscope spinning at 8,600 r.p.m.s. Eight hundred precision parts were in there—a system of frictionless suspension and a tiny follow-up electric motor to turn the compass card.

A roar shattered the atmosphere and sent the mighty battleship reeling. Men spun crazily against bulkheads; crockery, deeply hidden below decks, crashed against cupboard walls. Sperry himself was stunned by the shock. A second, a third, and a fourth salvo shook the ship from stem to stern. And with the last explosion the inventor heard the fearful clatter of metal parts right in his compass case!

He fainted before he learned that the detonation had shaken loose a ditty box overhead which had spilled its contents over his precious instrument. Only when he was revived did he learn that the delicate suspension element, the electric motor, and all the other complex precision parts had bravely met the test. As at the outset of the shakedown, the compass pointed serenely toward true north!

The executive officer looked up from the instrument. "What do you know!" he blurted in honest admiration.

THE world applauded the results of the Delaware trial. The Navy seemed to have what it wanted.

But, actually, the gyrocompass at that stage of the game was fundamentally unsound. Certain mechanical difficulties still kept it from delivering a uniformly accurate job unless the ship was in a due north-and-south or a due east-and-west course. The invention had entered the stage of advanced experimentation. It was not until the curtain was about to be rung up on World War I that the great powers of the world really accepted the gyrocompass.

Thrusting up from the muddy waters of the River Plate is the wreck of the Graf Spee, Germany's 10,000-ton, 26-knot pocket battleship that was supposed to "outshoot anything she could not outrun, to outrun anything she could not outshoot." There she lies, water-logged and barnacle-encrusted, mute testimony to the superior seamanship and tenacity of three British cruisers that drove her and her commander to their doom.

In 1914, at the outset of World War I, another Graf Spee tied in with the English—almost in these same waters. Only that time it was Vice-Admiral Graf von Spee—for whom the scuttled pocket battleship was to be named. His squadron of heavy and light armored cruisers had sunk Britain's heavy cruisers Good Hope and Monmouth off the coast of Chile. Let von Spee but round the Horn and crush the few light British cruisers berthed at Port Stanley in the Falklands, and thereafter all merchant shipping in southern waters could be systematically destroyed.

Britain's First Sea Lord summarily requisitioned the mighty Invincible and Inflexible, turned them over to Vice-Admiral Doveton Sturdee, and instructed him to meet and engage von Spee, come hell or high water. But it was 7,000 miles from the Portsmouth Dockyard to Port Stanley in the South Atlantic. The Inflexible was

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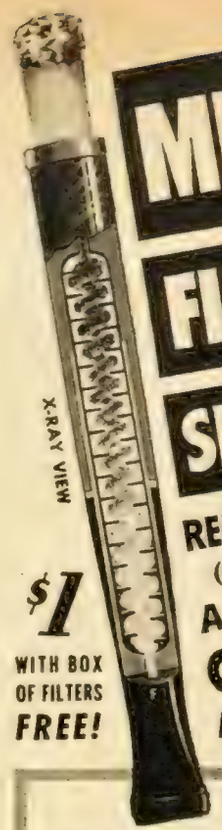

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ready, steam up. But a brand-new conning tower had just been installed in the Invincible. Her magnetic compasses were jittery, and at least a day of heroic effort would be required to "swing" ship to compensate them.

On top of it all, a pea-soup fog blanketed the entire south of England. There was nothing to do but cancel the sailing orders. Then history was made. The Invincible's navigator invaded the quarter-deck.

"May I speak, sir?" He addressed his captain. "I'll stake my commission on what I want to tell the admiral, sir—it's that important!"

"Speak up, man!" The admiral seemed astonished at his own vehemence.

"We can sail, sir! Now—this very minute. I'll stake my—"

"What are you saying? How?"

"It's that new Sperry gyrocompass, sir. It works! I've studied it. We don't *need* to swing ship. It points true north. It's up to speed right now—pointing north—and I'll stake my commission it'll stay there!"

The admiral studied the captain. The captain studied the navigator. The navigator licked his dry lips.

"I'll stake—"

"Agreeable to you, captain?"

"Aye, sir."

"Well, what are we waiting for?"

Through the mulligatawny dusk the ponderous Invincible melted into the night, pacing the Inflexible with undeviating accuracy by gyrocompass for 7,000 miles—to Port Stanley.

The battle of the Falklands is history. According to von Spee's information, Britain's battlewagons were with Jellicoe in the North Sea, and his entire squadron steamed in confidently for the kill. Too late did the flagship Scharnhorst spot the massive turrets of the battle cruisers. At 16,000 yards Sturdee flung a salvo of 12-inch shells into the fleeing armada, cut out the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, and slugged it out with the leaders as the light cruisers engaged in a separate action. By nightfall von Spee's entire squadron had been annihilated.

THESE are the early stories of Sperry's brain child. Now come the exquisitely intricate applications in World War II.

Captain Charles E. Swan (that's not his real name) was skipper of a C-2 ship in a convoy returning from England. Here's the story as he tells it.

"We were off the Grand Banks when a heavy fog set in. The commodore started hollering for a ship with a direction finder and a gyrocompass. There were plenty around, but I got the job of leading the convoy through that pea soup into Massachusetts Bay and up to the east entrance of the Cape Cod Canal. It was blind navigation from start to finish. When my clock and my reckoning indicated I was there, I looked up, and the fog lifted. You never saw such a beautiful sight. The rest of the ships had nosed along behind me, completely dependent upon the accuracy of my navigation and my instrument. There they were, all astern, and the canal entrance, glittering with dew, dead ahead."

And there was the young commander of one of His Majesty's submarines who had the job of patrolling the north coast of Sicily to intercept enemy supply ships. Daylight was just breaking and he had prepared to submerge for the day when a convoy of three enemy supply ships supported by four destroyers loomed over the horizon steaming at sixteen knots toward Bizerte. The captain moved in for the kill, submerged, gained his trim, selected the largest ship through the periscope, and nosed forward to deliver six torpedoes. Suddenly, as the sights came

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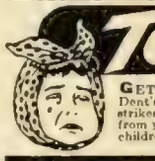

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onto the target—a 5,000-ton merchant ship—she started to swing toward the sub's periscopes. Before the captain could shake his craft loose to greater depth, there was a shuddering crunch, a crackle of rending metal as prow met bridge and superstructure—and both periscopes were carried away.

The magnetic compass had been smashed in the collision. The base lay five hundred miles westward through enemy waters—and enemy mine fields. Her gyrocompass was all that stood between the sub and disaster. For five and a half interminable days she limped back to her base—sometimes submerged and sometimes, for a few brief hours, on the surface at night. The captain made his landfall off Algiers only one mile out of position and five minutes late on his schedule!

But the finished application of the gyro came in the air. Mechanical refinements that stagger the imagination had to be made before gyroscopic instruments could be accommodated to an airplane. The perfected marine gyrocompass embodies a fifty-five-pound wheel, whereas an air gyrorotor weighs only twelve ounces! And while the big wheel spins by electricity at 6,000 r. p. m., the little fellow, to compensate for its feather-light weight, has to be driven by pumped air at twice that speed.

TWO primary gyroscopic functions are involved in aeronautical instruments. One is a directional gyro, a fixed indicator of direction for steering straight courses and making precise turns. It is entirely free from magnetic disturbances and gives a reliable fix within the plane regardless of rough air, turning, banking, or gliding. Alongside it is the gyrohorizon. It furnishes the pilot with a miniature horizon and a miniature airplane, both on a visible panel. He can tell at a glance whether he is upside down or at a bank or turn.

It orients his position with the earth at all times.

Even the bombsight is built around the gyroscope, which stabilizes the sight. No matter how a plane may roll or pitch or drift, the little spinning top keeps the sight on level base. The bombardier's task is further lightened by the automatic pilot (the boys call it Elmer) which controls the flight of the plane over the bomb run.

Today, even where man cannot himself go, the gyro points the way. It guides projectiles to their target and directs oil drills unerringly to spots hundreds of feet beneath the surface of the earth.

Sperry's original gyroscope company was devoted to the production and research of the gyrocompass. That was in 1910. Today the company which bears his name employs 25,000 people and produces in quantity some thirty different categories of military instruments, with twenty more ready to swing into production and another fifty in various stages of research development! Gyroscopes of sizes, shapes, and precision qualities undreamed of a few years ago motivate many of these secret instruments.

Today they are being tested to guide our arms to victory. But with the winning of the peace there will be even greater uses of the Victory Top. Tomorrow it may become a top of destiny. It will as long as man is going places.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When two men in a business always agree, one of them is unnecessary.

—*William Wrigley, Jr.*

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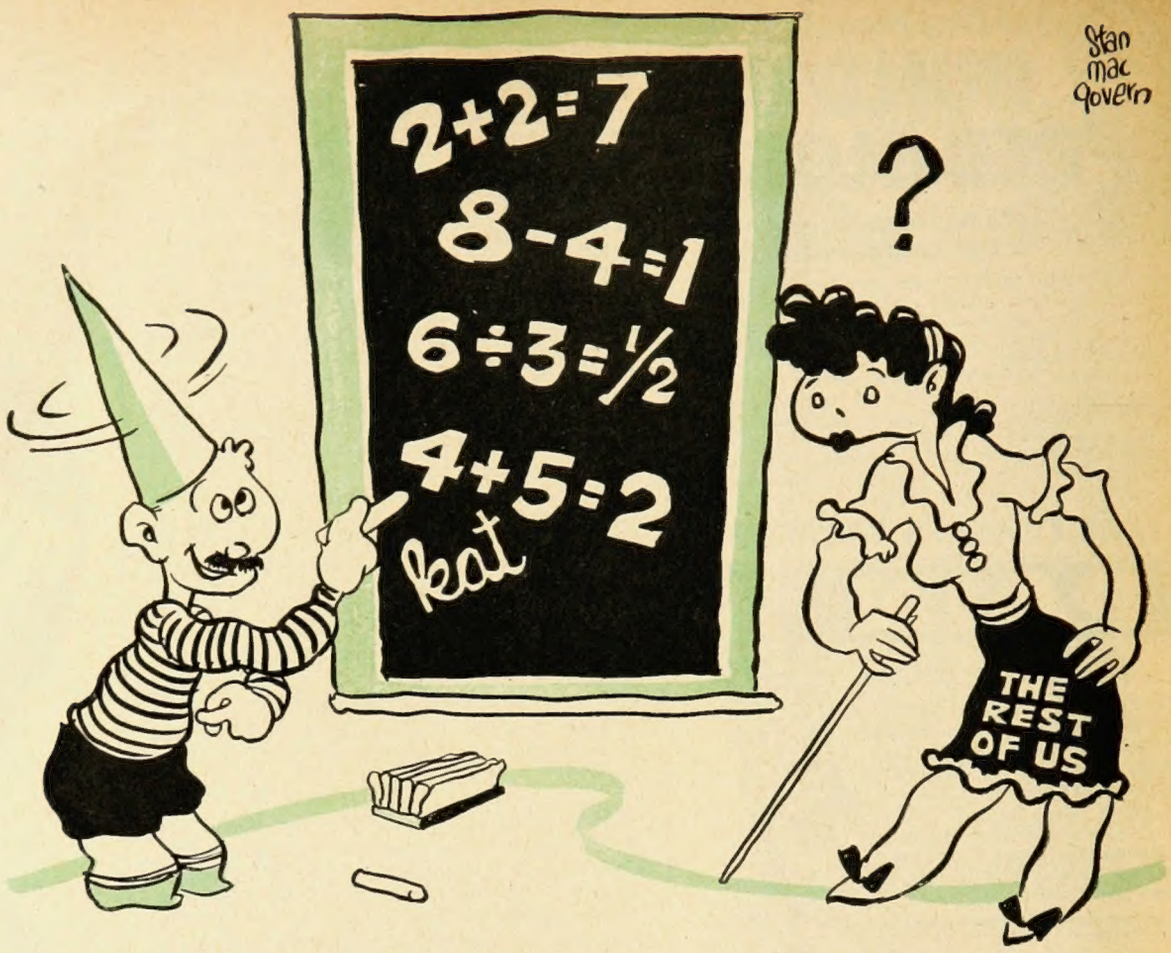

OUR PERENNIAL "WRONGIES"

AMERICA has more than her share of people who can be counted upon to adopt a viewpoint on almost any subject which will be proved wrong by subsequent events. They are the people who in the past refused to cross bridges when we came to them, and now demand that we cross bridges at which we have not yet arrived.

They could not or would not see how America was concerned with aggressions taking place in Europe and Asia. They fought against building up our Army and Navy; against the fortification of Guam; against repeal of the neutrality act; against lend-lease and the destroyers-for-bases deal.

Events have proved how wrong they were. Had the country followed their advice we would by now truly be isolated and fighting alone and for our lives against powerful enemies both east and west.

Yet many of these individuals are found today among those who demand that we take time out from the war to fight with our allies. They now want to cross bridges at which we have not yet arrived. They want immediate settlement of intricate European boundary disputes of long standing, despite their previous insistence that Europe's affairs were none of our business. They want perpetual title to air bases on which our leases still have ninety-five years to run. They demand of our allies airtight assurances of benign postwar intentions toward us and the rest of the world.

It is remarkable indeed how their wrong-headedness continues to manifest itself, regardless of how many times they are proved wrong.

Some day Russia, China, or another of our present allies may become an aggressor nation, bent upon world conquest. However, it is utterly foolish to foster suspicions of this sort now. Any country in which supreme power resides in a man or a small group of men is potentially an aggressor nation. Those at present in control may be benevolent. But no one is immortal and eventually evil men may succeed to power. Nevertheless we would be wise to take our men and governments as we find them and treat them as friends until they show evidence of being otherwise. We have enough to do to cross bridges as we come to them, without trying to cross those in the distant future.

The perennial "wrongies" of the country apparently do not lose their followings simply because events prove them wrong. It certainly takes a lot to convince some people that their gods have feet of clay. Fortunately, however, the American people as a whole seldom have to learn the same lesson twice.

Paul Hunter

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